

2. Vasconcelos.

3. Arthur Koestler termed this "bisociation." Albert Rothenberg, The Creative Process in Art, Science, and Other Fields (Chicago, IL: University of Chicago Press, 1979), 12.

4. In part, I derive my definitions for "convergent" and "divergent" thinking from Rothenberg, 12-13.

5. To borrow chemist Ilya Prigogine's theory of "dissipative structures." Prigogine discovered that substances interact not in predictable ways as it was taught in science, but in different and fluctuating ways to produce new and more complex structures, a kind of birth he called "morphogenesis," which created unpredictable innovations. Harold Gilliam, "Searching for a New World View," This World (January, 1981), 23.

6. *Tortillas de masa barina*: corn tortillas are of two types, the smooth uniform ones made in a tortilla press and usually bought at a tortilla factory or supermarket, and *gorditas*, made by mixing *masa* with lard or shortening or butter (my mother sometimes puts in bits of bacon or *chicharrones*).

7. Gina Valdés, Puentes y Fronteras: Coplas Chicanas (Los Angeles, CA: Castle Lithograph, 1982), 2.

8. Richard Wilhelm, The I Ching or Book of Changes, trans. Cary F. Baynes (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1950), 98.

9. "Soledad" is sung by the group *Haciendo Punto en Otro Son*.

10. Out of the twenty-two border counties in the four border states, Hidalgo County (named for Father Hidalgo who was shot in 1810 after instigating Mexico's revolt against Spanish rule under the banner of *la Virgen de Guadalupe*) is the most poverty-stricken county in the nation as well as the largest home base (along with Imperial in California) for migrant farmworkers. It was here that I was born and raised. I am amazed that both it and I have survived.

## *Un Agitado Viento*

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## Ehécatl, The Wind

## II

### *La Pérdida*

---

*¡Qué lejos estoy del suelo donde he nacido!  
intensa nostalgia invade mi pensamiento;  
y al verme tan solo y triste cual hoja al viento,  
quisiera llorar, quisiera morir de sentimiento.*

— "Canción Mixteca," a Mexican corrido

*sus plumas el viento*

(for my mother, Amalia)

Swollen feet  
 tripping on vines in the heat,  
 palms thick and green-knuckled,  
 sweat drying on top of old sweat.  
 She flicks her tongue over upper lip  
 where the salt stings her cracked mouth.  
 Stupid Pepita and her jokes and the men licking  
 her heels,  
 but only the field boss,  
*un bolillo*, of course, having any.

*Ayer entre las matas de maíz*  
 she had stumbled upon them:  
 Pepita on her back  
 grimacing to the sky,  
 the anglo buzzing around her like a mosquito,  
 landing on her, digging in, sucking.  
 When Pepita came out of the irrigation ditch  
 some of the men spit on the ground.

She listens to Chula singing *corridos*  
 making up *los versos* as she  
 plants down the rows  
 hoes down the rows  
 picks down the rows  
 the chorus resounding for acres and acres  
 Everyone adding a line  
 the day crawls a little faster.

She pulls ahead  
 kicking *terremotes*,  
*el viento sur secándole el sudor*  
*un ruido de alas* humming songs in her head.  
*Que le de sus plumas el viento.*  
 The sound of hummingbird wings  
 in her ears, *pico de chuparrosas*.

She looks up into the sun's glare,  
*las chuparrosas de los jardines*  
*¿en dónde están de su mamagrande?*  
 but all she sees is the obsidian wind  
 cut tassels of blood  
 from the hummingbird's throat.

She husks corn, hefts watermelons.  
 Bends all the way, digs out strawberries  
 half buried in the dirt.  
 Twelve hours later  
 roped knots cord her back.

*Sudor de sobacos chorriando,*  
*limpia de hierba la siembra*  
 Claws clutching hoe, she tells the  
 two lead spatulas stirring the sand,  
 jump into it, *patas*, wallow *en el charco de mierda*,  
 breathe it in through the soles of your feet.  
 There was nothing else but surrender.  
 If she hadn't read all those books  
 she'd be singing up and down the rows  
 like the rest.

She stares at her hands  
*Manos hinchadas, quebradas,*  
 thick and calloused like a man's,  
 the tracks on her left palm  
 different from those on the right.  
*Saca la lima y raspa el azadón*  
*se va a mochar sus manos,*  
 she wants to chop off her hands  
 cut off her feet  
 only Indians and *mayates*  
 have flat feet.

