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## Lost on September Trail, 1967

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## LOST ON SEPTEMBER TRAIL, 1967

There was a roof over our heads  
and that was at least something.  
Then came dances.  
The energy for them came from  
childhood, or before, from the time  
when only warmth was important.  
We had come to the New World  
and become part of it.  
If the roof would shelter us,  
we would keep it in repair.  
Roof then could be roof,  
solid, visible, recognizable,  
and we could be whatever it was  
that we were at this moment.  
Having lost our previous names  
somewhere in the rocks as we ran,  
we could not yet describe ourselves.  
For two days the rain had been  
steady, and we left the trail  
because one of us remembered  
this place. Once when I was young  
I had yielded to the temptation  
of getting drunk, and parts of it  
felt like this, wet and hot,  
timeless, in the care of someone  
else. After the dances we sat  
like cubs, and cried for that  
which in another world might be  
milk, but none came.  
We had only ourselves, side by side  
and we began a wrestling  
that comes, like dances, out of  
nowhere and leaves into the night  
like sophisticated daughters  
painted and in plumes, but young,

a night darker than its name.  
We gave ourselves over to adoration  
of the moon, but we did not call it  
moon, the words that came out  
were instead noises as we tried  
to coax it close enough  
to where we might jump,  
overpower it, and bring it to our  
mouths, which is, after all,  
the final test of all things.  
But we could not, it only circled us,  
calmly, and we wanted it more.  
We called it Carlos, but it did not  
come, we called it friend, comrade,  
but nothing. We used every word  
until we fell, exhausted, and slept  
with our eyes open, not trusting  
each other, dark pushing us even  
farther into childhood, into liquid,  
making us crave eyelessness,  
craving so hard we understand  
prayer without knowing its name.  
At some point we failed  
ourselves, and eyelids fell.  
We dreamt dreams of even farther  
worlds, so different they cannot  
be remembered, cannot be remembered  
because they cannot be described  
or even imagined. We woke  
and did not remember, and the night  
before became part of those farther  
worlds, and we did not remember  
speaking to the moon.  
We got up from the centuries  
and centuries, and called  
each other by name.  
*Honey*, the one that was me said,  
drying her tears that were  
really the rain from the night  
before, which had taken her

without me knowing, *honey*,  
again, but she did not understand.  
She wanted only the sun  
because she was cold, she pulled out  
hair to offer it, from her head  
and her arms. She understood me  
only when I held her, made her  
warm. She reached to her head  
and offered now me more  
of herself. I took it.  
I put it to my mouth,  
put it to a cupped tongue  
and took it in. She moved  
and I put my hands on her knees  
which looked up at opposite ends  
of the sky.