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LINTERNAS  
**HANNAH RICHMOND**  
acrílico sobre lienzo

# AZAHARES 2013

*Azahares* is the University of Arkansas - Fort Smith's premier Spanish-language creative literary magazine. The primary purpose of this magazine is to provide students and community members with an arena for creative expression in the Spanish language, as well as a literary space for writing that presents the themes of the Latino experience. The azahar, or orange blossom, is a flower of special meaning. Representative of new life and purity, azahares form part of the iconic tradition of the Spanish-speaking world, embodying a freshness of spirit and perspective captured with this publication. Although *Azahares* predominantly highlights student work, submissions are open to all members of the community.

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Special thanks to Chancellor Paul Beran, Senior Vice Chancellor Ray Wallace, and Dr. Joe Hardin, Dean of the College of Languages and Communication, all of whom were indispensable in the successful completion and publication of *Azahares*.

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## **MAMÁ, LA CARNE HUELE MAL**

POR MARTA BRAN

—Sí, mi amor. La carne huele mal porque está echada a perder, está morada. Quítale el pedazo morado y verás que lo demás se puede comer.

Mi otro niño llorando me dice, — Mamá, la carne tiene gusanitos.

—Déjame ver. Mm, es verdad, pero no llores, mi amor. La lavaré y le pondré un poquito de sal y te la vuelvo a cocinar. Ya verás qué rica sabe.

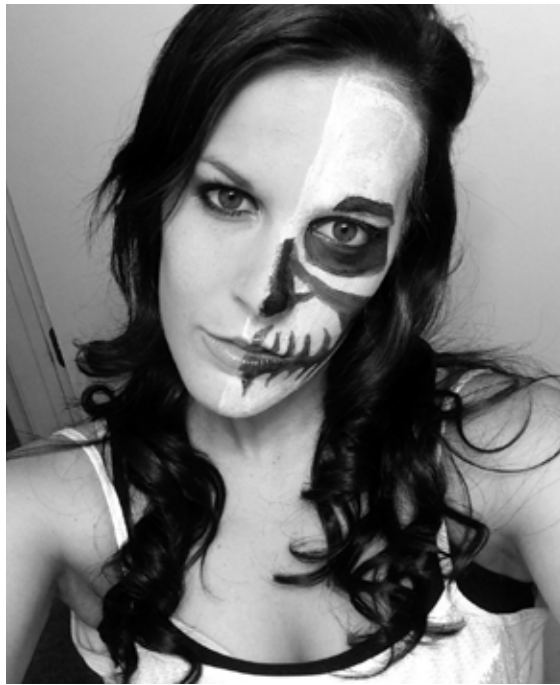
La verdad es que no tenemos refrigerador, tampoco dinero para comprar comida y carne buena. Por eso tenemos que conformarnos con la carne que el carnicero me vende barata, ‘en especial’ como dice él, la carne descompuesta.

Comemos pollo cuando encontramos alguno muerto en el basurero. Qué duro es tener que decirles a los hijos que hoy no hay qué comer. Muchas veces se van a la cama con el estómago vacío.

Lloro y se me parte el corazón al oír el triste concierto de tripas rugiendo de hambre. Me hundo en el llanto y el dolor que me destroza el alma, saber que por herencia me tocó vivir en la miseria, la pobreza, la injusticia y la ignorancia. ¿Por qué, Señor, por qué?

¿Acaso no habrá una mañana feliz para nosotros los pobres? ¿Acaso nosotros no tenemos el derecho de soñar y recibir lo bueno de la vida, en grande? ¿Por qué me tocó tan mala suerte? ¿Por qué no conocí a un príncipe azul? ¿Acaso seré siempre una cenicienta?

Mi llanto moja la almohada y por fin, me quedo dormida en el piso húmedo y frío al lado de mis hijos.



DÍA DE LOS MUERTOS  
**ABIGAIL WHITTEMORE**  
fotografía digital

# RENUNCIATION

BY MICHAEL M. PACHECO

Carmen Deloya's family migrated seasonally like Monarch butterflies traversing the American west coast to the north and then south again. Home was Texas and Arizona for the winter, the Pacific Northwest for the summer.

