

WATCHING A B MOVIE WHILE  
FLYING OVER THE ANDES

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**G**uy meets girl,  
girl ditches guy,  
back together,

*apart again, not  
bad, actually,  
as a description  
of desolation  
and majesty,  
this crush  
of opposites  
in the quake-prone  
cortex of the un-  
green earth, Altiplano  
patched in snow  
of what precipitation  
made above  
the doomed tarns  
and moon-scape  
arroyos, remembering  
water. North,  
greener, I love*

*you he said me  
too she said  
their bodies  
gravitating, wet  
and welcoming  
as reed islands  
in Titicaca, their  
embrace in  
the designer bed  
beneath the floral  
sheets closing, deep  
and fragile as  
wildflowers in  
the crevasse of  
the Urubamba, they  
are one yet  
two, the way  
mountains are many  
yet one with time  
in the falling-  
lifting fern-wet  
Inca-cloven rocks  
respiring, alive...*

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