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Voyage

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VOYAGE

(for Pablo Neruda)

You watch the puma ripping
sweetest buck below your dark flight
from the turning bed, the pink-cheek nurses.
Rain takes down the shops
in streets with black & chocolate girls
drunk on skirts too bright
to kiss your eye. Generals
deck the tree with bones.
Wheel the python Andes, coil heap coil,
where *duende* pinches herdsmen,
flings them sighing past the dry moon.
You cross the violet pools
half ringed with boys not coral,
beyond the water-curling sand
that winds past Desmodera.
Mystic coast with nets of palm,
prows like waves, the crowd
alone. The admiral swings
a pale torch, pallor split
by tears, excited talk,
your copper face. Bullets pock
the ribs; look, the small, full breast
beside your hand. A giant breath,
reef & earth in lonely patterns
gone behind. No rivers drive that keel,
the torn flags, like longing arms, keep turning.
Ah mas alla de todo. Ah mas alla de todo.
Es la hora de partir. O abandonado!