

“La caracara cherimoya”

Divya Ramesh

NOTE ON CREATIVE WORK: A writer is the sum and extension of what she has had the privilege to read. A chance encounter, years ago, with Derek Sheffield’s “She Gathers Rocks” (*The Georgia Review*, 2016), inspired this poem now. Here, Divya tries to capture the stories of another kind of parent, of another kind of family—relevant and important in our present times.

La caracara cherimoya

From sliver to silver in a slip
of sound, a splinter spun
a stick, a son, grown now

He has the same craters
in his face as his father did
same creases, same cloud
about coming here

cataracted corneas
cannot see the future
for his daughter

that he’s allowed
to rock her is kindness

El rojo de la patrulla
la linterna en la guantera
como luciérnagas Tlaxcaleñas

winks, like whispers
are too intimate to grasp

In Spanish, the saying is
de tal palo, tal astilla,
like stick, like splinter

or leave, seed, sprout
by the mouth of a cheriway
spit on some soil

It is coming back now
red crest winking in the clouds
trying to fit a tree into its beak
take it home