Burlap sack wet around her waist,  
 stained green from leaves and the smears of worms.  
 White heat no water no place to pee  
 the men staring at her ass.

*Como una mula,*  
 she shifts 150 pounds of cotton onto her back.  
 It's either *las labores*  
 or feet soaking in cold puddles *en bodegas*

cutting washing weighing packaging  
 broccoli spears carrots cabbages in 12 hours 15  
 double shift the roar of machines inside her head.  
 She can always clean shit  
 out of white folks toilets—the Mexican maid.  
 You're respected if you can use your head  
 instead of your back, the women said.  
*Ay m'ijos, ojalá que ballen trabajo*  
 in air-conditioned offices.

The hoe, she wants to cut off . . .  
 She folds wounded birds, her hands  
 into the nest, her armpits  
 looks up at the Texas sky.  
*Si el viento le diera sus plumas.*

She vows to get out  
 of the numbing chill, the 110 degree heat.  
 If the wind would give her feathers for fingers  
 she would string words and images together.  
*Pero el viento sur le tiró su saliva*  
*pa' trás en la cara.*

She sees the obsidian wind  
 cut tassels of blood  
 from the hummingbird's throat.  
 As it falls  
 the hummingbird shadow  
 becomes the navel of the Earth.

---

*bolillo*—a derogatory term for Anglos meaning hard crust of loaf of white bread.

*entre las matas de maíz*—between the corn stalks  
*terremotes*—sods

*El viento sur secándole el sudor*—The south wind drying her sweat  
*un ruido de alas*—a sound of wings  
*¿En dónde están las chuparrosas de los jardines de su mamagrande?*—  
 Where are the hummingbirds from her grandmother's gardens?  
*Sudor de sobacos chorriando limpia de hierba la siembra*—The sweat  
 dripping from her armpits, she weeds the plants.  
*manos hinchadas, quebradas*—swollen, broken hands  
*mayates*—a derogatory term for Blacks  
*como una mula*—like a mule  
*Ay m'ijos, ojalá que ballen trabajo*—Oh my children, I hope you find work  
*Si el viento le diera sus plumas*—if the wind would give her its feathers  
*Pero el viento le tiró su saliva pa' trás en la cara*—But the wind threw her  
 spit back in her face

## Cultures

*vete*

go out take the pick axe  
take the shovel  
my mother would tell me

hard brown earth with the axe  
I'd pick at its dark veins  
disinter a rotting tin can  
unmould a shell from a lost ocean  
bones of an unknown animal

with my eyes I'd measure out a rectangle  
I'd swing and shove and lift  
my sweat dripping on the swelling mounds

into the hole I'd rake up and pitch  
rubber-nippled baby bottles  
cans of Spam with twisted umbilicals  
I'd overturn the cultures  
spawning in Coke bottles  
murky and motleyed

my brothers never helped  
woman's work and beneath them  
under the clothesline  
three times a year, two feet apart

I'd dig and sweat and grunt  
above me clothes flapping like banners  
wire taut between the crossed posts  
crucifixes over earlier graves

when it rots  
trash replenishes the soil  
my mother would say  
but nothing would grow in  
my small plots except  
thistle sage and nettle.

*sobre piedras con lagartijos*

*(para todos los mojaditos que han cruzado para este lado)*

Pst!

*ese ruido rumbo al Norte, muchachos,  
párense, aquí nos separamos.*

*Tengo que descansar,  
Ay que tierra tan dura como piedra.*

*Desde que me acuerdo  
así ha sido mi cama,  
mi vida. Maldito fue el día  
que me atreví a cruzar.*

*Nada más quiero hacer unos cuantos centavos  
y regresar a mi tierra.*

*Dicen que unos norteamericanos son puros hijos  
Bueno, pues, yo puedo trabajar como un burro.*

*Lo único que me falta es el buír  
porque hasta sus dientes tengo.*

*Uno tiene que hacer la lucha  
¿Cómo la estará pasando mi vieja?*

*Ayá la dejé con los seis chiquitos.*

*Tuve que dejarlos,  
dejar ese pinche pedazo de tierra  
El maíz no levantaba cabeza  
ni llegaba hasta mi rodilla.*

