

To sleep at night on the border:

beneath mosquito netting

in a house in the forest of date palms and mango trees

the windows open to the air

except for one we close in the bathroom

where we put the food to keep out the *tlacuaches*

who frolic through the dry palm fronds all night long

near Tapachula, just inside Mexico

on the border with Guatemala.

In the morning I will drink strong black coffee

and cross the border

strung with soldiers and barbed wire

to a place I dream tonight.