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1 of November

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Soledad Marambio

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K. B. Thors translating *Soledad Marambio*

1 of November

They put us in a car that would take us to the coast.
Who will see the ocean first? they challenged.
Then one shouted there it is, I saw the sea, I won
and the other alleged disadvantages
of height, of age, of position inside the car.
And then there was the stall of lettuce and the tiny path by which we exited
the highway toward the hill, suspending the sea.

So we arrived at the white grave of the Ana that we did not know
a grave with a little hill of swollen cement
that we played with jumping over or that we ran circles around
following the crack that separated her body
from the other bodies without names.

Do not jump over the dead, they told us
while Chintungo and Alconda brought water from the creek
to clean the stone, the name, the dates,
washing the face of a very sleepy Ana.
My sister and I quit jumping to inspect the buckets
looking for tadpoles that we would later abandon on the hot ground.

The sea was not seen from there, but we could smell the salt.