

## Somewhere, a woman is writing a poem

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.

