

## **DESPEDIDA**

(after Ted Berrigan and Federico Garcia Lorca)

*Si muero, dejad el balcon abierto*

--Federico García Lorca, **Despedida**

Juan Rulfo is dead. Twenty one years ago, he moved  
With pale thighs to the dream trees of Comalá.

Today, he awakens to the light of my room,  
Rising to meet my eyes, asking in tender tones:  
*A donde vas Margarita?*

I want to say to him:

*Voy a la casa de Pedro Paramo*, in your village  
Of the dead who love, lust, kill in passion, or hope  
As if the door of life had never slammed shut.

Instead, I tell him of another Margarita, barely 18,  
Giving birth to a daughter at high noon, gored  
In the belly by the bull's horn, almost bled dry.

Doomed to die at five in the afternoon, her life crossed  
The threshold and opened the balcony to the sun.