

sockets. He spoke of lost worlds: "the ancient spirit of discovery appears to be extinct."

The words were mine, the spirit his.

STEPHEN HALL

ABROAD-THOUGHTS FROM HOME

The sleek, sun-bitten faces glare into
this distant room from the morning chill
of the Otavalo market. Rugs slung
over an arm, brilliantly red, hand-woven,
offered to me standing here on axminster,
reaching into an empty pocket for foreign coins.

Staring into the camera and from my
coffee table, a half-empty mug placed on
the curling corner, oppressing the paper
with its 43 beans, impassive faces with their
cold coffee skin seem as bewildered by the flash,
the photographer, as by me, wanting to travel.

I calculate cost and days later, nothing done,
my afternoons still settle over the Cordilleras,
failing to melt the snow or warm the cheeks.