



9-15-2016

## Nocturnal Stroll through Iquitos

Jonathan Greenhouse

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Greenhouse, Jonathan (2016) "Nocturnal Stroll through Iquitos," *Westview*: Vol. 32 : Iss. 2 , Article 15.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol32/iss2/15>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu](mailto:phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu).



# Nocturnal Stroll through Iquitos

by Jonathan Greenhouse

Shrieks of joy & pattering engines, a clanking of silverware,  
& cattle-calls from men long past their prime  
reverberate in Iquitos' Plaza de Armas, a city square  
lost in the Peruvian jungle & far from being merely awake  
would likely awake anyone sleeping.  
In its illuminated fountains, prehistoric beetles  
perform backstrokes as if slightly inebriated,  
& dizzied gringos dine on veal cutlets covered in sunny-side-up eggs,  
all this happening in the jungle's concrete jungle  
as families amble arm-in-arm,  
peopling this beating urban heart tucked within the Amazon.  
Motorcycles-turned-taxis circulate in infinite hordes,  
an elaborate choreography of auto rickshaws carrying precious cargo,  
dodging both jaywalkers & beggars pleading with outstretched palms;  
from inside one, an old woman suffering from rheumatism  
sits with a cross-eyed boy with no arms,  
& from another, a man sells his wares from enormous burlap sacks,  
while in the fast-food joints ringing the square,  
flies stake their claim to empty beer bottles  
& shirts blow hypnotically in overhead-fans' intermittent drafts,  
all this noise set in the surge of a deafening, amorous symphony,  
a constant ruckus accompanied by the interior monologue  
of the perennially broken-hearted  
in this foreign place only foreign to some,  
where breathless adolescents ceremoniously lose themselves  
in the familiar shadows of a palm tree's draped canopy.