

The Aduana 2

Monday they tear apart my luggage
yellow & blue sheets spilt in the dust
thick grubby hands raking through kids' clothes
toys books records possessions
that bring memories of children love
& their eyes contaminate
the lineaments of envy & corruption
a sense of evil
& to take away my personal effects 200 dollars
The gringo's screwed goddam their eyes.

Full of pith & irony sly jokes & smiles
they advise me that
-you're in an underdeveloped country
a poor country you must realize
not a highly civilized one -
& that I can't pay now but must return tomorrow.

I go back into their office
to thump the crap out of one at least
& seeing me fists clenched
adrenalin pumping pulse drumming in my head
shouting abuse they run
& 30 minutes later I'm away
with my stuff piled on a camioneta
riding along by the grey sea white mist
rising cold ashore mile upon mile of slum.

Joy on the girls' faces
as they unpack their toys
blue tricycle bricks cars & dolls.

-- Lima June 1968

Streetly Journal 1

Snow in may
a cat among the tulips
a discarded child's shoe in a corner
of New Street.

Sad litter of the mind.

In the tulip patch
crimson yellow velvet
& the sandystriped cat
its fluffy hair windruffled
camouflaged but Michi spotted it.

Listening to you talk
yr 19yearold confusion
my 33yearold confusion.

-- David Tipton

Lima, Peru

Sad litter of the mind.