

# Lusvin

*He washes over memories with vibrant hues of blue and green  
painting life into the streets of Antigua  
Back and forth, back and forth  
Dip, swirl, mix, splatter*

*He knows Guatemala, he brags,  
from Huehue to Quiche to Chiquimula  
He knows the world,  
but there are things he would like to forget*

*He bears the bruises of them on his body  
He bears the clatter of them in his mind  
He bears the guilt of standing by on rounded shoulders,  
gaze fixed on the dirt floor in a derelict house  
unable to save the girl  
whose body was made an example  
by ruthless narcos  
behind jagged teeth of broken windows*

*He pauses his brushstrokes  
to tell how he tried to care for her*

*but she curled in on herself  
like a daisy plucked from its stem,  
a great pain in her belly he describes in such a way  
that I'm sure it wasn't physical  
Twinges of it reflect in his round, dark eyes.*

*Silently, his hand returns to the cityscape*

*She went home.  
He goes on,  
carrying her memory.*