

The Amazon

It is easy to get lost
along the Amazon.
You are brushing your mother's
hair and then the Amazon
wraps its slow brown curls around
your lungs. It is at
a certain age that one succumbs
to the parking lots
and food courts of the Amazon.
You are pushing your
husband's wheelchair
and the Amazon
ferries a raft or two
of girl warriors past and around
the twiggy, buoyant
mass of you and him. Then, so
perfect to make a wish
upon the Amazon.
For happiness or fame, if not
the Amazon. On
diagramming a sentence,
you look up. Testing
the temp of his bath, why,
you look up. Those
tiny, smudgy fires glimpsed
from the Amazon
can mark quicksand or
vampire bat caves. It is
the Amazon. They
could mark places
to rest and roast piranhas.