

POESIA / POETRY

Two Poems

M. Zeferino Spring

the only species of mammal endemic to the Azores

I am tiny inside the caldera
thinking about the diurnal bats
weaving patterns
above parasitic cones

the caldera
centuries ago sunk the peak of the mountain
into its magma

but then spouted another peak –
one volcano
inside the other

perhaps to say I am here
as these bats are here
as I am here

I had no idea these bats
hunted during the day

they woke me from my daydream
here as I climb Mt. Pico
for my 55th birthday

although I'm older
I'm no longer old

glass mermaid

so that her glass body doesn't crack
she anneals in the oven
as her torso fuses with her dichroic tail

if her body were a wine glass
it would sing with a wet fingertip

most nights tending the oven I sip red wine
with a violin quartet on the radio
or with a woman singing fado

but tonight I pour a glass of vinho verde
and wait in silence as the mermaid is resting

the dichroic shimmers
a thousand metallic colors
like the sun brings out on fish scales

the mermaid has yet to sing
I would risk drowning to hear her