Carmen was a healthy young girl who somehow never got sick so she didn't mind moving every five or six months to different climates. The traveling gave her the chance to admire the canyons of Colorado, the majestic Rockies and Pacific Ocean, scenic old-growth forests and the calm beauty of the southwestern deserts.

What she didn't enjoy was having to forge friendships over and over again at every new migrant camp. Actually, leaving her old friends was the worst part. But Carmen was quick to adapt.

As soon as she began walking and talking, Carmen's desire to learn everything about everything increased her knowledge base exponentially. Her parents educated and nurtured her as best they could, but sometimes she felt as if they had run out of things to teach her.

Grade school, too, was a boring pain in the neck. The schoolwork itself came easily to Carmen. In fact, her first grade teacher, Ms. Lundgren, was amazed when Carmen began reciting the entire English alphabet after one day, having never spoken English before the first day of class. She remembered everything. Sometimes she thought she remembered too much.

Within several weeks, she was getting perfect scores in math at the fourth grade level. She startled her teacher when she answered a question about global warming before the teacher had had a chance to ask it.

"The average temperatures of the earth and oceans are rising because humans are contaminating our air and atmosphere and the glaciers are melting."

Ms. Lundgren gave Carmen a momentary blank stare. "Yes, you're right. How did you know that?"

"I heard it in a documentary and I read it somewhere," said Carmen.

"No, I meant how did you know I was going to ask that question?"

Carmen smiled. "Lucky guess, I suppose."

But little Carmen knew it wasn't a guess. She'd felt the question as if it had been spoken in Ms. Lundgren's head so that only Carmen could hear it. She buried her head in her science book and avoided her teacher's puzzled look. This empathic ability was intriguing when she first noticed it and it was becoming more refined, but at this moment it felt like unwelcomed telepathy.

Actually, Carmen enjoyed figuring out how things functioned and how people reasoned things out. But it was the headaches accompanying her ruminations that bothered her. At this moment, she had only minor pain, enough for her to concentrate on other things and not read other people's minds.

She loved music, but that too, was becoming problematic. Carmen remembered all the words to songs she liked and could hum those songs in perfect pitch. The problem, though, was that the music sometimes kept playing in her head, even when she wanted only the quietude of her thoughts.

With every new day, life and events in Carmen's life began to take on a special significance. She felt like the brain she'd seen in a book, absorbing a new wrinkle with every bit of data she took in. Coincidences were now parts of a code, complex but predictable. At times, there seemed to be someone or something other-worldly semaphoring messages that she was barely learning to read.

It saddened her one day when she realized she carried a burden that was obvious to no one but her. Of course she never spoke of these feelings from the beyond, fearing that such things, if spoken of, might take on greater weight and become an even greater burden.

Three months later, her teacher in El Mirage ran her through a battery of tests, and then met with her parents. According to the test results, Carmen had a genius IQ. Her little brain was processing information at a profoundly differently level than her peers.

"Ya ves, te dije," said Carmen's father. He winced as he straightened his back. The ruptured disk in his spinal column was getting worse. Ever since he'd caught his wife at the supermarket to prevent her from falling, his condition had worsened. Carmen had read up on injuries like her father's, and she knew it was only a matter of time before he'd be completely paralyzed.

"We always knew she was special," said her mother, translating for the teacher.

"Mrs. Deloya, we sure hate to see Carmen go," said Ms. Lundgren. "We only have a month left in the school year."

"Yo entiendo," said Carmen's mother, "but the strawberries next month and the apples later this summer in Washington won't wait for us."

That afternoon when the sky was an unusual orange, the packed Deloya station wagon turned north-bound on the state highway. Carmen, her parents, and two older brothers were taking flight once again in search of their next home.

It was around the midnight hour when Carmen's mother leaned to her left and tapped her father's right shoulder.

"Maybe we ought to pull over," she said. "You're starting to weave on the road."

Carmen's father shook his head, as if he'd just slapped on some ice water. "Yeah, but the next town is almost an hour away." He glanced in the rear view mirror and saw Carmen studying him.



