



11-15-2009

Noche de Los Muertos: San Miguel de Allende

Andrew H. Oerke

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

Oerke, Andrew H. (2009) "Noche de Los Muertos: San Miguel de Allende," *Westview*: Vol. 29 : Iss. 2 , Article 11.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol29/iss2/11>

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.



NOCHES - DE LOS - MUERTOS

San Miguel de Allende

Andrew H. Oerke

A green fluorescent skeleton snatches my shadow
and flings its dark sleeves round his neck for a cape
and says he'll give it back if I make him a swap:
He's dying to barter his bones for my breath,
and hang my flesh on the mast of his wingspread.

Before I know what is happening,
we're waltzing in front of the plaza
and everyone picks up tempo in a toe-tapping,
thigh-slapping jubilation at apogee
level and pace. The crowd swells to see if
this mobile of calcium can cop my soul.
His death is the antidote to my life;
I am the flip side of the dancing dead.

Thistly fingers enter me and it's as if
I had fleshed *him* out and left myself a shipwreck
on a rusty shore. The pirate struts off
as the body I was though no one saw the flip
of identities. I dangle away stiff
as a puppet and rickety as a skeleton.
I'm looking for someone to confirm me
as myself, since I have lost the secret
of how to put myself together again.
What kind of man is he who has lost his shadow?