

Avenida Chapultepec

In London a half-alive sun slinks down onto the grass,
cut sideways. I have been here six weeks.
Gravity crushing as a bottleneck on the Avenida Chapultepec
which we say is like Central Park or Serpentine or some less generic heart of things
thrown onto the same backtrack I take you to the park I always
walked around. I was always alone, I explain
and the distance only grows bigger.
Mum calls me from London to say she has listened
to a podcast about Sor Juana.
I send a picture from Chapultepec to say
Sor Juana's stone face, her knowledge of sanctuary
is something I am learning.
The reply is the smog in both places, the speckled stars
the line breaks two continents crackle my ears tannoy tin traffic,
I could have had you instead I had the low arch carretera and high arch periferico
rooftops the palms of orange hands glinting and flimsy.
Pages and pages of the smell of asphalt
slashing heat of an oven plate spitting maize cheese flour
The arranged fate of every five pm blue rain
The grey smog concentration as we announce our favourite streets -
Top five, some just for the name, each named for another place
Editing rounded stone cobble
Even the high walls roiled in barb -
Here now, far away, I pause for one of the big avenues think of
the distance across also a depth
gold angel spinning sadness rotating clouds
Museum sweeps stone floors and new art dappled drill sounds extension work
on the other side of the glass Spanish buildings and the pervasive American desert