Juan's Whispers

Leila Valencia
University of the Pacific

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

Part of the Art and Design Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/calliope/vol49/iss1/50

This Artwork 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.
The wind takes me.
I attain multitudes,
soaring out into the stale air.

Now I am everywhere
in every corner of my kingdom
but my son eludes me:

I know not where he is.
was cleaved from my back.
I stirred no more;
the lost energy aided my blooming.

My final words drifted
with the love of my child:
I know not where he is.

They dragged my body outside as mulch is tugged through market
passing by broken husks
of my sisters cast out
from the balcony, and onto the soil.
I receive them in august embrace.

Fire and smoke follow us.
Flames lash at the compounding sweat
and lap it off my frail face.

The wind takes me.
I attain multitudes,
soaring out into the stale air.

Now I am everywhere
in every corner of my kingdom
but my son evades me:

I know not where he is.

Juan’s Whispers
Leila Valencia