

A GHOST IS WHAT YOU CALL A WOMAN

A ghost is what you call a woman
Who has three children in quick succession
Smiling in a garden of children
The woman lays down on the soil
She is now a witch
A witch produces magic in the world
I chop apples
I chop chunks of cheese
Three pieces of magic dot the house
Joaquín, a piece of nature
Román, a sliver of adventure
Hera, squirming like a creature at the bottom of a well
Who goes there?
Light filters through the forest leaves
The birds ate all the bread
Quick, turn the page
The witch chops chunks of cheese
The witch mixes butter into the pasta
Places the plates on the placemats
Twists the cap from the frosty milk
A ghost animates her body
Her body is dotted with minute holes
Out of which she streams in minute pieces
Her soul
Like cool wind
Skirts around the bodies of her children
On the wind her soul is carried away from her
A woman made of wind
Blends into the shapes of the house
The house like a woman is a series of shapes
Bent into spaces to hold you