

Machu Picchu! Cuzco, Peru

Camincha

The Ancient Summit, Eight Marvel of the World,
To visit you we scale a mountain zig zagging its flanks

UP UP

Down down doooooown

UP UP

Patient, pained, graceful, the mountain standing
on its toes from the bottom of the earth supports
steaming, roaring monsters out of breath built by men
that trying the impossible made an accomplice of nature
digging the surface it will climb,

zig zag zig zag: the train

complaints, smokes, moans, burps,
well sustained with queso fresco, manjar blanco,
alfajores and chicha de jora.

Falls backwards, advances, advanceeeees

Finally, The Ancient Summit, Eight World Marvel,
city, fortress, temple.

More imposing, its stones, its sanctuaries
its roads and trails than you imagined.

Hidden for centuries by emerald vegetation, lustful
of dew, and of sun kissed fog, of moon, stars and birds
of seductive songs. More strong majestic
than on any small or large screen.

More portentous, miraculous than in photos
of the National Geographic yellowed pages, cafe latte stained
through the years consumed by my desire to visit you.

Now there you are! Regaling me with your beauty.

I step with reverence on your fertile soil.

No. Nothing prepared me for
your majestic presence Machu Picchu.