"You know what I could do?" he said.

"What's that?"

"I could pull over and sleep on the ground. We got a tarp and a couple of sleeping bags."

Carmen's mother turned to her father. "Out here, in the middle of nowhere?"

"Hey, it's only for a couple of hours. Besides, it won't be the first time we've slept outdoors."

Carmen's mother glanced at her with an embarrassment that was impossible to hide. "He means when we were young and camped outdoors."

Within fifteen minutes, Carmen's father found a pullout wide enough to park twenty feet from the roadway. Traffic was non-existent. Her father spread their tarp on the warm desert sand and rolled out two sleeping bags. Her two brothers slept in the back seat oblivious to the happenings around them.

"Carmen, you sleep with me in this bag," said her mother, unzipping the closest one to the car. "Your father will take the other."

Carmen didn't argue. Somehow she felt safer outside with her mother, than inside without her. They cuddled and shared each others warmth until Carmen finally dozed off.

It may have been minutes or it may have been hours but something stirred Carmen from her slumber. She could hear her father snoring a few feet away in his own sleeping bag.

Every now and then, he would grunt softly as if a jolt of electricity shot through him. She knew it was that ruptured disk pressing on his spinal cord. His doctor had recommended an artificial disk replacement but with no funds to pay for surgery, Carmen's father was doomed to suffer. She'd heard her parents discuss their finances and there simply wasn't enough money for expensive medical procedures.

It was then that a sudden bright light came down from above. A soft moan of bewilderment escaped from the tomb of her lungs. Carmen shielded her eyes and tried to look at it, but some force kept her from seeing it directly. It was as if a huge hand had reached down from the sky and prevented her head from turning.

Carmen felt no fear and she was sure that at any moment her mother, or father, or both would wake up and witness this strange phenomenon. Instead, they remained sound asleep.

The light was stark white, lighting up a surrounding circular area about three times the length of their station wagon. A small jack rabbit darted away into the dark.

Something was beckoning her, so she eased out of the sleeping bag and slowly stood erect. She kept her gaze on the illuminated sand around her. She obeyed her instincts and marched twenty paces into the desert. She climbed onto a flat limestone boulder and tried to see the source of this luminescence. Again, the force gently kept her from doing so. Carmen was not frightened when she sensed someone communicating with her.

“We know you are curious. It is natural for someone at your embryonic stage to want to see, but your tender eyes cannot yet handle the intensity of our being. It is better that you not behold us directly.”

Carmen’s little analytical mind went to work. “We” meant there was more than one being. They knew who she was, or did they? To be in an embryonic stage only meant they recognized her young age compared to her sleeping parents or other adults. They also seemed to understand the limitations of human eyesight and thus were protecting her from physical danger.

“Are you God?” she asked.

“Some say we are God-like, but no, we are not the one you call God.”

Carmen studied her shadow cast on the stone beneath her feet. The shadow was moving which meant the star-being was moving too. “What do you want from me? You did not wake the others.”

The light seemed to diminish in intensity and then return to its original brightness. “We make contact with persons who have the DNA structure, the building blocks, we gave to your ancestors long ago. You are not perfect but you are structured with few defects and flaws. We are interested in observing your development.”

“You mean the computing of numbers, the reading comprehension and the telepathy?”

“Yes, and the perfect health and the reading of runic rhymes in ways of the world. You are what your mother said, a special child.”

She didn’t like that label, a special child. To her, it was odd that other children generally looked the same, walked on the same earth and spoke the same language. Yet not one of them knew how isolated she felt or shared anything of a personal nature. She felt utterly apart and alien.

Carmen thought of all the moments of pleasure she had experienced because of her special skills but then recalled that there had been sad moments as well. There was the time she predicted her fast-driving neighbor’s car crash, the death of the stray cat who’d come to their door for food scraps and then, of course, the prediction of her father’s paralysis which she knew was a certainty. At that moment, Carmen made a life-changing decision.

“I don’t want to be special. I’d rather be imperfect and normal like the rest of my family.”

“Why do you wish that?” The voice, which was not a voice, was neither angry nor sad. The star-beings spoke with a simple tone of curiosity and maybe, thought Carmen, with a tinge of disappointment.

