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The City of Ends

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The City Of Ends

I tell you stories in Puerto Nuevo,
as guacamole

twines with tequila down our
throats, the heavy scent

of wisteria, the harvest of avocados,
so erotic the Aztecs

locked away their virgins.
I would slow this day's end,

smother this flame between us,
but the splitting of nut

to release core, the suction
of damp inner flesh, it's all

a tantric suffering, without
cessation except in the salt

waves at night. To enter
this world is simple: the pure

sleep on. No one watches. The path
to the beach cords a hill,

crests just before the water,
before the curve of sand

that erodes our clothing,
grains our skin,

and here is the ritual
act, here the story.

—Mary Ann T. Davis '00