

# Road to Pucalá

*by* Juan Carlos Pareja

Elms on both sides of the road  
celebrate my arrival  
in Silence

The scent of molasses  
mixing with the dirt  
reminds me  
all things must pass:

Mother  
and her horses  
and her infinite sadness

I was born in this very place  
surrounded by rivers, guns  
and whores.

I even killed a man  
He was known as Farra  
No money, no whores involved  
I was just a child.

Twenty years have passed  
Only God knows how many dreams.  
Mother has parted  
leaving behind nothing but  
sadness.

Pucalá embraces me  
mysterious and exuberant  
I would like to know if  
Death for me is here.

