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Ciudad de las Manos

Where the landscape fell away
fracture became a kind of fastening.
We gave it a name and set about building a city there.

The plan was to begin with the template
of the body, to trace the length of a foot,
the width of a finger. The distance of a step.

We considered solitude, how it too
might have a locus. But *to span* insisted upon
merge and close angle.

Charts never imagined the steep particularity
of narrow streets, the plague of small birds
that swooped in from bluer climes.

Some of us had wanted to codify the interval
between hand and eye, but the interiors
were already withdrawing from our reach.

We planted the mango's oval seed between rafts of adobe,
waited for its green imperative. It was
more and more difficult to imagine

the imprimatur of the hand, the arc of a public square.
And the wind, around which everything had been wound,
started to uncoil.

We had neglected in the early two-chambered light to invent
more than one sun and now it was falling once and for all
beyond the spires of our city,

its yellow fruit everywhere
and everywhere uneaten.

