

Judith Arcana

Vicente, talking

You believe I'm not so good, not good
as you, gringo boy, but you don't know
anything, even in your own language
su lenguaje, su idioma – que hard
sharp tongue of sound no one can love
in, no one can cry in. You don't know
how to talk a baby to sleep, how to
make your mami smile, your papi
proud. No sabes, chico. You sure don't
know why Aurelia won't look at you
on the street, after school – but I do.