“I just do, that’s all,” she said.

“Have you thought about the consequences of being like the rest? You will no longer have the intelligence abilities you now possess, and you will be susceptible to disease.”

“Yes, and you know I have, but I do have one request.”

“Tell us what that is.”

Carmen knew her life would never be the same, but she was being honest and she *had* thought about it.

“I want you to heal my father. You know what happened. He acted out of care and love for my mother when he saved her from a serious fall. He’d give his life for her if it came down to it.”

“You are special indeed,” said the voice in her head.

A bright orange and black butterfly flitted into the dark as the light around her began to dim. Carmen began to wonder how she’d find her way back to the sleeping bag. She blinked once.

In the next instant, she was lying in the back seat of the station wagon as it rolled down the highway. Her brothers were silently watching the mesas in the desert as her parents carried on a conversation in the front seat.

“Boy, that hard ground did wonders for my back,” said Carmen’s father. “I feel like a new man!”

Her mother smiled at him.

Carmen sat upright. Just then a dust particle tickled her nose. She sneezed.

“Oh my,” said her mother turning toward the back seat. “I think our baby caught a cold last night.”

Carmen grinned. “Nobody’s perfect.”

## RUBIA GUITARRA

POR JOSÉ SANTILLÁN

Goya, te acaricio una vez más  
Después de estar tan lejos por un día  
Llego a ti, rozo tus cuerdas, toco tu cuello,  
Siento tu cuerpo maltratado por el tiempo  
Que aún produce sonidos frescos,  
Sonidos de fantasía.

Aún recuerdo cuando el hombre viejo  
Con voz paternal dijo que eras mía  
Después de crear magia con sus manos en tu cuerpo  
Dejó que en las mías resonaras.  
Goya, has sido tal vez el regalo más sincero  
Que he recibido en mi vida.

Recuerdo cuando cantaste por primera vez para ella,  
Mi compañera, rubia como tú.  
Sus ojos verdes se clavaron en tu boca  
Y su mente se perdió en la suave lluvia de sonidos  
Desde entonces nuestras tardes las pasamos junto a ti,  
En pláticas, canciones, besos y risas.

En noches como ésta, eres mi única compañía,  
Cuando ella se va, tú te quedas  
Y susurras a la tenue luz de mi cuarto  
Piezas clásicas que mis aún torpes dedos  
Tratan de interpretar como aquel hombre viejo,  
Al que tanto quisiera ver y abrazar otra vez.



EL SAUCE Y LAS LUCIÉRNAGAS

**HANNAH RICHMOND**

acrílico sobre lienzo



JARRAS DE COCHABAMBA  
**MARTHA BIEBER**  
acuarela

## RIVER FROM CÍBOLA - JUNE 5, 1951

BY ANDRÉS C. SALAZAR

*It was possible to look back on yourself, your friends and the world you live in. - Reyes*

Fidel and I were headed toward the river and we were deep in the *bosque* or river forest, the sun now only able to shower a ray or two to the forest floor through the tall, dense cottonwood canopy. The scattered Russian Olive trees were still in bloom, emitting their intoxicating fragrance and we were careful not to get too close to them and their vicious thorns. They grew tall and wide with light green feathery leaves, their small yellow blossoms pollinated by circulating bees so that they could later bear the fruit of the monkey peanuts in the fall. Our steps rustled the dry cottonwood leaves from last fall forming an inch high, yellow-brown blanket on the *bosque* floor. The rustling announced our entrance to the forest kingdom created by the river god and the giant trees that served as sentries. The cottonwoods were the masters of the river forest, growing to be eighty to a hundred feet high with huge branches that gave them a span that nearly equaled their height. Their bark was thick with deep crevices that allowed kids like us to grip the bark with our hands and lift ourselves with our rubber soled shoes whose tips fit nicely into the crevices. We could climb up the tree to sit on the upper limbs and view the world far and wide. In the summer, just weeks after school was out, we would pick the cotton pods or *tetones* before they opened up and use the individual *tetone* as the projectile for a slingshot. Each *tetone* would ripen eventually from a cluster of ten to twenty of them, rupturing and releasing the cotton ball that floated in the air, light and fluffy. When the tree released so many of its balls all at once, a moving whitish cloud surrounded the tree. The balls would float away and end up far from the tree as any slight breeze would carry them off like angels until they alit. Occasionally you would find them in your hair, and you'd be lucky if a comb could get all the cottony angels out.