*Por mis hijos estoy aquí echado como animal  
en el regazo de la madre tierra.*

*Ojalá que la Santísima virgen me tenga en sus manos.*

*¡Qué sol tan miserable!*

*y el nopal por todos rumbos.*

*Ni un árbol ni nada, ay madrecita,  
los lagartijos y yo—tenemos el mismo cuero  
pero yo ya no soy ligero.*

*Los trozos de leña que cargaba al mercado  
los costales de maíz, empinado desde niño  
tratando de sacarle algo verde  
al caliche que era mi parcela.*

*La vida me ha jorobado,  
ando como anciano  
ladiando de un lado al otro.  
Ya casi ni veo.*

*La niña le estará preguntando  
¿Cuándo viene mi papi?  
y los chiquillos chillando  
sus manitas estirándole la falda  
bocas chupando sus chiches secas  
pobre vieja. Al menos no tengo que ver  
esa mirada en sus ojos  
que me hace un nudo en mi pecho.*

*Que se que les pasó a los otros.  
Cuando oímos el ruido  
de la camioneta  
corríamos por todos rumbos.  
Yo me hice bola y me metí  
debajo de un chollo  
allí estuve atorado en una cuevita  
que algún animalito había hecho.  
No pude aguantar los piquetes—madrotas.  
Todavía las siento remolineándose debajo de mi piel  
y aborita que desperté  
vi que una víbora me estaba velando.  
Pues, allí estuve echo bola  
en la panza de ese cacto dos o tres días  
la sed me quita la memoria,  
mi boca seca de hechar maldiciones, de miedo*

*Dicen que si llego a Ogaquinabua  
ayá me encontraré con unos paisanos  
que me ayudarán a hallar chamba, a sacar papeles.  
Pronto volveré a mi tierra  
a recojer mi señora y mis hijos.*

*Mira como los lagartijos se alejan  
aventando piedritas por todos lados  
Oy, ¿Qué es ese ruido*

*que arrebató a mi corazón, que me para el aliento y  
seca más mi boca?  
¿De quién son esas botas  
lujisimas que andan  
hacia mi cara?*

*El sonavabitch*

(for Aishe Berger)

Car flowing down a lava of highway  
 just happened to glance out the window  
 in time to see brown faces bent backs  
 like prehistoric boulders in a field  
 so common a sight no one  
 notices  
 blood rushes to my face  
 twelve years I'd sat on the memory  
 the anger scorching me  
 my throat so tight I can  
 barely get the words out.

I got to the farm  
 in time to hear the shots  
 ricochet off barn,  
 spit into the sand,  
 in time to see tall men in uniforms  
 thumping fists on doors  
 metallic voices yelling Halt!  
 their hawk eyes constantly shifting.

When I hear the words, "*Corran muchachos*"  
 I run back to the car, ducking,  
 see the glistening faces, arms outflung,  
 of the *mexicanos* running headlong  
 through the fields  
 kicking up clouds of dirt

see them reach the tree line  
 foliage opening, swishing closed behind them.  
 I hear the tussling of bodies, grunts, panting  
 squeak of leather squawk of walkie-talkies  
 sun reflecting off gunbarrels  
 the world a blinding light  
 a great buzzing in my ears  
 my knees like aspens in the wind.

I see that wide cavernous look of the hunted  
 the look of hares  
 thick limp blue-black hair  
 The bare heads humbly bent  
 of those who do not speak  
 the ember in their eyes extinguished.

I lean on the shanty wall of that migrant camp  
 north of Muncie, Indiana.  
 Wets, a voice says.

I turn to see a Chicano pushing  
 the head of his *muchachita*  
 back into the *naguas* of the mother  
 a tin plate face down on the floor  
*tortillas* scattered around them.  
 His other hand signals me over.  
 He too is from *el valle de Tejas*  
 I had been his kid's teacher.  
 I'd come to get the grower  
 to fill up the sewage ditch near the huts  
 saying it wouldn't do for the children  
 to play in it.

Smoke from a cooking fire and  
 shirtless *niños* gather around us.

*Mojados*, he says again,  
 leaning on his chipped Chevy station wagon  
 Been here two weeks  
 about a dozen of them.

The *sonavabitch* works them  
 from sunup to dark—15 hours sometimes.

*Como mulas los trabaja*

*no saben como hacer la perra.*

Last Sunday they asked for a day off  
 wanted to pray and rest,  
 write letters to their *familias*.

*¿Y sabes lo que hizo el sonavabitch?*

He turns away and spits.

