

Lorraine Caputo

Evanescence

People are moving around me

in my full-moon dreams

I stop I ask
Who are you
What are you doing?

Visual
 & aural
 silence

except the fleeing
the slipping away
of some one

her earthen skirts swirling ...

Aperture

On an upper balcony I sit,
chilled by the sunset wind,
trying to order my thoughts
 my pen ensnared by work words
trying to force an opening
for these poems

The disappearing sun
turns a cloud magenta –
a cloud like Alaska,
another like Isabela Island
 & they evaporate,
 no wisp of their shape

The sky pales, the dusk
colorless, eastern clouds thick,
a deeper grey.

Ordering my thoughts upon this page,
trickling through the crack
I wedge open, shoulder, foot
forceful like an iron bar
 I must ...

not wanting to leave,
 not to let it snap
 close, I must not ...
but those other words ...

Drifting

The afternoon sun
 bathes the pale walls of my room.
 Window panes rattle.

I lie across my
 bed, embraced by the warmth. On
 edge of consciousness
 I drift, feeling the tremblings
 of Pachamama & her

gentle, playful tugs
 upon the silver cord of
 my solar plexus.

This Desert Road

With each kilometer
 I abandon

a verdant valley
 carpeted with
 onion, corn, alfalfa,
 embroidered with
 vineyards & orchards

workers in the fields,
 cows grazing in pastures,

adobe homes
 the color of
 barren buttes
 on the far side
 of a thin river

— — —

Along the side
 of this desert road
 a trio of metal crosses
 shed like the lizards
 that scurry across
 the hot sands

shedding to a newer,

older self, until
nothing is left
but their
forgotten deaths

— — —

Signs on this Desert Road:

Ever forward
on the left

Drive defensively

... Trust in the Signs ...

— — —

On the slope
of a dune
some hand has written
in white stones:

Frida
I love you

Clearing Mists

Beneath the full moon
gleaming upon barren snows
& mountains, I dream

clear, celestial lights washing
away *garúa*
mists clouding my memories.

About the Poet

Lorraine Caputo is a documentary poet, translator and travel writer. Her works appear in over 250 journals on six continents, such as *Prairie Schooner* (US), *Revista Máquina Combinatoria* (Ecuador), *Fragmented Voices* (UK-Czech Republic), *Open Road Review* (India), *Cordite Poetry Review* (Australia) and *The Praxis* (Nigeria); and 14 chapbooks of poetry – including *Caribbean Nights* (Red Bird Chapbooks, 2014), *Notes from the Patagonia* (dancing girl press, 2017) and *On Galápagos Shores* (dancing girl press, 2019). She also pens travel pieces, with narratives appearing in the anthologies *Drive: Women's True Stories from the Open Road* (Seal Press, 2002) and *Far Flung and Foreign* (Lowestoft Chronicle Press, 2012), and travel articles and guidebooks. In March 2011, the Parliamentary Poet Laureate of Canada honored her verse. She has done over 200 literary readings, from Alaska to the Patagonia. Ms Caputo journeys through Latin America, listening to the voices of the pueblos and Earth. Her travels may be followed at Latin America Wanderer: www.facebook.com/lorrainecaputo.wanderer and <https://latinamericawanderer.wordpress.com>.