Road to Zion

Jamaicans drive
too fast

on narrow mountain
passes. Passing

busses in a zebra
striped Land Rover,

knuckles white, we clutch
tight to the black bucket

seats. The screws are loose,
the speakers busted, Bob

Marley screeches
Could you be loved?

Goat.
Pothole.
Cliff.

Ferns fly by, a flash
of green like the joints

they sold in the village.
We bought one

ginger candy instead.
The wrong choice,

I only tasted root.
We rumble past

a cyan cottage with a red
slate roof, twisted gutters

collecting water in a tin pool.
There’s a school, green and yellow,

with children in the yard.
They wave as if we’re

famous. Scaling the summit,
the earth-scented air
changes—warm breath
    to cool breeze.

At a precipice
    we pass three

kids selling fruit.
    I regret

not buying their apples.