Stepping Stones

By Albert Wendt

Our islands are Tagaloalagi’s stepping stones across Le Vasa Loloa small and frail but courageous enough to bear his weight and mana high enough to keep us above the drowning and learning how to navigate by the stars currents and the ferocity of storms

Point and sail in any direction as long as you know how to return home

You have to navigate the space between the borders of your skin and the intelligence of the tongueless horizon

and learn the language of touch of signs and pain of what isn’t and what may be in the circle of the tides

that will stretch until you understand the permanent silence at the end of your voyage

and our islands are your anchor and launching site for the universes that repeat and repeat

like the long waves of our ocean like Tagaloalagi’s compulsive scrutiny of what is to come and fear

Source: Poetry (February 2018)