

The Spanish Dancer's Siesta A Puerto Vallarta Sunset from Seat 24E, Aeromexico

Jennifer Arin

The Spanish Dancer's Siesta

After the painting "Siesta" by Charles Nahl

"The palm at the end of the mind, beyond the last thought, rises..."
—Wallace Stevens

My cat relaxes her body
on the doorway's warm wood.
We both recline afternoons.

I should be rested
as the cool low sun,
unworn as my *zapatos*,
forlorn dance shoes.

Heat sweetens my neck,
preens my legs. Emerald rests
on my shoulder, seems
to squawk, "Don't go, don't go!"

This hammock holds me
back, indulges me in orange.
Dense dance, trudging struggle
of in-between.

Start with a step.
My bare feet touch
tiles, move me
past cat and mandolin,
past green shawl and
parted curtain.

Through the gate:
water awaits
and palms.

Dancing at last my body
lifts, my hands circle
with intention,
my palms partner those palms.

A Puerto Vallarta Sunset from Seat 24E, Aeromexico

The sun sifts past the last meridian.

In Mexico's orange heaven
the moon appears, then night's bright garden.

Stories I still carry

*(Moon had finished his monthly
meal of stars and he was full fed)*

*(A dragon changed into
a singing star)*

soothe me sweetly beyond engines'
discordant plot.

Moon legend comes from *Aztec* by Gary Jennings;
Dragon refers to *The Iron Giant* by Ted Hughes.