

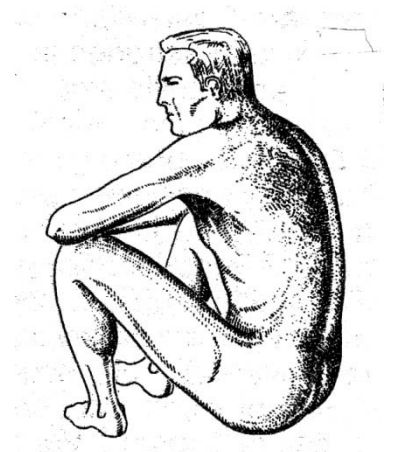
See the ever-changing
pattern waves and light weave
on the surface of the sea: bright
dancing lines we call *reflections*—

we made a word, too, *wave*,
for the encounter of sea and wind,
the moment in which they resist
one another as two do in a kiss—

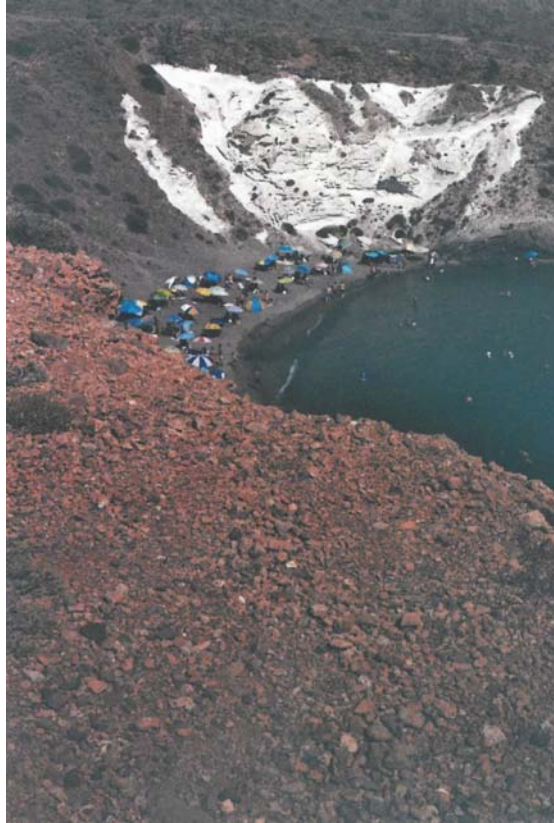
& hear how words seduce us
with their sound, dress
simple truths in ready answers,
as the shimmering sea-crest
shields the depths.



Saddened by the lack of interest the zoo's visitors had began to show in his regards, he spent his afternoons reminiscing about the glorious days of the past, when crowds would press against the railings of his den and watch him strut around for hours, as he articulated his thoughts out loud, recited poems and sang.



Travelling (Cabo de Gata)



The dream undoes itself, down that river,
past that promontory, push ahead, sail by,
set foot on one's nowhere, turn it into place
by means of path, map, name:
the commercial dream of men like Raleigh—

click

the shore becomes a beach, the hilltops
panoramic spots, the local man
with sunburnt skin and salt-thick hair
dozing roadside on a chair, a sphynx
in flip-flops, wife-beater shirt and shorts.

We demand he be custodian of a truth
at which we try to chip away with smiles
as we drive by, hungry for impressions
of the place, *click*, faces to cast in the quick
myth we're out to make, *click, click, click*.