

ECUADOR

(Love Poem for a Transsexual Prostitute from Ecuador)

Before I met you
I knew nothing of Ecuador,
but I imagined coffee and cocoa,
toucans and the condor.

Before I met you
I knew nothing of Ecuador,
but I imagined cowboys in ponchos
juntas and guerrilla war.

Before I met you
I knew nothing of Ecuador,
but I imagined Christ weeping in the churches
of the conquistador.

Ecuador! In that continental jigsaw
for all that I knew,
could have been Chile, Bolivia,
Paraguay or Peru.

Before I met you
I knew nothing of Ecuador,
and now, I also know absolutely nothing,
about anything else anymore.

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