

NANCE VAN WINCKEL

Across 20 Rivers,

and your voice quite clear
in Plovdiv. Stern old Trotsky faces
fresco the facades of buildings you look
out on. A blue air all that's clear
between us. We stick to facts: a fog
over the mountains lifted today.
Less smoke up north
although the forest smolders
near a monastery clinging to the 14th Century
on the side of a cliff. Holy water
there: up a rough narrow trail
crowded with cripples.
The sound of metal crutches
against rock
is the sound of listeners
clicking on and off the line between us.