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Juan's Whispers

Leila Valencia

University of the Pacific

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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.

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but my son evades me:

I know not where he is.

Juan’s Whispers
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