



Antilles Fantastique by John Elkerr
17" x 22"
Ink on paper

ANTILLES FANTASTIQUE

this tide breathes in double time or better, an uncommon time of five beats: three for the curling upslope and two for the retreat. a falling away beset with aspirations, tiny voices, murmurings of creatures rendered small by distance or unvoiced fleeting rattles of weather. and now, here, along the shore, up another slope you add a skirmish of sixteenth notes that could be rain pelting corrugated tin, then, for the downslope, a rumbling ossia of thunder. so rain that could never be rain falls upon waves that could never be waves, on an island that is not an island but a gentling of palmate shadows. and now, out in the shallows, you totter on stilts before a Hydra on her tiptoes who has just asked you to dance.

Text by Stephen Eric Berry