

## On Corcovado Mountain

High above the sands  
of Rio, clouds veil  
the impassive face

of the Redeemer.  
Momentarily  
pale sunlight steals through

seeking refuge in  
folds of the stiffly  
fluted skirt. Below

in deeper shadows,  
in crevices of  
precarious hills

crouch faceless squalid  
children whom those out  
stretched arms will never  
hold, never redeem.

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