



*Photo by Alvin Pang*

## **Is it the Kingfisher?**

By Marjorie Evasco

This is how I desire God on this island  
With you today: basic and blue  
As the sea that softens our feet with salt  
And brings the living wave to our mouths  
Playing with sounds of a primary language.  
“God is blue,” sang the poet Juan Ramon Jimenez,  
drunk with desiring, his hair, eyebrows,  
eyelashes turned blue as the kingfisher’s wings.  
It is this bird that greets us as we come  
Round the eastern bend of this island;  
Tells us the hairbreadth boundary between us  
Is transient in the air, permeable to the blue  
Of tropic skies and mountain gentian.

Where we sit on this rock covered with seaweeds,  
I suddenly feel the blueness embrace us,  
This rock, this island, this changed air,  
The distance between us and the Self  
We have longed to be. A bolt of burning blue  
Lights in my brain, gives the answer  
We've pursued this whole day:  
Seawaves sing it, the kingfisher flies in it,  
This island is rooted in it. Desiring  
God is transparent blue – the color  
Which makes our souls visible.