

Class Notes: an Introduction
to Physical Anthropology
— for Karla

Cathy Comenas

I.

Her wrinkles are not elephant skin
they are the ocean
She's a river in my rocky dreams

Her german face sun soaked
Wind-blown hair
Drunken hips sway

Speaking calm, sometimes
a child when a student
answers a question right

Drawing blanks as she thinks of
an english term, it comes, rolls
off her tongue flows through
the air
If she backs up any further she'll
run straight into the chalkboard

II.

She's dancing with the natives again
A face lighted gold

Her own canvas tent
among straw huts
Cross-legged by the fire
eating wild pig

III.

Sitting barefoot
in white sand
arms folded against her breasts
brown back a spear as hard
as rock

Behind this Samoan chief
blue desert of water

I stand at her side

a thirsty dog

IV.

I was climbing with you
up Mount Everest
held together by a long
strong rope

Your body bold and polished
I floated over dirt and rocks
watching