



English Studies in Latin America

Underneath the Canopies

Author: Liukura Mariman

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Underneath the Canopies

Liukura Mariman ¹

¹ Liukura Mariman is a Chilean-born, United States-raised writer. He just graduated with a Bachelor's Degree in English, and plans to continue on to Graduate School. If he's lucky enough to get his words and stories recognized, he would love to work in the film and television industry as a screenwriter. Barring that, he might just opt for that starving artist gig that everyone's always talking about. Either way, there will be much writing ahead.

Liukura Mariman

Underneath the Canopies

You perch upon a leaf,
hang yourself from a string,
let it ring out, long;
your quiet voice
is a rainforest bird,
let it sing and fade.

In the wild brush, fade
under tree moss and cover of leaf.
You quiet, wandering bird,
the things you do with string,
and how you tease out that voice,
how it twists away, long.

These saplings missed you for so long,
and watched you fade,
your teased-out, distant voice
just a rustle in the leaf.
The buzz and shock of string,
like a colorful, wild bird.

Hook-beaked, flightless bird,
your feedback echoes, long:
a humming saw-toothed string
of notes, dragging off to fade;
dewy trails on spotted green leaf,
and that speckled, viridian voice.

Your cracking mists of voice,
that stop-time beat of wings, bird,
sprinkles dew from shivered leaf.
An arrhythmic rhythm aching, long,
breaking after rolling swell and fade:
an echoed strum, your quaking strings.

The slip-peg moan of waking strings,
shifting, melting, mallow voice:
your hurt and decomposing fade.
On spongy ground: the cyan husk of bird.
Acari, calliphoridae, fungi feast long,
now hushed and dampened, still leaf.

Entwined in string, you song bird,
with muted voice to sing along,
a bruising, tealy fade into Yucatán leaf.