

## **Avalancha**

**By Mark Smith-Soto**

That crumbling mountain  
in your brain, that rubble  
rumbling over me, ten,  
eleven, twelve years old—

*Mamá*, can't you turn  
your eyes to see me there,  
stalled by your side  
in a selflessness all wrong  
for a boy,

my hand on your shoulder  
holding on against the tilting earth,  
the boulders, the flying  
dirt, *está bien, sí, sí*,  
see the boy run to slam  
the windows shut, the doors,

every opening in his head  
against the moans you  
are making, *mamacita*,  
echoes escaping from  
the great hollow in your heart—

but who are you looking for,  
eyes skewed skyward,  
can't you see me here,  
in the unmothered morning,  
standing alone by your side?