

Arequipa

matthew ashbrook 4/16

On a midnight flight to Lima,
The silver bird of steel
A stop in Puerto Rico
The way you made me feel –
Sometimes when I remember
Your freckles and your smile,
Yesterday's tomorrows
Today won't reconcile.

You stepped onto the tarmac
And I followed as I did;
Beholding to good fortune
And the secrets that you hid
The sun shone through the highlights
Of your golden auburn hair
Uncertain but suspecting
You were slipping from the lair.

*I remember Arequipa
And the mountains in the dawn;
The river rapids flowing
Past a parrot and a fawn;
The nights beneath the canopy
Of jungle fauna born
Of promises and laughter
And the everlasting morn.*

We occupied the Plaza
When the soldiers marched in view;
Pan de Anis and some coffee
As the tanks came rolling through.
I remember Arequipa
And your face against the skies
The smell of foreign soil
And the danger in your eyes.

I struggle through the ages
And time has been no friend;
I never like beginnings,
For they always lead to ends.
I imagine you're beside me
When traveling through the air;
Your head upon my shoulder,
My heart cradled in your care.