

Breanne Mc Ivor

La Trinitaria

ONE

Columbus was the beginning, caravels cresting over coral, usurping canoes control of the crests, each rippling roll rocking him closer to the exotic East. Each tear was worth the glory of the find in the name of God for the sake of gold. They mock-

ed in Portugal, but when land (oh finally, land!) bid their seeking end, Portugal could only tip its hat. Columbus would sail again. Columbus was the beginning, he saw triplet hills peaking out from the emerald isle's southern shore. Behold! Sailors, all hail!

No isle is truly godforsaken, give thanks for His majesty, these three hills awash in blooms, arching heavenwards in certain praise state His glory. This land I name, La Trinitaria, holy Trinity. Let's alight now and claim her in the name of God's grace.

TWO

Columbus was the end, caravels crashing crudely over coral, usurping canoes claim to the crests, each sullen swelling rocking him closer to the pristine West Isles. Tears would pay for the glory of the find in the name of God for the sake of gold. They mock

him in island schools now, fumbling for the East Indies like one who couldn't find his hat in the dark so he put on the cat instead. Columbus was the end. He left the quiet dawns behind, left too a strange new religion, new gold mines, new laws and a people dead.

Ieri- Land of the Hummingbird, give no thanks for majesty or those three hills awash in blooms, arching skyward only to praise nature's glory. He renamed you La Trinitaria, holy Trinity, and then conquered and claimed you in the name of God's grace.