

## “Rainy Season”

The marketplace opens  
At six A.M., and it is fair and hot  
As a nervy adolescent.  
Another scorcher, say the Americans.  
The Indian tribes are headed for extinction,  
The language loses syllables, the hats  
They used to weave are plastic, and their beauty  
Is gliding into the cameras of the Americans.

A bare-assed baby chugs a Coca-Cola,  
Mud between her toes, her vulva puffy.  
A boy rushes between egg-baskets, shrilly  
Calling somebody: Míra, míra.

Two in the afternoon, indigo clouds  
Advance over the mountains.  
The enormous drops plummet  
Like prayers going downhill. Afterward,  
The pavement's slippery with rotten things,  
And wetly shines, reflecting heaven.