

## *They Mourn with their Bodies*

*Passed from one grown-up's hand to another,  
the chiquitín  
settles at a table  
replete with crayons,  
wind-up toys  
and other vestiges of happiness*

*He turns his body away  
carving out a private slice of atmosphere  
presses his little forehead against the wall  
and releases a low  
long  
llanto*

*A fish mouthing underwater nonsense,  
he draws his lips together  
and punctuates  
the universal sound of mourning  
with a single, leaden word:*

*"Papa"*

*It unzips my heart  
and everything falls out the bottom*