

## Oaxaca (A Memory)

How did I arrive? On the  
Wings of Daedalus—melted candle wax and  
Sea gull feathers and the loud engine  
Of a tiny prop plane.  
The toy of breezes, an unsteady speck  
Above the jagged mountains.  
I arrived driven by fear and hunger -- for what is beyond --  
Into another ocean, another myth,  
A beach where white women do not travel  
To ride a bareback horse, to ride the black stallion  
Of Poseidon.

Was I alone?  
As we soared toward the sun, as we dodged  
Clouds and hawks, a pilot  
Sat by my side and talked low  
In a language I half understood. He offered me  
His mouth, his hands, his thighs.  
Yes, he was handsome, the pilot  
And the nights in Mexican are warm  
But I had flown across rivers and peaks  
In a scotch taped prop, a plywood plane  
That was tossed around by zephyrs  
Toward a different sea, into another kind of myth.

In the morning the surf shouted me awake.  
Time packed its suitcases and departed  
From the day, from the town, from the hills surrounding  
The beach. Friends back home had to live twice as fast  
For me. I had vanished into high and low tides.

I swam through the emerald light

of waves. I swam in moonlight.

I draped my sun blessed body with native coral and nacre.

I draped my dark body in coral and nacre.