

The Amazon 1945

Lumbering
Slowly southward
Over
A northernmost
Brazilian jungle,
Our military
C-46 airtransport
Sliced through
A pitch black sky.
Heavy dark clouds
Enveloped everything
Around and below.
Seemingly
Caught
In a motionless
Vacuum,
. The only evidence
Of movement
Was
Detected
By a faint airplane
Shadow
Ploughing
Across
Endless Miles
Of
Untamed
Indigo.
An eerie quiet crept
Over the cabin,
Matching
The somber
Tableau below.
All those aboard
. Nervously
Peered through
The blackness
To find
More nothingness.
A black
Pit to
Nowhere.

The suddenly
Our craft
Broke through the gloom
To find a brilliant
Full Moon
Washing away
The dark night
With a gift
For all
To behold.
There it was.

The Amazon,
Shimmering and slithering
Hundreds of miles
Into the jungle
As far as the
Eye
Could see.
Directly below
Lay this behemoth,
One hundred miles across,
Its gaping mouth
Quietly cascading tons
Of black water
Into the South Atlantic.
The year,
1945.
And I,
A nineteen-year-old
Navy Radioman
Enroute to a Navy billet
In Recife, Brazil,
Momentarily forgot
Military routine,
All things mundane,
As this unexpected
Display of pristine
Raw power
Cast an
Indelible imprint
On my psyche.

To add further
Drama To the moment,
My vista from
The cockpit
Gave me an
Onehundred eighty degree
View of
This Seventh Wonder
Of the world.

Then reality
Set in
As we
Gently glided downward
Toward
Landing lights at
Belem.
Soon we would debark
Into a drab
Air terminal

But first I needed
To catch my breath
And contemplate a
Truly mystical

Spiritual
Event,
A once in a lifetime
Epiphany,
Viewed
High in the
Sky
Brightly illuminated
By a full
Blue moon.
Yes, truly
A very rare
Gift,
That left me
Humbled
And grateful.

. The River and I
Have
Changed
These past sixty years.
The River
Ravaged by
Wanton plundering
Called
Urban development,
And I,
My mortal
Coil
Quickly
Disintegrating
As time takes
It inevitable toll.
We are both
Still part of
Planet earth
But soon
I will move
On.

But this River
Of Rivers,
A mystical power
A mesmerizing
Force,
Hopefully will endure,
And continue
To slither through
Time and space,
Winding wending
Through
An eternal night,
Thus inspiring hundreds of
Generations yet unborn

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