

INQUISITION LETTERS

the legs put a lighthouse on
the hill the knees extended to form
a tree the world was created
by feet padding through time

the tree that formed was very tall
the lighthouse white and cracked
tiles sent over with imprints
by pigs' hooves to make them
tried (the hooves and tiles)
but some ran and didn't walk
and they cracked (the tiles and pigs)

in the desert the rain
brings up salt
then soil, so
following each storm
the farmers go out
and water the earth
back down

the ancient frail man is very
virtuous and helps
the farmers calling *bendita*
as they bend
over their fields
the woman opens up
as if land
accepting water

the letters brought news like this

words scratched on
peach and avocado pits,
wrapped in taffeta
and hidden in melons, or
wrapped in ribbons and pocketed
inside banana's skin

the sweetest were meant
for the jailed man's favorite,
Doña Ana, or really
his favorite of those close by

his best sister remained in a cell
far away alone

with a darker woman
unable to send pits or pears
her hands traveled the wall
each day feigning engraving

a lute is playing
softly and its breeze
is mixing with the light
beneath her door
everyone is wearing hats
in the dark and counting
their days with ticks
on the palms of their hands
peaches all gone