

The Road to El Tuito

by Jesse Mountjoy

Somewhere ahead there are deep
 Narrow courtyards of naked stones
 Without memory behind tall wild
 Grass, in an absolute elsewhere,
 But for now we keep driving south
 On Highway 200
 From Boca de Tomatlan
 And Chico's Paradise
 Toward El Tuito,
 Separated from history yet knowing
 The present is historical.
 The birds flock, reordering the sky.
 The clouds are in need of reform.
 The weather shifts like an instrument
 Changing chords. The rainy season
 Will bring reflection, but for now
 Everything is still impulsive.
 The day's colors shorn close, with
 Strange ideas, elegantly rendered,
 Around each bend, and then
 Ahead and beside us,
 There is the boy in the field
 On a rust black bicycle with one dog
 Atop the handlebars, and another
 Standing on the seat, as he pedals
 And herds short horned cows
 And young bulls
 Weaving through a singular reunion
 Of mountain pines and agave plants,
 All of them and us,
 Unable to prevent
 Whatever comes next.
 If you follow the path, someone said,
 You become the path,
 At some point, but I don't want
 To become this dusty road in Mexico.
 Maybe I want to be that first drop
 Of raicilla thrown into the air,
 Evaporating, never reaching the ground.