



## Peru

When you whisper into trapezoidal wall indentation of the Incas,  
 the sound lingers in space,  
 bouncing into all the other trapezoidal openings around the ruins.  
 When you chant into those same indentations,  
 your chant carries and slips into each stone trapezoid.  
 Vibrations hang in the spaces, hang in the energy.  
 I lie on the earth of Machu Picchu.  
 I am not here  
 when I lie on that earth.  
 I float alone,  
 all one,  
 around mountain tops.

## Ancient One

I feel ancient spirits all around us, gliding up the walls of ancient rock. ..

I sense her walking towards us before she's close enough to hear her deep moans. Her feet drag, shuffle, not of this place anymore. Her face is aged beyond old age. She is ancient and breathes darkness. I want to scream at her. I don't want her near us. Although she looks at my face, I can't look into her eyes. She moans, moans, a deep guttural moan not of this world. Her fingertips touch my sister's back and linger there. This can't be real. This can't be real. This can't be real.

Who was she? Why wasn't I brave enough to have her fingers only touch me? Or was she meant to touch my sister? Perhaps I'm already too awakened. Could that moment have been part of my sister's awakening to other worlds? Someday I will know the role of that old spirit.

Later that night, in the cool shower water I sense her all around us; hear that moan beneath the running water. She haunts us. My sister falls into terror. She tastes what I live. I enjoy the ride of sounds and sensations, my skin crawling with invisibility.

I climb into bed with my sister, turn on all the lights, and the spirit world calms.



### Sexxxxxy Woman

The Incan ruins Sacsayhuamán are called Saksaq Waman, yet pronounced “sexxxxxxy woman.” In English. Pronounced with the emphasis on sexy. The Spanish raided the rocks for their churches, later the Peruvian government put the ancient rocks up for sale, “buy a piece of sexxxxxxy woman, take some part of sexxxxxxy woman home.” The ancient rocks auctioned off to homes, to become just another rock. I stand in the remains of the ruins, already gutted by time and greed. Yet those that remain still stand locked in so tightly into one another that nothing can slip between them. To this day, the secret of that precise blending into one remains unknown.

### Caged Cats and their Wild Masters

Thunder echoes through the rain, sounding more like an earthslide in the mountains. We float in hot springs with sexy dancers and lion/tiger performers. My newest friend introduces us around, openly sharing about their ranch in Las Vegas where they’re based and the life of growing up in a performing family. His beautiful face has scars in numerous spots where the tigers and lions had ripped into him, his neck a long scar left of his Adam’s apple. Yet his smile radiates and he proudly introduces us to his magician father, who too has a wildness that matches his scarred and muscled arms.

We walk the city at night, kiss on a park bench until I pull away. Only I easily meet a beautiful man who walks into cages with lions and panthers. In my life, it feels normal.



### Pachamama

I know nothing about these ruins except that they pull me in like no other. I step into the circular area with seats carved into the stone. How much time must have been put into this etching into stone. A guide is explaining to the old group that the area was for the worship of Pachamama. I've never seen such an old group of tourists, all easily over 75. One woman sits breathing heavily in the 12K plus elevation, her ankle bandaged with dirty white gauze. When I'm over 80, I would like to sit naked at over 12 thousand feet and connect to the earth. I sense Pachamama here and continue deeper into the rock womb.

I walk into a space that tastes sacred. I am in the rock womb of mother earth. I breathe her in. I sit inside her strong, wild core. I am encased by rock. I want to sleep here. I want to cry here. I want to scream here. I want to be here, forever, in this space where I am.





### Ride into the Amazon

“She looks like she was plucked out of a Hollywood mansion, wrapped in Safari gear from head to toe and flicked out into the crowd here,” my sister pauses as she scans the black backpack riding towards us on the airport carousel, determining it’s not ours, she continues. “She’s walking around throwing smiles at everyone. Have you seen her?” I have not, although the safari look clearly is the way to go among travelers arriving in the Amazon. I must be the only one to not have a pair of dorky zip-off beige pants.



I lean out the long boat to a sky filled with billions of points of light, the southern cross, a flipped big dipper. I ignore the characters. Birds call out around us, even over the hum of the engine. The yellow Russet Cacique’s call sounds like a large object being dropped into water and it echoes across the jungle. I take a breath. I want to remember this moment. We are heading into yet another fast rapid, with water leaping around us. Suddenly, we all lurch forward as we hit a large rock island. It is black night now. Cayman are around us, as are countless other pairs of eyes. Our canoe-like boat is stuck on a rock, with rapids flowing past us. We all pause in the moment. Is this really happening? One of the Peruvians jumps out of the boat onto the rock and tries pushing us back into the current, but the boat is firmly landed. “Everyone needs to get out.”



The camera is running as the international hunter filming his TV show pulls out the satellite phone and calls Canada. “Hello! Yea, we’re in the dark on a river in the Amazon waiting for a rescue. Our boat driver is terrified to continue. Yea, we’re fine.” I look at my sister and we laugh. This is really our life.

### Amazon falls into Darkness

Hiking at almost a run through the darkening jungle, we have one small light for the three of us. All sticks look like snakes. Our guide is a small girl from the city who had spent two and half months living alone in the Amazon to study monkeys. I want to trust her instincts, but my African childhood warnings scream at me meandering through the darkening Amazon. Some risks are exciting, is this one worth the story?

