**Landmarks**

Evangeline Sanders

*Volcán de Fuego*

 *Eruption of June 3rd, 2018*

Stack of charred rock, slit of

sulfur—stuffed with smoke

and pellets, cocked like a musket

on the shoulder of the valley.

Just southwest of Guatemala City

(12:00 P.M. local time), hot ash

spills from the summit in charcoal

plumes, swallows up trees

and truck tires, melts the rubber

into the dirt. Within minutes,

corn stalks and coffee plants

are slashed at the roots,

sloughed off the slopes, shoved

face-down into pyroclastic flow.

Oh, Volcán de Fuego, cocked and

oiled *mosquete*: did you notice

the red-bellied birds in the branches

(green spout of feathers, black-tipped

beaks tucked into breasts),

moments before you pursed your lips,

spat into the sun? The cows and

cloudless fields of sky, the corn husks

and fruit carts—mango skins

scattered like gold in the streets?

*Iglesia Vieja*

It stands in ruins, a scrap of colonial

fabric, slathered with moss and glue,

stretched over the frame of a city

choked by weeds, powerlines,

pink concrete cafes. In 1773,

an earthquake split the skin

of the streets, ripped through flesh

and muscle, shook blood from

the roofs of the cathedrals.

But the walls of Iglesia Vieja

remain—packed in place, a corridor

of columns and cracked stone,

bricks, prints of pineapples

and native birds. Tourists shuffle by

with their cameras and sunglasses,

pointing at the arches, the trees

that bend and stretch through

the rubble. Oh, Iglesia Vieja:

do you remember the hand

that pressed pen to parchment,

sketched the curves of your altar—

the men that slapped brick against brick,

chiseled a cold cross into stone,

hands folded in an Alleluia, Alleluia?