Why are you taking pictures of that shit?
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Calabash: A Journal of Caribbean Arts and Letters is an international literary journal dedicated to publishing works encompassing, but not limited to, the Anglophone, Francophone, Hispanophone and Dutch-speaking Caribbean. The Journal is especially dedicated to presenting the arts and letters of those communities that have long been under-represented within the creative discourse of the region, among them: Aruba and the Netherlands Antilles, Maroon societies, and the Asian and Amerindian societies of the region. Calabash has a strong visual arts component.

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On the streets of Santa Clara
the sun comes down hard
on door after door of detailed
knocker.

In front of el teatro
La Caridad we pose beside a hand-
painted poster listing our straddling
surnames.

Across from a stretch
of small trees in medians,
entryway to el Gran Hotel
Roosevelt--soot and sacks, bricks
stacked askew in the foyer.

I take a shot
then hear a yell--“¿Por qué estás
sacándole fotos a esa mierda?
¿Por qué no a lo nuevo,
lo bonito?”

I walked far enough to see
the scatter of tin roofs beyond
Spanish arches. So I photographed
where the people entered
and left

as well as the pope
between a door here and there.
So many posters of his upturned
profile--patient gaze
on a blue sky, over and
over, the same.