Morivivi  
*Para la prima Judith Ortiz Cofer*

By Ricardo Nazario y Colón

*En la loma del viento* where we imagined pyramids with tails catching wind, while sailing diurnally across the sky, there, you taught my bare feet, the price of waking the Morivivi.

In *Hormigueros*, when you were a little girl, the grown ups told you

> “las niñas no saltan sobre alambres de púas”

nor do they play with cow pies. Your dress occasionally snagged at the further most *guardarraya, en resistencia.*

On the day you disappeared. I found your note *entre las hojas dormidas. Tus palabras* being from a foreign time, *decían,*

> Para el primo,  
> *Me voy afuera, busca por mi adentro del sol.*

Today, the familiar warmth of the sun, *me despierta como el toque al Morivivi.*