

**Commitancillo**

**Poem**

**Susanne Duncan**

## Commitancillo

Quilted in gold and green fields, the valley is  
a timeless fabric, seamed by worn trails leading  
from the hills to the village.

A momentary stain appears,  
a cloud shadow drifts along, unimpeded.

Weekly in the village market, the many threads  
of the hills and valley come together, the people  
weaving their ties to each other and the land.

A silence settles,  
the armed men pass through, uncontested.