



In a dark hotel room
the silhouette of the day appears.
I brush against the heavy curtain and
suddenly
I am playing with light.

Little by little
the room
begins to dance

The girls write "Gracias" with a letter S
And ask me "Are you a gringa?"
And I "Yes, how could you tell?"
"Hmmm....
By your backpack!" they say
Of course.
I exchange a drawing for their kind words
I'll have to leave my backpack at home next time.



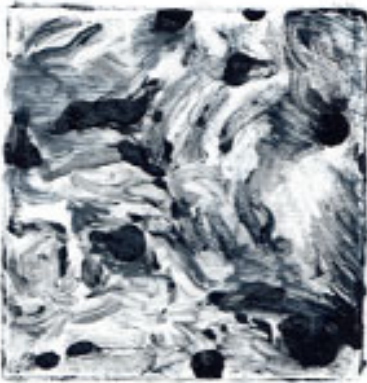
On the side of the road in the outskirts of
Tijuantepe
There is a house with no facade
Like a house for dolls.
I saw it
And I was trapped.
The family played its roles
from rocking chairs
And I had to be the viewer,
A role that I do not wish to play



Death bites your ankles
And comes looking for you in church
Curls up beneath your pew,
Even follows you to communion.

It follows you through the streets
And sleeps inside your armoire.
Until one day, it boards a bus
And takes the form of a man
takes the lives of three people
changes the lives of 17,443
people

Who arrive in sad caravans from a place
where nobody should go.
While the children scream for rain.



The earth with its profound wounds,
Volcanic scars where the veins of the landscape lie
open
Deep lakes of tears and sulfur.
Pass here, beneath the spine of the fish
Pass here to arrive at the mouth of hell.
Break the stars to ward off evil
and bring light to the shadows
Watch the arabesques of bats in complete silence.

The bus is full
of
people,
logs,
chickens,
onions,
furniture,
baskets
of
smells
of
sweat
cologne
corn
gasoline
songs
of
men
sleeping, wheels climbing, mist falling,
foreign
eyes speaking in strange tongues
My eyes are full
of
dust
and beauty



"I almost lost my family because of the
revolution
And now we are safe from the white hand
That is what we were fighting for, it was worth
the pain.

Now in every mayor's office
Works a man,
his wife the family of the wife
his lover the family of the
lover

Is that what we were fighting for?
Is it worth the pain?

The wind plays with a funeral ribbon on the color
of palm leaves.



One large embroidery:
A house the color of ribs cut,
A house the color of saffron,
A house the color of turquoise,
A house the color of butter,
A house the color of limoncello,
A house the color of beans,
A house the color of honey,
A house the color of moss,
A house the color of pride.

I enter the gate that is the color of rust.

