

The Tempest

Another abandoned thought
submits to a ruthless windstorm.
This cruel gale I have created
to make ideas prove their worth.

If all my little miscarriages
were somehow to have lived,
I could have painted the world,
and vanquished my own grey.

Colombia, 1928

Waves.
The rocks.
The sea spray.
A friendly breeze.
And up the river,
where countries go to die,
the red in the flag spills o'er,
the blue and the yellow subside.
As the river mourns the death on its shores,
the violence borne by telegrams,
the derelict land where it flows,
shuns the cries of its children.
Carry this blood downstream,
O, Magdalena,
'til it dissolves
in the sea.
Washed by
waves.

Colombia, 2018

I remember the last day
before we returned.
The surf caressing your feet,
the wet sand between our toes

Two cliffs stood guard
to that unpolluted beach.
And the rustling palm trees
stood guard to us.

And we both danced with the sea,
with the tumbling from the waves,
as they rocked us from below
and turned us on our heads.

An ocean filled with you and me,
grew both angrier and tenderer.
Its silent, chaotic melancholy
upon the eyes of a dying emperor.

I thought about my certainties,
how they're out of my control.
The ones I'd like to have.
The ones I'm proud to hold.

How I wished to spend my life
conjuring images and words.
Round them up with sounds
to make mementos of the world.

There are no lines upon the land
and no limits on the sea.
My mind is taller than the Earth
and wider than myself.

Hidden waterfront,
eternal eventide.
And all the centuries that converged there
to where you and I went to hide.

Bucket

Sometimes it rains.

Once it rained when the sun was out,
and all the minute drops refracted the sunlight.
A cloud of diamond shrapnel floating in the sky.
Gleaming reproductions of the colours of the world.

Sometimes the sky is clear.

And I run outside, looking overhead.
For all that I fear is running to find out
there are not enough clouds to make it rain
and not enough life to write about.