

long inward journey... from the center of the city with its painted shutters and doors to the coastal edge.

a seadeath smell.

moving and twisting through the knotted veins
of gutted fish with eyes like opaque flowers blooming full white mirrors
settled with unattached reflections
of small darkbird women with skillful knives.

morning haze drifting through open fires in wrought iron black baskets...

fetal images almost floating in the deep reach ways of alleys and narrow stone streets
like the hanging shredded hands of translucent blue jellyfish and
the children with bare feet and loosely moving arms
mosquito dance between the crates and ice in a single layer of space.

deckless boats pushed by offshore waves.

an armada of rough saints in the fingerprints of dawn
navigating mysteries like manic magicians.

fish market mexico.
wf.h.
1984