

Cuetzalen

a wall of something else  
no stone  
    tho there is stone  
in the village  
built on that  
stones packed everywhere  
pressed  
into the sides of crooked hills  
green with fern and

edible weed  
    a moss a wall of  
elsewhere substance  
stands  
cuts off  
the world of this village  
from the world  
we know  
coming to it as we do

from bombs balanced  
tipped  
huge plastic clocks  
    conceived disasters  
here one wall we do not see and  
dozens  
wet with thick mist  
lifting  
high wide eaves strong houses  
up one hill  
down another

one wall we do not see  
a place of walls we do

:both crumbling.

Look Over Jordan

-- for sergio

expecting  
the man at the door to equal  
the door  
when he rings we jump  
foam rubber, his question clings  
to where our answer  
makes itself