Says he has to hold back half their wages  
 that they'd eaten the other half:

sack of beans, sack of rice, sack of flour.  
*Frijoleros sí lo son* but no way  
 could they have eaten that many *frijoles*.  
 I nod.

*Como le dije, son doce*—started out 13  
 five days packed in the back of a pickup  
 boarded up tight  
 fast cross-country run no stops  
 except to change drivers, to gas up  
 no food they pissed into their shoes—  
 those that had *guaraches*  
 slept slumped against each other  
*sabe Dios* where they shit.  
 One smothered to death on the way here

Miss, you should've seen them when they  
 stumbled out.  
 First thing the *sonavabitch* did was clamp  
 a handkerchief over his nose  
 then ordered them stripped  
 hosed them down himself  
 in front of everybody.  
 They hobbled about  
 learning to walk all over again.  
*Flacos con caras de viejos*  
*aunque la mita' eran jóvenes.*

*Como le estaba diciendo,*  
 today was payday.  
 You saw them, *la migra* came busting in  
 waving their *pinche pistolas*.  
 Said someone made a call,  
 what you call it? Anonymous.  
 Guess who? That *sonavabitch*, who else?  
 Done this three times since we've been coming here  
*Sepa Dios* how many times in between.  
 Wets, free labor, *esclavos*.  
*Pobres hijos de la Chingada.*  
 This the last time we work for him

no matter how *fregados* we are  
 he said, shaking his head,  
 spitting at the ground.  
*Vámonos, mujer, empaca el mugrero.*

He hands me a cup of coffee,  
 half of it sugar, half of it milk  
 my throat so dry I even down the dregs.  
 It has to be done.  
 Steeling myself  
 I take that walk to the big house.

Finally the big man lets me in.  
 How about a drink? I shake my head.  
 He looks me over, opens his eyes wide  
 and smiles, says how sorry he is immigration  
 is getting so tough  
 a poor Mexican can't make a living  
 and they sure do need the work.  
 My throat so thick the words stick.  
 He studies me, then says,  
 Well, what can I do you for?  
 I want two weeks wages  
 including two Saturdays and Sundays,  
 minimum wage, 15 hours a day.  
 I'm more startled than he.  
 Whoa there, *sinorita*,  
 wets work for whatever you give them  
 the season hasn't been good.  
 Besides most are halfway to Mexico by now.  
 Two weeks wages, I say,  
 the words swelling in my throat.

Miss uh what did you say your name was?  
 I fumble for my card.  
 You can't do this,  
 I haven't broken no law,  
 his lidded eyes darken, I step back.  
 I'm leaving in two minutes and I want cash  
 the whole amount right here in my purse



when I walk out.  
 No hoarseness, no trembling.  
 It startled both of us.

You want me telling every single one  
 of your neighbors what you've been doing  
 all these years? The mayor, too?  
 Maybe make a call to Washington?  
 Slitted eyes studied the card again.  
 They had no cards, no papers.  
 I'd seen it over and over.  
 Work them, then turn them in before paying them.

Well, now, he was saying,  
 I know we can work something out,  
 a sweet young thang like yourself.  
 Cash, I said. I didn't know anyone in D.C.  
 now I didn't have to.  
 You want to keep it for yourself?  
 That it? His eyes were pin pricks.  
 Sweat money, Mister, blood money,  
 not my sweat, but same blood.  
 Yeah, but who's to say you won't abscond with it?  
 If I ever hear that you got illegals on your land  
 even a single one, I'm going to come here  
 in broad daylight and have you  
 hung by your balls.  
 He walks slowly to his desk.  
 Knees shaking, I count every bill  
 taking my time.

---

*Corran muchachos*—Run boys.

*muchachita*—little girl

*naguas*—skirt

*el valle de Tejas*—Rio Grande Valley in Texas

*mojados*—wetbacks, undocumented workers, illegal immigrants from  
 Mexico and parts south

*Como mulas los trabaja*.—He works them like mules.

---

*no saben como hacer la perra*.—They don't know how to make the work  
 easier for themselves.

*¿Y sabes lo que hizo?*—And you know what he did?

*Frijoleros sí lo son*.—Bean eaters they are.

*Como le dije, son doce*.—Like I told you, they're 12.

