

Papayas on the Patio

A diver in Acapulco
stands poised at a cliff's edge
with salty ocean breeze
blowing through his hair and fingers

The white waves below
are too removed to make a sound
they lap the water in blue silence
trapped between the cliffs

The diver studies the rock formations
jutting out into his path
his legs test the distance that
his eyes tell him to spring

The sun is up
a white dime somewhere in the sky
illuminating cliffs and foam
and the divers insignificance

as he remembers both his parents
with papayas on the patio
reading all the comic strips
and waiting for the moon

Published in *White Crow*, Spring 1997.