

Gardens and politics

Para Luis Cortés

Abuelo likes to send me jasmines
Handpicked by him.
I put them with water on my nightstand, and
Hear my grandpa through them at night.

He asked: "Do you want some jasmines?"
And I walked with him to the bush
Of *gardenia jasminoides*.

I still change their water,
delusional they'll come back to life.
I guess that is how you feel
About loving Grandma.

Abuelo looks skinny and sick.
By his wrinkles, you can tell
He had a fistfight with life.

But his skin is well-bronzed.
In his golden ages,
He was a Don Juan.
The sex siren of the century.

He gave me a piece of vanilla cake,
And with shrugged shoulders, he said:
"It's a bit old, maybe one week,
but it's good to have it for breakfast...I like it."

What is it with some elder people
and this vibrating aura of innocence?
They are the most corrupted, after all.

Is it that they have accepted their fate? Gave up?
They say fear is the last emotion to leave the body,
For fear helps souls go to their heaven.

Like hands caressing stiff guitar strings
God only saves the blessed.
In you, the cry of birth
Is the most humane, and the curvature of a rose's
stem is dancing.