

Cuzco Connection

At the edge of the earth
mountaintops gather,
cradle an ancient town,
hide the abyss,
Columbus' obsession,

Under a twilight sky
I stroll with Incan ghosts
through rocky ruins
eager for a sign
that mountains will not step aside
and send me over the edge.

Only my heels
pound paths
in crisp thin air,
cut the stony silence
like a brass door knock at dawn.

A woman sweeps sheep with a stick,
across pastures,
infant son dozes on her back.

Her little girl's
glossy black braids bounce
against red-shawled shoulders
as she leads mother's llama
over mustard ground.
She turns away,
tied to her back
is her plastic doll
with platinum hair.

We remain connected:
by rocky terrain
by the moon's silver breath
by dreams so common
they are reborn in generations —
so that no matter our path
we are
no further away,
no less alone
than if standing side by side.

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