

## THE FACE OF INDIA

I walk though drained golden marshes,  
through laborers colored by the silver sun.

At the side of the river a man shows himself to the world,  
like the tumor in his belly, a shapeless lump,  
a beggar.

We are in dire need of false shortages  
says a jester, juggler of snakes,  
beautiful hypnotist of unprecedented words.

The moon falls and from the loosened taciturn wind  
a ruffian horsefly appears.  
We make peace and then swindle,  
he stings me in the dead night

I have found Paz in words unread.  
In the momentary stillness, the rage of the monkey,  
the wheat ears and the Hindi guard.