

THE PASSING

Alicia Vogl Saéñz

First was the volcano
at the hinge of earth.
The house stopped breathing.
Latitude splits maps
when families move apart.
Shoes gather dust under my bed.
Wax paper silent in the kitchen drawer.
One day, we all lived together.
The next, I am the only one
in the house of dark roses.
One day, we all lived together.
The next, Mamá's wristwatch,
silver brush tarnish.
Dad walks as if his knees were seeds
whose hull cracked. His face in exile,
returns to the continent where they met.
Day becomes winged night,
moon attached to a fishing pole.
A map is only lines, calculations, ink.
On green Andean plains,
volcano slept over 300 years,
hinge rotates on its pin.