

*From the desk of Ana Amaya*

You never wanted me asking if the food was ready.  
*Tostadas, arepas, sopa de tortilla*, whatever it was,  
you preferred to give it time—  
sowing tears in the bread you served.

Even something small like that needed a bed to rest on, and you knew that.  
Let it simmer; half an hour to dig deep, and imagine *bejucos*.  
How deep those roots went in that poem you sang in the kitchen.  
Your words,  
*a reminiscent sweet.*

What was once *pasteles and bodoque, J'adore and Elizabeth Arden*,  
is now a glowing aurora. Fervently burning love.  
The kind you just have to wait patiently for.

*Verdad, Abue? Si, rey.*

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Now, the same air you felt on your skin  
still blows around here tonight.

It's greeting me from the outside,  
just like it once did to you.

And like a gentle breeze, kissing our palm trees,  
I feel you with me now.

It simultaneously wrenches, though.  
The time we shared

further apart.

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I won't forget, though.  
That this is where we dreamed together—  
on this porch where I translated English text on,  
and the dining table listening to *Cerca Del Mar*.  
You knew *every single* word to that song.

I now have  
flashbacks. They're memories.

Moments I don't ~~remember~~ have. In them,  
you and I are on a  
ranch like you wished  
it to be. Anywhere  
on the map in my room you  
skid your finger across. Not New York for now,  
but maybe near Chicago. Most likely in El Salvador.  
You're on the edge of being there.  
without me.

Visit me.

*La quiero mucho mucho*, abue. Hasta el sol.

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