

Richard Brostoff

Mexico

Dreaming, a new life asserts itself from Belmont's darkened suburbs; fresh images at forty. Late nights black tugboats chuff you off to Chiquila, trawling fish by ancient villages. Near San Buto below the water line you spy exotic schools of fish, whose scales flash jasmine, deep aqua-marine. Ashore you drink coronas in a seedy restaurant, order coffee in the proper accent. You rent a place above the bar to write your book. In the corner of your room, three speckled orchids bloom. Desert lizards scurry on the window sill, appearing out of shadows mornings, their striped skin warmed by sun. At corner stores in unsafe neighborhoods you filch small bottles of tequila. A duende visits you at night. At three a.m. a dark-skinned woman comes to you whose swollen lips remind you of the amaryllis bloom. You dance strange Latin dances you learned in your dreams. They have no name. Littering your doorstep, the locusts shuck translucent shells, and sing. You want to cut the darkness open like a vein.