

Las Luces

(En recuerdo de Ernest Hemingway)

Blotches of yellow light
Crawl down a rain-soaked window
Where I sit, watching
A lone gypsy-moth
Flutter sea-brown wings
Towards a corner lamppost.

In Havana,
The moon dances
On weathered stones
As old men
With deep creases
In their hands
Steer for the blue lamps
Of the shore, undaunted.

Billie Travalini