

These few free form lines below can justify the experience that hit me when I was standing at a high altitude overlooking the Bartolome landscape at six in the morning:



On Bartolome, the early morning sun glimpses the lower island.
Silky breezes glide across my face,
And the grandeur of nature transcends my mind.
Am I living in a Thomas Kinkade's painting?
Dappled greenery, stippled clouds, and watercolored ocean
Hug an impasto of nude, rich volcanoes and mounds.
Can Fitzgerald's lyrical prose illustrate such scene?
His violin of verbs strikes the pinnacle,
And his saxophone of nouns smoothes the carpet of blue.
That moment, that moment on Bartolome
Was just several grains of Galapagos sand in an hourglass.
Tangible, ephemeral, and transcending!

- Khanh Nguyen