## Neruda's Day

B.Z. NIDITCH

With your splintered voice charred from sand pits you survey a wakening sun somewhere in Valparaiso, shaken by a posture of wind the day revives you with a single light glance at the general injustice of a hungry earth time.

You can hear a child rising shouting a manna of words wishing for a taste of bread, with a brush fire of solidarity you stride the rust belted road passing by honeyed trees, your giant footprints only want to be boundless, like a sea of feathered eagles covering a tattooed sky.