

## DIANA'S ELEGY

*for Diana Rivera García*

Luivette Resto

**Before** a British princess immortalized the name,  
there was you.

I never wanted to write you this kind of poem  
I hoped to write you an ode,  
praising the taste of your rellenos de papa  
that no one else can make  
without them crumbling into hands like chalk,  
or the way strangers confused us for mother and daughter  
in the summer time.

In your eyes I was always the precocious toddler,  
raising the volume of your stereo  
as you practiced shorthand  
for the next secretary exam.  
The result of baby babble,  
Tatán was your name  
instead of Tía or Titi.

An only child  
with only one Tatán  
who cursed best in limited English,  
taught me the best way to serve a volleyball,

exchanged off color Spanish jokes like a teenager,  
yelled my name across bodega aisles,  
flashed the smile we inherited.

I missed the last decade of your life  
not knowing it would be the last,  
and funeral collages become memories  
I had forgotten or absent from.

I never wanted to write you this kind of poem  
I thought I would have more time  
to write you an ode.