

Summer 1964. Mexico

I saw my first rhino
in Chapultepec Park, old Aztec
forest.

Brückner's Second Symphony
& Maximiliano's palace,

never quite
been in Europe, I,
sit on a hill of forest
& see all Mexico City, all Carlota

Max in Mex would die, never
go back to Trieste.

*You dwell in your father's house,
the gold-wrought porches of Zeus,
apart in the depth of space.*

2.

Bent old Yanquis with newspapers
sit in Cuernavaca's three squares,

persistent
boys with Chiclets harass the newcomers,

a lovely park surrounded by wall-spilled buganvilla
lies green, waits for afternoon rain
to clean the dust, make a green place
for a strange African animal.