

13-P-15

Great-Grand

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From the Overlook of Turi, Cuenca, Ecuador

Four rivers claw at their stony banks,

Overflowing onto narrow streets,

Heavy with the scent of eucalyptus;

You will die today

And I will not know it.

The gunmetal clouds crest the rim of the valley;

I'll smoke atop stone steps behind

An abandoned amphitheater, overlooking the Spanish tile roofs

Of the Old City, but I will not think of your worn bible-paper hands,

Or your frosted blue-gray eyes facing a world of shadows,

Or your slender body beneath alpaca shawls still shivering.

I will misspend the day avoiding recollections.

Along a thread of time

I am of your body, but when you die

Great-grandmother, I will mistake

A pair of blue-crested hummingbirds startled

Out of a blackberry bush by a crackle of thunder

As a wondrous sight.