

## CAMINO REAL

A woman trapped in limbo cautions her male companion not to fall in love with her.

Marguerite:

Oh Jacques. We're used to each other, we're a pair of captive haws caught in the same cage. And so we've grown used to each other. That's what passes for love at this dim, shadowy end of camino real. What are we sure of? Not even of our existence, dear comforting friend! And whom can we ask the questions that torment us? "what is this place?" "Where are we?" A fat old man who gives sly hints that only bewilder us more, a fake offered? The never broken procession of little events that assure us that we, and strangers, about us are still going on! Where? Why? And the perch that we hold is unstable! We're threatened with the eviction, for this is a port of entry and departure, there are no permanent guests! And where else have we to go when we leave here? Bide-a-while? Ritz men only"? Or under that ominous arch into terra incognita> We're lonely. We're frightened. We hear the streetcleaners piping not far away. So now and then alhands to each other in the dark that we can't escape from- we passes for love on this terminal stretch of the road that used to be royal. What is it, this feeling between us? When you feel my exhausted weight against your shoulder when I clasp you anxious old hawks head to my breasts, what is it we feel in whatever is left in our hearts? Something, yes, something delivate, unreal, bloodless! The sort of violets that could grown on the moon, or in th crevices of those far away mountains, fertilized bu the droppings of carrion birds. Those birds are familiar to us. Their shadows in habit the plaza. I've heard them familiar to us. Their shadows in habit the plaza. I've heard them flapping their wings like old charwomen beating worn out carpets with gray brooms... but tenderness, the violets in the mountains-can't break the rules.