*guarache*—sandal

*sabe Dios*—God knows

*Flacos con caras viejos*—skinny with old faces

*aunque la mita' eran jóvenes*—though half were youths

*Como le estaba diciendo*—as I was telling you

*la migra*—slang for immigration officials

*pistolas*—guns

*esclavos*—slaves

*Pobres hijos de la Chingada*—poor sons of the fucked one

*fregados*—poor, beaten, downtrodden, in need

*Vámanos, mujer, empaca el mugrero*.—Let's go, woman, pack our junk.

*Mar de repollos**(para la gente que siempre ha trabajado en las labores)*

*Hincado, manos hinchadas  
sudor floreciendo en su cara  
su mirada en altas veredas  
sus pensamientos torciendo cuerdas  
para pescar esa paloma de las alturas.  
Siglo tras siglo nadando*

*brazos artríticos dando vueltas  
y vueltas y vueltas recorriendo surcos  
un gusano en un mar verde.  
una vida estremecida por el viento  
meciéndose en una goma de esperanza  
atrapada en las redes con la paloma.*

*A mediodía en la orilla  
de las verdes colmenas  
en la labor de un ranchito en Tejas  
saca sus tortillas con chile  
toma agua hecha caldo por el sol.  
A veces maldice*

*su suerte, la tierra, el sol.  
Sus ojos: inquietos pájaros volando  
sobre veredas altas en busca  
de esa paloma blanca  
y su nido.*

*Hombre en verde mar.  
Su herencia: manos gordas manchadas  
hechando raíces en la tierra.*

*Aunque empinado, vivía cara arriba,  
en sus ojos telarañas  
pescaban las plumas blancas.  
Sus manos rompen repollos de sus nidos  
rompen venudas hojas cubriendo hojas tiernitas  
cubriendo hojas más pálidas, el corazón.*

*Siglo tras siglo revatando  
desbojándose en un mar de repollos.*

*Mareado*

*cuerpo sosteniendo el azote del sol  
En sus manos los repollos se contuercen como peces.  
Espesa lengua tragando*

*la amarga escoria.*

*El sol, pesada piedra sobre su espalda  
quebrándose.*

*La tierra se estremece y le pega en la cara  
espuma brota en sus labios, se derrama  
ojos abiertos, cara arriba, buscando, buscando.*

*Los blancos de sus ojos se congelan.*

*Oye el viento barriendo los pedazos quebrados  
y luego el ruido de plumas dulce en su garganta.  
No escapa de su trampa—  
su fe: paloma hecha carne.*

## A Sea of Cabbages

(for those who have worked in the fields)

On his knees, hands swollen  
sweat flowering on his face  
his gaze on the high paths  
the words in his head twinning cords  
tossing them up to catch that bird of the heights.  
Century after century swimming

with arthritic arms, back and forth  
circling, going around and around  
a worm in a green sea  
life shaken by the wind  
swinging in a mucilage of hope  
caught in the net along with *la paloma*.

At noon on the edge  
of the hives of cabbage  
in the fields of a *ranchito* in *Tejas*  
he takes out his chile wrapped in tortillas  
drinks water made hot soup by the sun.  
Sometimes he curses

his luck, the land, the sun.  
His eyes: unquiet birds  
flying over the high paths  
searching for that white dove  
and her nest.

Man in a green sea.  
His inheritance: thick stained hand  
rooting in the earth.

His hands tore cabbages from their nests,  
ripping the ribbed leaves covering tenderer leaves  
encasing leaves yet more pale.  
Though bent over, he lived face up,  
the veins in his eyes  
catching the white plumes in the sky.

Century after century flailing,  
unleafing himself in a sea of cabbages.  
Dizzied  
body sustained by the lash of the sun.  
In his hands the cabbages contort like fish.  
Thickened tongue swallowing

the stench.

The sun, a heavy rock on his back,  
cracks,  
the earth shudders, slams his face  
spume froths from his mouth spilling over  
eyes opened, face up, searching searching.

The whites of his eyes congeal.  
He hears the wind sweeping the broken shards  
then the sound of feathers surging up his throat.  
He cannot escape his own snare—  
faith: dove made flesh.

—translated from the Spanish by the author

### We Call Them Greasers

I found them here when I came.  
 They were growing corn in their small *ranchos*  
 raising cattle, horses  
 smelling of woodsmoke and sweat.  
 They knew their betters:  
 took off their hats  
 placed them over their hearts,  
 lowered their eyes in my presence.

