

Carlos Lombraña

"Si Dios me quita la Luna no me siento malo pero si me lleva a ti me lleva las estrellas."-Hector Lavoe, Ausencia

Blues for Ensenada

Overcast skies softened by Pacific winds
as they blow through a Palm silhouetted horizon
birds begin slow spirals
into the branches of night
and hang heavy like fruit.

Dogs invisible on the streets
yet distant barking
reveals their prints
wagging tails
searching
for something not caught
yet elusive
like distance.

Wires strung from buildings
wrapping like roots
into the wooden frames
into the soil
emitting an electric hum
into the night
into the stars.

As sirens sound
women begin to hug children
into their doughy arms
like loaves of bread
warm against the chill
of night.

Couples walk
huddled like strange birds
neon lights
guiding
a flightless path
they dream of flight
and stare upward at the depth
of sky.

My hands carry me into the streets
whispers are heard
disappear into shadows
and stars fall
deep
deep
without sound.