Somewhere, a woman is writing a poem as time spills over. The young woman I was climbs the moonlit stairs. She tucks her child into bed, bends over her desk in the yellow lamplight, frees her hand to write, breaking through the page like that Dorothea Tanning painting where the artist’s hand gashes through the canvas, fingers and wrist plunged to the bone. She writes a dark, erotic psalm, an elegy, a poem to die in, a poem to grow old in.

Somewhere, a woman is writing a poem, as she gives away the clothes of her dead loved ones, stretching crumpled wings. Her words rise liquid in the air, rosaries of prayer for the dying children, for the ones who have disappeared, the desaparecido, and for the ones who have been murdered. She writes through the taste of fear and rage and fury. She writes in milk and blood, her ink fierce and iridescent. Somewhere, a woman who thought she could say nothing is writing a poem.