

PIZARRO MEETS ATAHUALPA AGAIN

–*Inca's forbidden history*

Cyril Dabydeen

Meeting you eye to eye
as nothing else matters, but
the ocean: a dreamer's maze
with more than ruins; and,
where else do I go? Now
who's asking, not telling?

Cowering...because the Andes
mountains rise higher, what will
keep raising its head as time
no longer matters in Peru,
or some place else, and I will
keep asking: *Who am I?*

Not where do you go, or come
from because of conquest of tribes
unknown: helmeted Pizarro...with
silver and gold becoming more
burdensome, what he will
indeed acknowledge.

What Atahualpa never bore alone:
so the story goes about the Emperor
of Inca-land, a never-ending tale
of woe told in the Spanish court
far from where rivers run when
mountains will again rise up.

Clouds coming down to the centre
of the earth, which neither Ptolemy
nor Copernicus saw before
as men kept riding horses
before a naked Inca girl,
what the signs foretold.