

Reprise

by Dulce Maria Menendez

Federico Garcia Lopez *donde carajo* have you been?
I had forgotten about our long talks late at night when
only the sound of the cicadas accompanied us.

In our silence we searched for metaphors.
Mi madre se murio since you last visited.
I took the buttons of all the cushions she
left behind and painted her from memory
sewing each button into the canvas.

I let poetry tell me where to sew them since
I was blind from grief. When I was done, I saw
the buttons had formed the sea and the forgotten
Atlantis which we thought we had lost forever.

Imagine that Federico.
Where the hell have you been you old fart?
I missed you.
Come, let's pull out a bottle of wine and toast
to my mother who is ashes now on my mantle.

Please stay a little longer.
I need to tell you about the other loses
in my life as if losing you was not enough.

