Maracaibo Melodies

As sunset beckons on the mazy, marshy mouth

of Maracaibo Lake, sporadic breezes lead

the water's surface, stirring swirls among the reeds,

creating shimmered mirrors that reflect a shroud

of gray, covertly brimming overhead. Though veiled,

the Andes loom like silent giants, bearing witness

to where tones of wind-kept whispers linger; stillness

fractured by intensified caresses, trailed

from swell-bound blusters. Rustles rattle, ripples race

and flits of wings resound in flurries, just as makeshift herds

of varied species—not knowing where or when to turn—

assail reluctant paths. Their scrambled scansion breaks

with strides aligned; the animals encircle ways,

as if beset by their own shrinking shadows. Amid

the flicker of a dazzling zigzag, steps go still,

then all that can retreat is routed by a wave

of distant thrums: a rat-a-tat of crackling claps

and loops of charge-lit choreographies unite,

as both composer and conductor of the night.

These streaks of sheets unfold in sequences. They wrap

around the clouds in branching arcs. Each flash commands

its own embodied image in the waters. Tempos

alter, lightning extends; crescendos bellow: echoes

of this dance reverberate across the land.

The floors unravel, flora tumbles, trees are traced

along a pass of peaks, while hillsides silhouette.

A dozen hours advance. Between the thunder’s threads

and sections, interludes of silence find their place.

The fervor softens, outros pour and lapses grow;

once-restless skies inhale and sigh. As dawn appears,

the marsh is held by restful air; horizons clear

as currents fall and curtains rise to end the show.