It hadn't rained the last couple of weeks and the air in the *bosque* had a cool prickly dryness to it. It was midmorning and we could hear the river rippling through the rotting stumps and other obstructions brought about by the high waters of the snow melt just a month or so ago. The other sound was the slight breeze vibrating the full-bodied leaves of the monster trees surrounding us. We could see sparkly reflections of the river current through the willowy reeds growing on the banks of the *acequia*, *the* irrigation ditch, that paralleled the river in town, sometimes only a few feet away and sometimes as much as a mile away.

"Should we go to the *acequia* or on a river branch?" Fidel inquired.

"Let's start with the *acequia* and then go to the river at the end," I said, not really caring one way or the other.

The *acequia* was built to draw water out of the river stream and channel it away from the river and along the fields that the farmers flooded once or twice a week for their crops of corn, chili and squash, the staples of the Valley that had been grown for thousands of years by the Pueblo Indians. Newer farms, planted by the descendants of the Spanish settlers of the sixteenth century, also had fruit orchards full of apple, pear and peach trees. Some trees had flowered already and there would be green fruit in some orchards soon.

The river was the lifeline in the high desert San Felipe Valley, first allowing settlements of Pueblo Indians

and then of the Spanish colonists who had tried to scratch out a living here several hundred years ago. Generations later, families remain in the same farms and ranches, maybe because it was too far to go back in time or space and start anew somewhere else. The river helped us survive the dry winter, the dusty spring and fall and the scorching summer. And so it did for those early Spanish denizens, although not without complaints to Juan Oñate, the early settlement leader, about the long turbulent seasons that the Valley had in store for them. The river was the fount of life here and somehow it knew your dependency on it. It was still a force throughout the year, torrential in the spring from the snow melt, full bodied through the summer, rising a bit during the seasonal rains in late summer and early fall and finally quieting down during the winter as it froze along its banks.

Fidel and I already sensed that the river owned us, and it pulled us almost daily to its shores during the summer. It had always been this way, for the children of the Pueblos as well as for those of the Spanish settlers. As we went into its chilly waters, we felt its power, always here and drawing us in as it had for countless generations like a siren luring her prey. Was there a mutual need and dependency between river and youth? Our parents worried when we said we were heading toward the river for a swim. Their warnings were pointless but had to be uttered, a ritual performed for as long as anyone could remember. They knew it was a passage that could not be avoided, like an unplanned baptism that had nothing to do with religion and everything to do with discovery of nature. As boys of San Isidro we knew that the river refreshed our bodies, purifying them from the dust we accumulated in doing things we didn't want to do, like pulling weeds, chopping wood, going to catechism and doing errands. The water around us took us back in time, to a consciousness we couldn't remember, before we had to think and make decisions, before we had to be careful of making mistakes, before we could offend someone, before the ceremony and obligation of being a person.

Fidel was the better swimmer, and it was hard for me to keep up. Eventually, I would stand up in the waist high stream and rest and simply let the water flow past me, urging me to move forward. I would see the tiny ripples in the stream or little eddies around me. The duty of the river was downstream and I was getting in the way. There was no time to waste as the sun moved higher in the sky, making everything seem whiter and hotter. The tan-colored water continued to push me, its tint coming from the brownish clay that formed the channel banks. The main river stream had clear water from the dominant Río del Norte tributary that came from a northern mountain chain that stretched into Colorado. The confluence of the two streams, the Chama and the Río del Norte, was where the Spanish settlers came in 1598, finishing the journey from Zacatecas, Mexico. Like most settlements into unknown territory, what was called Cibola, it had a foolish intention, the search for a richer life, not necessarily one dependent on gold or silver as the legend claimed.

"What's the matter?" Fidel had noticed I wasn't following him.

