

Quijote

Tell me about the dream where we are Marxist guerrillas who lie down
in the Lacandón jungle and wake up without words again
for the light in the trees or for

the people we have come to save.
How the beetle forgot what he thought he knew
and dreamed himself a knight-errant
and our lives were just stories we'd found
bound in string in a street market in Toledo.

And warn us against false sequels.

Tell me about the dream where the mountain rivers
flood the cities below and we are two raindrops
who fall in and out of each other's grasp,
how in letting go of each other
we become a part of the bigger current.

Tell me what you are planning to do when the revolution comes.

I for one will lean against you
until my chest

stops heaving,
until the rain stops.

I can't read in the sky
what's next. Tell me I'm Don Durito the beetle and you're

Subcomandante Marcos, and I'm only yours
as long as we keep telling each other
stories. Tell me the river's

coming and I've nothing to fear
because I am pure of heart, because
I am on the mountain.

You are down there
with the villagers,
always getting swept away
by someone.