

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.