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Peru

He's dead now,
no doubt about that.
Some would rather say he passed on.
He left this material plane
on his way somewhere.
Friends and family gather round.
Some of them mourn.
He told them not to,
and some don't,
because he told them not to.

Well, he doesn't have to deal
with any of that,
mourning or not,
sadness, sense of endings,
slips out the back door
(because he's in the habit of doors)
while everyone gathers around
his body

heads for Peru

He always wanted to go to Peru.
The last few years, many times
he said he was leaving for Peru,
too sore to travel much,
way too sore to go that far,
but it's easy now,
catches rides with no trouble.
People pick him up right away,
different kinds of people.
They trust him,
talk to him,
listen,
take him as far as they're going,
and he catches another ride.

He buys 704 acres,
money's no problem here,
10,000 feet elevation,
straight up from the ocean,

hires a young couple
to take care of the place,
to take care of him,
just like he said he would
when he talked about going to Peru.
She's 37. He's 32. Two kids, 10 and 8.
He gives the kids a dollar a day to help with
chores,
Her and him,
he gives them a good wage,
a place to live.
Gardener, maid, cook, butler, chauffeur, pilot,
kind of,
no car, no plane, no phone,
no television, no electricity,
no place to go,
like the loaves and fishes,
self-renewing,
nobody thinks about it
for the moment,
and that's all there is
the moment
this moment.

The mountain is so steep,
he gets up a good running start,
just like he said he would,
dives clear to the ocean,
cheats,
what the heck,
nobody's watching.
What's this pause on the way
for anyway, if not to have fun?
celebrate getting through
the often weary
step before
cheats, drifts forward a ways.
No mountain
in this world
is quite that steep,
slows before he hits the water,
splash,
cheats his way back up to home,
ten thousand feet,
sits on the veranda
in mountain sunshine

fresh vegetables, fresh fruit
from the garden.
He doesn't speak their language,
and they don't speak his

Doesn't matter.
They communicate enough
without spoken language,
trust each other,
don't need to know anything
beyond this moment,
this smile,
this open place
mountain sunshine.

Sometime he'll have to move on
take the next step.
He doesn't think about it much.
Each moment is sufficient
bites a fresh, ripe strawberry,
watches the sun
as it massively
thinks of setting
beyond the mountains,
beyond the ocean
that breaks on black rocks
below the mountains.