

Doce Pequeños...
Doce Pequeños de Nicaragua
by Rosemerry Trommer

First Place – Poetry Winner Writers Studio contest 2013

One day, *el escorpion*.
Another day, *la tarantula*.
I learn quickly
to watch
where I step.

*

Settling into
this routine: just another
perfect sunset.

*

Red and voluptuous
this flower
in the wetlands.
We ask the guide
its name.

Labia de puta,
he says,
then translates
with his blush.

*

The bird
I cannot see
gives me its song.
I give it
my silence.

*

That white-faced monkey,
that cucaracha, that sparrow, that stone—
always meeting myself.

*

Never again to return
to the waterfall
cold rush of clear
I die a small death.

The trail away from
is worn the same
as the trail toward.

Not emptiness but
spaciousness grows
around the loss.
They are the same,
only not the same.

In the growing space,
a parade of ants
marches past, the cut leaves
on their backs
still bright green.

*

The waves roll my body
into the sand and
away again.
Above me,

the vultures slow
their circling,
their heads
so pink against the blue.
They know
the time will come
soon enough.

*

a leaf falls—
all the arguments
I never had

*

Oh child of Colorado
crying for the mountains,
do you not feel
how the dark sand
makes space for
your every step?

*

Mama, she says,
it hurts when I touch here.
There is a bruise
on her leg
where she ran into her bed.
I consider telling her
the obvious—
Then don't touch it, darling.

With my heart,
I touch those old thoughts.

I tell her, I know, *querida*,
just what you mean.

*

in the estuary
the only alligator
the one in my mind

*

I want ask him
what is it like
to live in one place
all your life.
What is it like
to know one
kind of food,
to hear one kind
of music
to make one kind of life.
I want to know
how to say
pleasure in his language,
and is it a word
he often would use.
He tells me
about what we see
out the window.
Trigo. Sorghum.
Platanos. Melon.
I nod and smile,
understanding
so little of what he says.
I want to ask
if the women

here are happy,
if people listen,
if he wonders
about who he is.
Instead, I say,
Que bonita,
esta isla donde vive.