

DESIRÉE ALVAREZ

Curiosity Has More Syllables Than Conquer

In the jungle when it's been raining for days I imagine
sunset as a red steak on a dish.

Every six or seven years he would visit to see how I was growing.
My braids all kinds of autumn colors. I am sure they loved

each other. Trees sending sugar collected from sun down
to roots for winter. And how mother wore her hair.

And what time was dinner? Underneath myth is the layer where
birds fly at you. No one is accountable. Drama without gods.

Drama with only weather and blood.
Pain forgotten but the drawings of parents recollected.

Even passion has a strategy.
History, let me in.

Here is the path the snake took, shedding skins along the way.
I'm collecting them to make a shroud.