

FLAMBOYAN

A scent of moss or humus—
as if you had just come
from a greenhouse
full of birds of paradise,
lilies and orchids.

Your eyes—clear as beryl
from Minas Gerais—
speak of water and sun.
Your hands stroke my shoulder
in a language of their own.
They speak Spanish
even when your voice
of lavish honey does not.

Half your life ago, a moment
caught you—joyful, naked—
in a waterfall.
Now, as you cover me
with starfish kisses,
the cascade's inside me—
flamboyant, red as a heart.