

Those Delicate Things

by Fernando Perez

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Out on Calle Fernando Montes de Oca
from the roof of an old pickup
a young woman's voice loops
from a brass horn speaker;
this liberation trumpeted
to the petal spathe of my ear:

“se compra
colchones,
tambores,
refrigeradores,
estufas,
lavadoras
microondas
or anything made of old iron
that you will sell”

I imagine a woman
who no longer has to work,
her fingers dirty still
from the hours she toils
in her garden,

then remember watching
as you pulled weeds,
slicing green finger stem
at the base of Calla Lilies,
bringing inside
something beautiful
but not for sale, ephemeral
flower or “alcatraz”

I mean to say,
freedom from domestic servitude
as you placed those delicate things
in their own cell or vase and watched
the slow wilt from the silence.