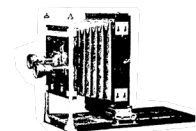


Have you talked to Don Diego?

Fátima Gutiérrez Chávez
Licenciatura en Lengua inglesa
a359162@uach.mx

Suddenly you're slowly working a December morning,
in the apparently eternal store of your childhood's town.
You're measuring flour kilos until the infinite bag of it empties,
listening to your dad helping customers to find what they need;
and then, in your peripheral view,
a cowboy gracing some gray hairs takes place at the door.
You listen to a deep and elegant greeting
"Good morning!"
as his spurs screech and his leather boots tap the floor.
After saying hi, Diego takes a bag of yWellow Sabritas to the counter
as he proceeds to open a can of Root Beer.
I have heard "How have you been, mija?" a lot of times in life,
but there are only a few I have been delighted about



Doing the Dishes

I was doing the dishes earlier.

I was in yesterday's dinner with my brother,
talking about how bad he wants to buy that Tacoma.

I was in that December evening drinking coffee with my aunt,
listening to her stories about her teenage rage.

I was in April, 2019,
cooking for my mom for the very first time in my life,
the calabacitas I made her
that accomplished to change her face for better
after weeks of surgery and soul recovering.

Nobody wanted to do the dishes but somebody had to
and I was there, time traveling
as I let the soapy water and the memories run down to earth.

