5-1-2018

He Could Speak a Little Spanish

Kathryn Harlan-Gran

University of the Pacific

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/calliope

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/calliope/vol49/iss1/26

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the College of the Pacific Journals at Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope by an authorized editor of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact mgibney@pacific.edu.
He Could Speak a Little Spanish
Kathryn Harlan-Gran

Maybe, in his dreams,
he goes back to Chihuahua,
where relatives traveled from so many generations
back that they don’t bother teaching
the language anymore.
So he devours,
como un pequeñito en una dulcería—
everything is exciting
Jesus Christ,
lechuga, leche, quesos, pollo,
a grocery list of knowledge filling a space
like a book missing from a shelf.
Tía Dolores probably took it
and didn’t put it back where it came from,
¿verdad? Cabrona.

Green, red,
¿naranja?
Basura.
Even trash brings joy when it’s something
new and undiscovered.
Hola, adiós, ¿cómo estás?
Bien, pero mi padre insista en
llamar cada día durante mis clases y
no sé como lo dice
Para, papá, por favor.

Te amo.
Te adoro.
Te quiero.
We learn because it’s there,
because we must.
Es necesario.
Claro.

Complementary Still Life
Julissa Andrade