

## **Miguelina Cuesta**

She held his hand  
to feel his heat more deeply  
asked him where he was going, where'd he live  
who'd he live with, what'd he like,  
whether he went out every day.  
Did he have friends to talk with,  
did he like borojó, did he eat star apple,  
did he swim in the river,  
had he been in a boat, did he know  
when it was nighttime.  
Did he want her  
to take him to swim in the river, to ride in a boat,  
to eat star apple, to drink borojó.  
Did he want to talk with her, to be friends,  
to go out every day together. Did he want to live with her in his house  
and in exchange for all this she  
would give him her eyes  
to use them to feel  
all the things she would show him, all the things  
she would teach him, all the things she would give him.

**Or Rather/ *O mejor*"**

The moisture expands and rises or rather sinks and penetrates  
or rather comes out in fleets, rolls in a zigzag  
or rather in a straight line, producing the need  
to be restrained with tenderness  
or rather with violence to pacify  
or rather precipitate prolonging  
the rattle so deathlike  
or rather the life that sprouts shrouding  
or rather liberating the desire to go out  
or rather go in  
with love or without it, undoing  
the sensation of downpour, of heat, of salt,  
of repressed windstorm,  
of winding around yourself  
or rather around another  
who releases the worry and is reduced  
or rather expanded  
to just one meaning: a lover.