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Ma Mora

by H. Bruce McEver

for Wallace Lanahan

A lazy bunch of buzzards gyre
jasmine Jamaican sky.
They've been hanging out up there since sunrise,
when one draped his wings to warm
from Ma Mora's tiki roof.

This is Wallace's hilltop heaven
built around an azure pool with a view
commanding Tryall's greens and sand traps
to Montego Bay.

The gardener, John, machete-trims
its bougainvillea-lined drive
while Joyce strings pole beans
outside the kitchen door
humming a gospel tune.

Her mango-stuffed chicken roasts
for Ma Mora's renters to return from a day of golf.
David, the butler, sets the dinner table
and fusses napkins into birds-of-paradise.
Wallace loved this place
bought for a tropic gambit
when black tie was *de rigueur*
for drinks at the Great House.

He keeps a watercolor of it
over his bed in Ruxton and awakens confused
thinking he can see his beautiful Betty
on the 10th tee overlooking the blue-green bay
where, in a bobbing red dugout
an old lobster man checks his traps.
He's toothless now, but steeled lean as a rail
and still brings his fish Fridays
to ask after Mr. Lan-ham.

