

# 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 jasminoide*.

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.