

Tamanique

By Karina Alma

Water
foams
 falls in streams,
froths
in a deep pool
that glistens.

We scale the trail that climbs this temple of rock,
carved into water with the hands of water,
ascend to descend,
as if to freefall into open arms,
 moss clings to stone like braille
 of wet quetzal feathers.

I sit on a smooth one like on the back of a turtle,
 leap and swim,
a tadpole, little thing, skinny and amphibious
 the water tickles.

They say, the *Siguanaba* haunts places like these,
they say, when you leave, call out your name.

My mother steps at the laguna's edge and bellows in all directions,
Karina, Karina, Karina, Karina
Why do that mom? I ask, reaching for her hand.
It's so beautiful here mija, if I don't do that,
then your spirit may decide to stay.

But mom when we left El Salvador
you forgot to call out my name.