

Patagonia



I dream of Patagonia

*of crystal clear waters of liquid glaciers  
and the pale eyes of a lamb*

of a brisk sprint in the moon light  
and a blanket of the coyote screams

I dream of Patagonia

of forbidden fruits of hard labour

a bed of pvc to rest my head

of a brush stroke in blood across your  
cheek

and the flirty pussy-willows

I dream of Patagonia

of the slow stalking of a prey  
and the hair between your teeth

*of standing where no man has stood before and the most beautiful place on earth*

## I dream of Patagonia

of strong calves and glistening salted  
skin

the smell of sweat on  
cedar

*of the grass across your body*

*and the moist treacherous mountain caves*

I dream of Patagonia

*of dripping lilacs of wet golden honey*

and the funk of sweet fermentation

*of nestling in the grains of evergreen* carpets

and a dope place to rouge your knees

I dream of Patagonia

*of neon nano puff goretx*

*and the barefoot freedom of bikila*

of fresh pine dirt under your nails  
and a soft-cell jacket of wolfskin



I dream of Patagonia

of an escalator of granite

a box built on the mountain side

of tanned upper inner thighs

and the constellation of mosquito bites

I dream of Patagonia

of bio almond trail mix  
the taste of deet and mealy apples

of the cornucopia in pinecones

*and crunching through paths like ice fields*

I dream of Patagonia

of a trail of bright

*piñones and bucket hats*

a procession of team players

of bears and otters and ravaged wolves

*and the devote ritual of pitching tents*

I dream of Patagonia

of star gazing in great dark rooms the sudden splash of the milky way

of where the river runs deep

and feeds the pulse to the vein

I dream of Patagonia

of a thousand mile lakes

where only eagles dare

of fresh white daises and rose bud pinks

and of the buck watching over me

Alex Turgeon  
Berlin, 2011