

because life is a bitch
for Jorge Soto

we mourn not for death but for life
your premature sacrifice
a delicate treasure in our history museum
a cutting machete
your pages of precision
photographic inscriptions in docu-real
a cursed vision
that screams a surreal line
sculptured to completion.

we mourn ourselves who are left
to fill the deep space you carved
foundations of seedlings
water rotted rainforest
pushed to hysterical insanity
by that loose backbone of ambivalence
like hunger sick hawks
building nests between stone mentalities
fighting the continuous turbulence
of discovering self.

we mourn your vision in our eyes
exposing naked truth
revealing her jagged mirror's edge
bloody and treacherous
a fated survival.

we mourn our memory of your cabio sile chant
circumcising our eardrums in fierce bata
signaling war in the battlefield of mind
where music is the healer of sins.

we mourn our salt-dried tears
blood filled from the nail that claimed you
that forced you down
that empowered the magic of your feathered pen
stripping all untruths from the clear focus of your canvas.

that once soto passed through here
sharing definitions
birth to our voices
achieving victory
even before death.

jorge, who touched us
with spiritual jewels
recovered from the whirlwind
a catabotic fuse
slow, but hot
like a passing time bomb.

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from *bluestown mockingbird mambo*