

LA VIEJA LUZ

Iuri Morales Lara

At the age of fifteen I saw a jet making circles over the clouds I couldn't stop vomiting and saw my acids seep in the dirt for the first time

The one you know came out walking down Cypress Street one night, weeks after migrating to *Santa Ana*.

Your father slapped me for losing track of time while I visited our neighbor, Doña Mariquita.

"No quiero estar aquí. Llévame con mi mamá," I told him

and told myself

I remember not understanding



"No one will ever make you feel this way, Luz."

Luz, you'll never be the same."

street signs

and wanting to know

so badly

how to read them

I felt alone in *Jicamas* the first three years after our marriage.

Your dad left to work, contracted as a *bracero* in *California*. My mom, dad and the kids left to *Angostura*, leaving me in a one room *casa de teja*.

Next door, a *suegra* constantly inventing anything she could not know.