

Incarnation

By Anita Cantillo

I look for you *abuelito*,
among the patchworked
tile white graves, like wedding
cakes topped with crosses.
The dying grass lies like lace *mantillas*
and I cannot find you here.

But against the grain of a mango tree
or in the perfect star of a *carambola*
I see you. I name you,
script you into the sand.
Constellations, orchid's sweet
faces bear your liking.

Here, in this marketplace of *muertos*,
rows stemming out like palm lines,
a map I cannot read –
here my loss does not matter.
I have the feather of a macaw
and dried banana leaves.