"I'm OK. I stopped to rest," I said.

"Let's go to the river for a while. We can see how fast the current is today," Fidel said, probably as a taunt.

He was a risk-taker and didn't understand why I would sometimes stop to observe the trees, some flowers or an interesting rock. Everything was there for him, for his enjoyment when he wanted it. He was my best friend, and we took care of each other when we were together. He spoke better English than I did, and he didn't know much Spanish. His parents, although both Hispanic and native Spanish speakers, spoke only English at home. Fidel told me that they wanted the children to avoid having a Spanish accent when they spoke English. Fidel and I could understand each other despite the parental differences towards language.

Somehow we felt time was nothing to worry about, that our youth would last forever like the river and forest, drinking in the sun, becoming cool with an evening breeze, staying natural in a rhythm without



end. Today we could enjoy the *acequia* for awhile and then move on to the river itself. Our swim trunks were already soaking wet, and our bodies had the skin bumps from the chilly water. We would shiver a bit until the sun rays hit us hard and gave us warmth, evaporating the little droplets, even those falling like tears from our hair and nose. The sun was an old friend, as it joined the river and the desert to create a scene of enchantment for Fidel and me, the yellowish orb showering us with energy that purged, at least for a while, the fear of becoming adults.

In the east the sky was a deep blue framing the jagged San Felipe Mountains and to the west a blackened Jemez range was home to countless mesas formed from ancient lava flows. It was many a year before I realized that the setting at the river was unique and magical.

My skin was dry by the time we found a good place to take in a river channel that had a current that wasn't too fast. The river created large tongue-like sand bars as the water receded from the swollen spring flows. There were at least three river channels winding their way through the sand bars like capillaries. The one we chose was about four feet deep at the most and about ten yards wide and it emptied into a small lagoon about a hundred yards from the bridge. The main river channel still had a strong current and was too dangerous for us. Standing in the deep current you could feel the suspended sand going around your ankles, the gritty edges biting into your skin. We couldn't take it in until late summer when the river went down and the current surge was something we could handle.

"We were here before! Do you remember that the lagoon was not as big last week?" Fidel asked.

"Yes, but we were seen from the bridge. People pointed at us, remember?"

I was always afraid of people realizing we were in the river. I didn't see anyone on the bridge that connected the commercial end of town with the downtown district on the west side. We had left our clothes in the reeds on the river bank. They were hidden but somebody looking for them in earnest could find them. We certainly didn't have any serious money, but losing our clothes would be humiliating. We would have to walk home barefooted in our soggy trunks. Fidel didn't seem to care. He would go swimming naked sometimes, oblivious to the world. The river waters freed his spirit, driving him, splashing wildly and diving into the water repeatedly, into a euphoric state. He wanted me to be the observer or the lookout in case of danger. I sometimes thought he was in a trance when we did the river swim. Was it a primordial reunion with the river for him more than me? I wondered.

We floated down the river channel, slowing our movement with strokes in the opposite direction of the slow current. I left the water and lay on a sandy shore for a while, letting the sun dry me out again. The water-soaked sand was cool underneath me while the sun warmed my face and chest. My feet touched the water's edge and this seemed like a perfect spot for me. I was in communion with my distant past. It was like taking a deep breath of peaceful air, uplifting and dreamlike. I had closed my eyes and imagined nature taking over me, my body somehow becoming part of the sandy river bank, the edge of the river's artery. My breathing slowed, and I felt myself going backwards, my feet higher than my head as I floated into a darkness. I felt lost in a space whose span was limitless. I had discovered spots like this before. Such a spot gave you a sense of well-being, that you belonged there. You had found your place. It was like leaving your body with nothing holding you back. You were now a spirit free to go wherever your mind took you. It was possible to look back on yourself, your friends and the world you lived. You could relive events, have different endings, relive them again and have still different endings. It was dreamlike with no sense of time. You could meet people and interact with them, people you never met before. Places you liked could be revisited again and again. It was an endless dream.

"Hey!" I shouted as I jumped up from my cozy place. Fidel had dumped chilly river water on me with an old rusty bucket he had found nearby.