Weren't interested in bettering themselves,  
 why they didn't even own the land but shared it.  
 Wasn't hard to drive them off,  
 cowards, they were, no backbone.  
 I showed 'em a piece of paper with some writing  
 tole 'em they owed taxes  
 had to pay right away or be gone by *mañana*.  
 By the time me and my men had waved  
 that same piece of paper to all the families  
 it was all frayed at the ends.

Some loaded their chickens children wives and pigs  
 into rickety wagons, pans and tools dangling  
 clanging from all sides.  
 Couldn't take their cattle—  
 during the night my boys had frightened them off.  
 Oh, there were a few troublemakers  
 who claimed we were the intruders.  
 Some even had land grants  
 and appealed to the courts.  
 It was a laughing stock  
 them not even knowing English.  
 Still some refused to budge,  
 even after we burned them out.  
 And the women—well I remember one in particular.

She lay under me whimpering.  
 I plowed into her hard  
 kept thrusting and thrusting

felt him watching from the mesquite tree  
 heard him keening like a wild animal  
 in that instant I felt such contempt for her  
 round face and beady black eyes like an Indian's.  
 Afterwards I sat on her face until  
 her arms stopped flailing,  
 didn't want to waste a bullet on her.  
 The boys wouldn't look me in the eyes.  
 I walked up to where I had tied her man to the tree  
 and spat in his face. Lynch him, I told the boys.

*Matriz sin tumba o  
"el baño de la basura ajena"*

*Tendida estoy en una cama angosta,  
calzones empapados de sangre.  
Se que yo callada no soy nada.  
Desdichada,  
muy lejana con boca hinchada,  
vomitando algo amarillo,  
revolviendo y repitiendo palabras sin sentido.  
Siento algo reventándose  
en un lugar interno.  
Estoy parada en la orilla  
de una noche oscura.*

*Una espina gruesa le pica la nalga,  
su cuerpo se estremece.  
Se entrega a un sabor de hierro  
y al éter:  
Sueña con una mujer que orina pus  
y que come su propio excremento.*

*Revuelvo y repito palabras sin sentido.  
Algo se rompe en un lugar interno.  
Como basura un agitado viento me empuja.  
Me siento muy lejana, juzgada  
por ese buitro en la panza.  
La bestia noche entra armada con navajas,  
se me arrima muy cerquita,  
me manotea, me agujera dos veces, tres veces.  
Miro que me saca las entrañas,  
que avienta la matriz en la basura—  
matriz sin tumba.*

*Sueña que toma "el baño de la basura ajena"  
en honor de Tlazolteotl  
Detrás de ella mira una figura*

*tragándose el sol.  
Con obsidiana le punza cuatro veces, cinco.  
¿Estoy muerta? le pregunto.  
Por favor entierren mi matriz conmigo.*

*Un relámpago perforando el cielo  
dispersa la noche.  
Me sangran, me sangran.  
Tengo señas de la muerte:  
un color de humo en medio de los ojos  
que relucen poco;  
cara que se enegrece.  
Alguien me empuja entre la lumbre,  
aspiro humo de cabellos chamuscados.  
Esta pequeña muerte,  
una comezón que no me deja a gusto.  
Un dedo sale del cielo, y descende,  
se insinúa entre mis rajadas cavidades.  
Chispas salen del agujero  
me preparo a despedirme de la vida asesina.  
Revuelvo y repito palabras sin sentido.  
En un lugar interno alguien se queja.*

*Sueña de una cara tiznada,  
de una boca escupiendo sangre  
y luego comiendo atole de miel y chile.  
Hacia el oriente una larga cicatriz  
raja el cielo.  
Le punza dos veces, tres, siete.*

*Padezco de un mal: la vida,  
una enfermedad recurrente  
que me purga de la muerte.  
Me sangra, me sangra.  
Derramando un aguacero,  
vierte la muerte por mi boca.  
Volteo la cara,*

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*revuelvo y repito palabras sin sentido:  
la vida enena, matriz sin tumba.  
En un lugar interno algo se revienta  
y un agitado viento empuja los pedazos.*

# III

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## Crossers

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### *y otros atravesados*

*Al otro lado está el río  
y no lo puedo cruzar,  
al otro lado está el mar  
no lo puedo atravesar.*

—Isabel Parra, "En La Frontera"

On the other side is the river  
and I cannot cross it  
on the other side is the sea  
I cannot bridge it.

—Isabel Parra, "At The Border"