

## Reliquary

Turn left, then right where brick canyons cave  
Into restaurant rooftops, decaying friezes  
Whispering city history like Yaxchilan lintels:  
One crooked alley morphs silhouettes into drain pipes with  
Night, the magician, molding frames:

Harvest moon Saturday rises stoically above ramparts,  
Spotlights your hunter grey jacket  
No longer camouflaged, tilting shadow against railings:

Trapped like a saint's small wisp of hair  
stuck between the cedar planks of a reliquary,  
I squinted past the yellowed glass  
but could not reach you.

If a photo twists dimensions, separation spreads centuries  
Into borders, shuffling ochre rinsed memories in  
the shoebox.