A Little Afternoon Music

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Rachel Fox  

Agnes Morte

My eyes instantly settle on the windows--
crimson, yellow, rich blues and violet--
aranged in scenes that shake the soul:
crucifixion, resurrection, a crown of thorns.

Benches, lined as soldiers,
precise, eternal,
aim towards the altar,
the place of birth and death,
forgiveness, redemption, reckoning.

A tortured, ominous figure
limply nailed above
surveys life below.
I see stone, centuries old and pale,
stacked and angled into solid blocks
strong against tedium and time.

I can almost hear the ancient voices
rising and falling in worship,
pounding the walls and beyond,
rattling the stained-glass windows.

Judith Boogaart  

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I've feasted on tortillas,
arroz, and frijoles, prepared
in big communal pots
in the dirt-floored kitchen.

La Mora boasts of few things:
a community pile of corn,
a new school building,
a gorgeous view,
this old guitar
which no one plays anymore.

I pick it up, and the old mayor
saunters near, singing a song,
watching me expectantly.
I must find the key
and play along,
the Salvador villager and norteamericana
making music together
across the gulf.