

Robinson Crusoe to Capt. Dreyfus

All islands are the Devil's in a sense:
The forcing ground of idleness, their threat
Of limits, of the inescapable.
Alluring at the first, they prison one
In solitude or make one realize
That in close confines two can be a crowd
And Friday seem a cellmate. Continents
At least have more than one landform to cross
And more than one time zone. And we who tally
Time by marks in sand or on a wall
Are proof ourselves that without mark or hope
It is a seamless sentence. Pardoned, you
Can think of this as some failed guillotine.
I, waiting rescue always, circle beach
To beach in hope of finding not the bare
Footprint of the unsought indigenous
But any trace of an invasion shod.