

What Happens At The Equator

We stand on different sides of the red line. It passes through us. Across oceans, traipsing around earth. At twenty-one my son steps up to balance an egg on a nail. His hands and eyes intense, hold the egg & it sits there perfectly. Our muscles weaken under the sign, Camino Del Sol. We watch water go straight down the drain. No spin, no swirl. Elevated in these Andes, Solandra maxima releases its petals. Is this where I leave flowers? In degrees, nowhere. Red line in cement, with arms out for balance, nobody walks straight. The body, off kilter. Map full of zeros. My son pulls the camera from my hands, crouches down fast to capture: friend & llama. Laughs. Spit from animal, sopping shirt. A stone-walled restaurant, at the edge of a ravine. Distant house below with empty bowls on table, cold iron stove. I have not left my continent in years. My son's seen three. Eggs these days leave my aching body. Sadness a son will never know. This is where we finally meet. At the equalizer of day and night. His arm over my shoulder, we half-smile & squint into high sun. At a point where the needle has no compass.