

WHAT WE LEFT IN THE BACKYARD

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she dug holes behind the house with her brother,
soft knees scratching and sinking into soil
grubby hands and bare bones greedy with hunger
for just a tiny spec of the globe
fingers curled into the ground in greeting
an answer under her nails, dirt clinging
¿te puedo acompañar?
she didn't know what to look for
a treasure, an escape, striking gold
a tunnel to the other side of the world
an ocean to swim in, a universe apart
the roots once glued to the skin of her heart
maybe she left them to grow beneath their home
to seep into the island and make of it a friend
one that she could call her own, but then
she tripped and the tendrils ripped
from the rest of her veins
the rhizome is still there, though
with a map she never learned to read
maybe that's why she doesn't know
the earth as well as she wants to
still, leftover strands grew into a half-decent tangle
of worrisome vines and lovesick flowers
but she imagines going back
knocking on the door
hello, sorry to bother but
i think i left a part of me
growing under the tiles