

Foto de Nosotros en Earlimart

Peyton Leone

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Foto de Nosotros en Earlimart

By Peyton Leone

Bisabuela,

Las memorias de tu casa cuando vivieron en Earlimart,
yarda con los gatos que
escalaban los cinder blocks
over the garden beds.

ellos comieron
hasta llenar, y regresaban de las calles secas,
con perras embarazadas.

tengo fotos de
esta casa, de cuando era bebé.
Me imagino lo que tú me decías,
cuando me cargabas.

The words never left that house,
even when you moved
to the nursing home in Delano.
Even when the yellow
paper stuck itself to the front door,
The words never left that house.

Yo oigo la cuenta tuya,
después de la cena.
¿Recuerdas el sonido
de este día?
¿Recuerdas los brazos?
que te cargaban,
que nos cargaban,
en el desierto.