

The Caracol, a snapshot

by Kitty Boots

the young man with the pleasant face leaned against the fountain in
the plaza

he told me he was from Akumal

I said, "I've never been there."

he looked at me with dreamy eyes, tipped his hat back
and said,

"You should go."

instead, I drove to the barren side of the island
a tangle of tropical foliage fighting with the dirty white fog, glimpses
of a quicksilvered beach

waves assaulted black volcanic rock in briny harmony
water erupted like geysers through blowholes
a low rumble, a moan, a cry
wind-blown foam, scouring sand

monkey chatter drew me over the dunes
criss-crossing vines and roots
The Lighthouse, The Caracol
grey, weathered limestone
crumbling
embroidered with lichens
I could barely fit inside

