

Red flowers, long and beautiful,  
grew from my fingers  
as if forgetting the fear that robbed me of certainty.

I walked with my hands  
and stuck my body where there was mud.

My eyes filled with fine sand.

They called me the girl of the water lilies  
because my root was the water's surface.

But I was also bitten by a snake mating in the marsh  
and became blind. I was Tiresias making his way with no staff.

*What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow out of this stony rubbish?*

Perhaps I am the final branch who will speak Zapotec.

My children, homeless birds in the jungle of forgetfulness,  
will have to whistle their language.

During all seasons, I am in the south,  
a rusted boat dreamt by my eyes of black coco plum:

I will go to smell my land, to dance a *son* with no one beneath a bower,

I will go to eat two things.

I will cross the plaza, the North wind will not stop me, I will arrive in time

to embrace my grandma before the last star falls.

I will go back to being the girl who wears a yellow petal on her right eyelid,  
the girl who cries flower's milk.

I will go to cure my eyes.