"What are you doing sleeping here while the water's great?" he asked.

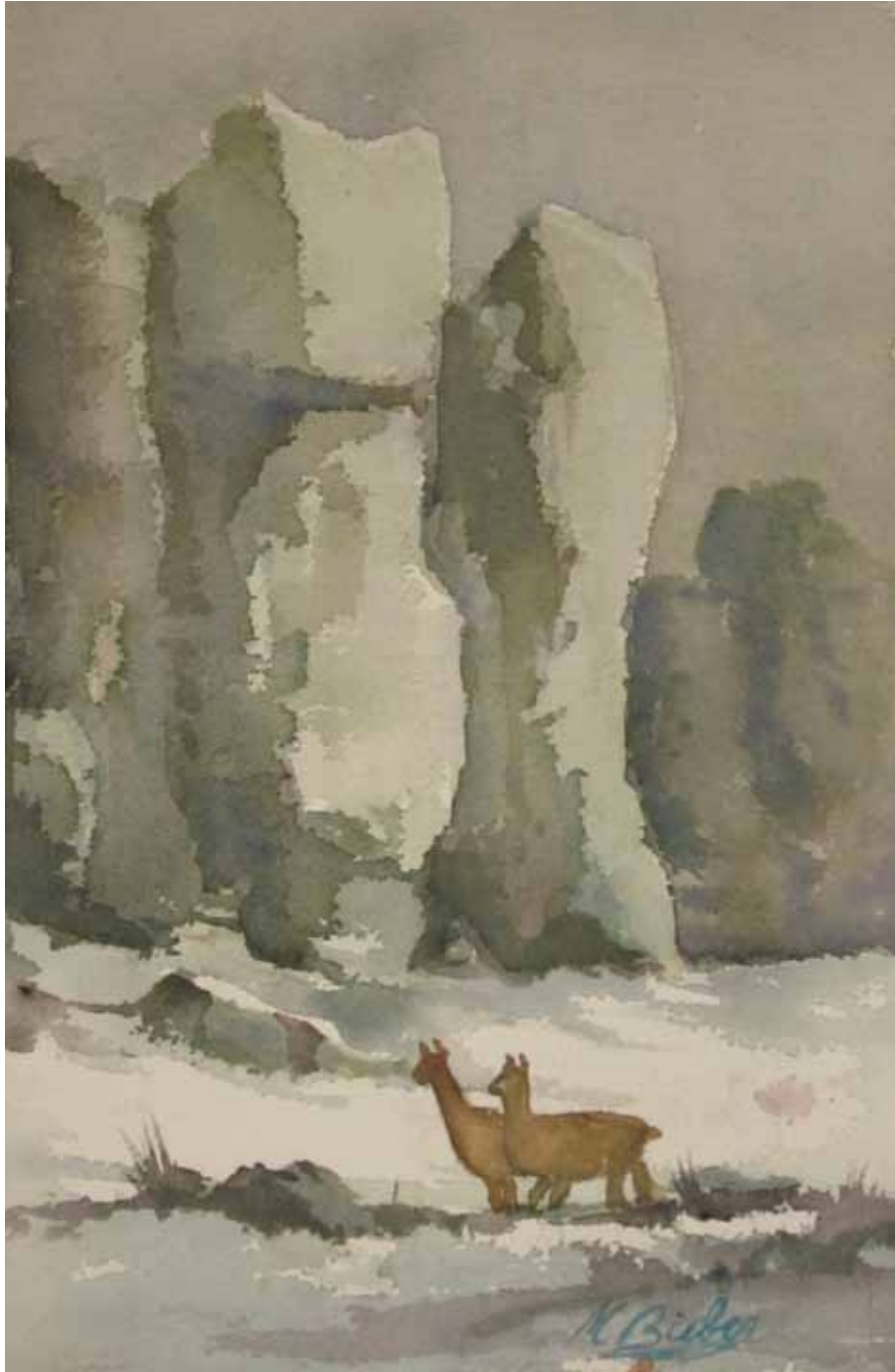
"I know, I know. I just wanted to feel the sun a bit. It feels nice after a swim," I stammered. Fidel had brought me back to San Isidro, the reality of swimming in a river channel near the bridge. I was still the boy from the west side of town with a mother who was a part-time plasterer. I became human again, feeling the pain and shock of somebody dumping cold water on you.

