

# 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.

