On Etching Your Legacy

Rip the waves and the water
Into a spitting image of your face

Toss the chieftain into the ocean
Make each straight palm tree bow
So its bark gets a backache
Crush beach rocks until they match the texture and color of your skin

Fill coconuts with sweet milk then shut them
In beige trap
Hard as your kneecap
Sip from them like sherry and
Grow strong and
Conquer
And do not thank them
And begin etching your name into limestone

Sink your goddess fingernails into the sand and
Heave up all the precious ignatius rocks humanity shall never touch
And find, hiding in the dunes
An oyster

You are it’s righteous, heroic
Dictator-Queen-Savior
For how many centuries was
Oyster talking over you?
Tiny and Sheltered and Opinionated
Ask it if it knows that your potential
Pulls the current and rules the tide.

If it's ignorant and incorrect
Abandon it at sea.
Kick the sand into submission
And for its insolence
Make it stink of fish
Fill your kingdom with loyal finned citizens
And have each one of your decrees be so
Revolutionary
The seashells whisper your name for centuries

Goddess,
Etch your name into limestone
So the sea can soak it up
And will never forget you.