

## Travel

I don't need to go to Africa,  
climb Kilimanjaro, and bathe  
in the Limpopo River.  
On Fridays  
she is in my ankles,  
and travels to my knees whenever I stand  
in front of an errant Barbary Dove.  
Saturday nights,  
Africa  
boogaloes her way to my waist.  
By mid Sunday  
she jabs my shoulders.  
Mondays  
she gazelles to my elbow  
and later creeps up my wrist.  
On Tuesdays,  
I jump on one foot,  
then another.  
Slowly,  
my arm rises and Africa  
is inside my fist.  
But on Wednesdays,  
she steals into my heart and beats  
like rada drums  
in the ceremonies  
of the vodoun.

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Sergio Ortiz grew up in Chicago, studied English literature at Inter-American University in San German, Puerto Rico, philosophy at World University, Culinary Art at The Restaurant School in Philadelphia, and trained as a Daily Living Skills Instructor for the visually impaired at the Texas Lions Camp in Kerrville. His work has been published in *POUI*, *The Cave*, *Origami Condom*, and periodicals in Puerto Rico. He is pending publication in *Flutter*, *Ascent Aspirations*, *Origami Condom*, *Children*, *Churches and Daddies*, and *Cause & Effect*. Sergio teaches English in San Juan, Puerto Rico.