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,
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.