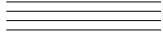


I N T E X A S : V A R I A T I O N S
O N A T H E M E O F B O R G E S



R O B E R T M E Z E Y

I know this place. The endless prairie,
As on his own continent.
A cry, distant and solitary
On the wind, goes silent,

And in this emptiness somewhere
A bird I cannot see
Sings over the clamor of plague and war –
Old calamity

Long forgotten in swirls of dust.
Here too the locust sings
Where bands of Indians once passed
And wild mustangs.

Nor do I need these stars to say
The undying names below –
Junín, where Suárez saved the day,
Thermopylae, Alamo.

As everywhere, so here,
A radiance that now and then
Briefly illumines this obscure
Exile from oblivion.