

Forgotten

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Life just keeps moving in its own way,
No one tells you how to handle it.
Though they gave advice,
It's still hard to digest, this part of adulthood
Through empty halls where your footsteps echo,
Eating alone in your car's four walls.
Feeling a bit embarrassed to be seen,
The best bits of life are kept deep inside.
In each circle you feel unaffiliated,
Your presence seems insignificant,
No texts buzzing,
No opinions to be asked,
Between two empty seats you find company.

The Pink House

In my grandmother's house, I don't see a wonky dining table.
I see the light of the afternoon's sun reflecting
In a glass Coke over the kitchen table,
With a remaining gulp she left as the CO2 was gone.

In my grandmother's house I don't see a sunken armchair,
I see my grandfather's bed
After a cup of coffee and a banana,
With the noisy news as his lullaby.

In my grandmother's house
I don't see an empty bedroom now filled
With boxes and stuff they won't throw out, instead
In crayon graffiti under the bed,
I see my mom's childhood, then my sister's, then my brother's
Four walls soaked with laughing and crying,
With layers of wall paint of every color possible.

There the essence of the ones who inhabited it
Remain under the dust their absence left.
The forgotten teddy bears sewed to avoid
Wadding coming out through the years,
Are discovered by the latest visitants
To come back to life.

Tuesday's Man.

As usual, Tuesday at 2 PM
although each time the minutes may vary.
The old man with his dirty glasses enters the restaurant.
He pretends not to have heard my greeting.
He makes his way, to the farthest place possible
Choosing a seat by the wall,
His back facing the kitchen. The avenue his view.
As soon as I approach, he orders a Coke
And either a tilapia or a seafood soup.
No glance at the menu,
On his table, I place the tortilla chips and salsa.
He devours right in, saving the pico de gallo for later.
He doesn't carry a phone or a newspaper with him
just the street's serene sight, and the hills behind it.
After what seems like ages to me, a mere quarter-hour,
worried he'll grow impatient, I serve his meal.
A nod, a thank you, another Coke please,
Pico de gallo poured into his meal
plus 3 half limes with the seeds.
In minutes, the fish disappears, clear.
He signals the bill, one hundred and forty-nine pesos
in peso coins, I like to imagine
it's his cherished weekly affair,
A moment of joy we both share.