

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.