

### **Creation Myth in One Day**

There are Cuban men in the lobby now.

They have come in the height of the heat  
of the day,

in dark designer suits and open collars.

They have come playing chess,

teaching leaps and slanted lines

to young girlfriends,

talking to the Haitian woman

who brews the coffee,

coolly racing from the cigar shop

around the corner to the library chill

of this marble hotel.

And when the sun is swallowed up

new ones rise out of the Atlantic,

out of the beach's raked sand.

They wear the white pants of cane cutters -

deliberately out-at-the knee,

embracing conga drums with

sinewy legs as they sit

beside the lobby door.

As I ply the Haitian woman

for another cup,

they thrum the taut hides

of their drums

and they wail their words

because the songs are

ancient loves,

circles drawn in sands,

and an ocean full of dancing bones.