

## Lorraine Caputo – Two Poems

### The Rainy Season Has Arrived

The main street of this  
once-hacienda village  
widens to a plaza.  
Portalled arcades surround it.  
To the north stands the church  
white & golden, its doors closed.

Two teen-aged girls played  
catch with a softball.  
It fell from one's bare hands  
& rolled across the cobblestones.  
A mother pushed her two children  
on a creaking swing set.  
At dusk she gathered them,  
hands on shoulders,  
and returned home.

I stood beneath the trees,  
watching those evening scenes.  
The day's swelter was cooling  
with a gentle breeze.

The refreshment stand closed  
with the soft clang  
of lowering tin shutters  
& a *Buenas noches*.  
Men sat on the concrete benches  
along the far side of the street.

I felt a few drops of  
imaginary rain, I was sure,  
& turned inside.

But the wind whipped up  
the five-month dried soil.  
Transparent-winged seeds  
twirled into open doorways.  
Lightening pulsed & sliced the sky,  
distant thunder tumbled.

& the rain arrived  
in a several-hour burst,  
quenching the searing heat  
of this summer.

& later, in the early  
morning hours,  
it lightly fell again.

Tonight it downpours once more  
an hour or so after sunset.  
The rain spills from  
the clay roof tiles.

Two horses stand quietly,  
tethered to one column  
under the portal.

A lad walks down that passage,  
eating a chocolate bar.  
A yellow dog follows the wrapper  
flapping between the boy's fingers.

Through an open door  
drifts the music of a  
guitar & young voices.  
A light shines dimly  
into the courtyard.  
Luis' plump arms  
embrace the body  
of his instrument.

Across a neighbor's patio  
a turtle waddles  
towards the dripping plants.

& here, into my room,  
a *sapo* hops.  
He sits on bowed legs,  
watching me write  
these words.  
His throat, thick  
& creamy-white, flexes  
with each breath.

## **Sonata For A Late Afternoon**

Narrow old-city streets lined with rainbow  
houses. In the rooms of one, lilac-  
colored, youth learn music. Boys tune their  
guitars. A boy sits in the window  
looking out to the cobbled street. Chords  
of guitar, bars of French horn, sweet  
voices drift through the sultry late day.

## **On The Shore**

Heavy clouds dampen  
this afternoon's sun,

the rising tide full,  
washing hard against

the worn black lava  
rock lining this white

rough-sand beach where crushed  
pieces of coral

& shells bed, impressed  
with the passage of

human & marine  
iguana, yellow

warblers dancing in  
the ipomea

& salt bush ... & that  
steely sea rising

yet rising dully  
in this afternoon's

hidden sun.

**Lorraine Caputo** is a documentary poet, translator and travel writer. Her works appear in over 180 journals in Canada, the US, Latin America, Europe, Asia, Australia and Africa; 12 chapbooks of poetry – including *Caribbean Nights* (Red Bird Chapbooks, 2014), *Notes from the Patagonia* (dancing girl press, 2017) and *On Galápagos Shores* (dancing girl press, 2019); and 18 anthologies. She also authors travel narratives, articles and guidebooks. In March 2011, the Parliamentary Poet Laureate of Canada honored her verse. Caputo has done over 200 literary readings, from Alaska to the Patagonia. She travels through Latin America, listening to the voices of the pueblos and Earth. Follow her travels at: [www.facebook.com/lorrainecaputo.wanderer](http://www.facebook.com/lorrainecaputo.wanderer).