2014

memory of today; sacred lands

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memory of today

and the snake constricts at eight in the morning
seventy miles per hour ninety-eight degrees
stopping all except the silence of migrant eyes

she tightens her grip and tuesday was friday and
wednesday never happened in the mind of the man
who traded Chiapas for the memory of today

at a hundred and two she erases the line inch by inch
stopping time pulling off shades that eyes might see
the real color of skin on open flesh upon the sand
sacred lands

barren regions encrust our backs
above monsoon skies hold out
                   on summer winds

the rains bring erosion to the land
               Coronado stumbled through
five-hundred plus years ago

fenceless then
    the valley throbbed under his thirsty gaze

we drove up to lie here
canvasing the horizon with the coppered
   skin he grew faint from

retelling stories that roll down the mountain
to rest on old stones that remember
   his kneeled prayer to crown and cross
should he make it back

a palimpsest stretching across the wall to embed
     hopeful breaths left hanging
on barbed wire fences