Awake at Night in the Forest

I love punctuation marks,
cat's cradles,
white bread,
mayonnaise,
all kinds of cheese,
lettuce, tomato,
a little onion, I love
the river,
rising at dusk
with a noise like the ocean,
rising all night,
bearing branches and whole trees
to the sound of the rain, I love
the cicadas droning musically
all night, in stereo,
and crickets calling thoughtfully
for love and attention, I love
family and friends,
friends and family,
and the continuous night
that whirls around the world,
hiding from the sun,
manifesting multitudinous,
mellifluous
shades of black.

(Ecuador, 1997)

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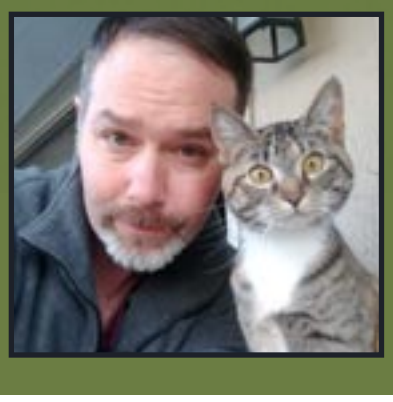

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