"It's time to go," he said. "My mother will be looking for me. It's getting close to lunchtime."

I got into the water to clean myself off. The bucket was rusty and the water poured on me had a noxious smell. I felt the cleansing water around me again, and I dipped myself completely, doing one baptismal dive after another before heading home. Despite the shock Fidel had delivered, I still felt refreshed and energized. The river had done its magic again, washing away the unsettled state that comes from not knowing the future. Somehow you are reminded that we live one youthful day at a time. And there is so much to observe and learn each day, especially with friends, and when there is a parent to protect you.

I walked fast to catch up with Fidel. We found our clothes and removed our trunks and wrung them dry. Our skin still had goose bumps from the swim. We dressed and put on our socks and shoes after cleaning the river sand and grass off our feet.

As we walked home, I could hear the river ripples become dimmer until I couldn't hear them anymore. It felt like we were leaving a friend behind, an anxiety rising inside of me as we walked further and further away from the water. We went through the canopy formed by the cottonwoods, our shoes making a crunching sound on the leafy floor punctuating a step at a time our exit from the river kingdom. Upon reaching the band of Russian Olive trees, I could see some bees that were going from blossom to blossom, pollinating them as they were attracted to the trees by the yellow flowers and their wondrous scent. They had been here forever while Fidel and I were nothing more than visitors. Our life was yet to come and we had no idea of what it would be like. Our future was not going to be connected to the *bosque* and the river. We had only a few more visits left before we would say goodbye forever to the river from Cibola. We left the *bosque* and entered the town proper again, ready for the rest of the day. A river swim had prepared us for anything. But first, we would have lunch.



EL ALTIPLANO DE BOLIVIA  
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UN DÍA LLUVIOSO  
**HANNAH RICHMOND**  
acrílico sobre lienzo



CAFÉ Y PALMERAS  
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Costa Rica



DESTROZADA  
**JOSÉ SANTILLÁN**  
óleo en lienzo

**DESTROZADA**  
POR JOSÉ SANTILLÁN

Ahí está, llorando.

Con las piernas y brazos destrozados.

Todo por un hombre que aprovechando de su cariño la maltrató, la destrozó.

Alza lo que le queda de su brazo para pedir ayuda a una divinidad, a algo, a alguien.

A su alrededor una oscuridad cierra el mundo que antes brillaba.

Ahora está sola, pero sigue de pie,

Sigue luchando.

## UNA CALAVERA POR LOS QUE FALLECIERON

POR JENNIFER WILBURN

Día de los Muertos, Day of the Dead, is a Mexican holiday to remember family members who have passed away and to celebrate their lives. It is associated with the religious holidays All Saints' Day, November 1, and All Souls' Day, November 2, and should not be confused with Halloween. It is particularly relevant for farm workers due to the fact that farm work is dangerous, with two deaths occurring in North Carolina fields just last year. Since about three quarters of North Carolina's migrant workers are of Mexican descent, this holiday is important as a time to remember those who have died doing farm work. As these deaths often occur in rural, isolated areas, they frequently go unreported and thus unrecognized.

To remember those farmworkers whose deaths may have been ignored or overlooked, I have written a *calavera* in their honor. The Spanish word "calavera" means skull, but for *Día de los Muertos* the word takes on different meanings. Most commonly, it refers to the brightly decorated sugar skulls that are eaten as treats. Similarly, *calaveras* can refer to short, witty poems written to criticize a social situation or person, usually aimed at politicians or celebrities. In recognition of *Día de los Muertos*, I have written a *calavera* in honor of farmworkers who have lost their lives doing their job. My goal, however, is not to be satirical or political, but rather to follow in the Day of the Dead tradition of reminding us that the actions of the living can have fatal consequences and that life, death and labor are inseparable parts of our human existence.

Cruzaste la frontera, la primera gran labor,  
Para empezar una nueva vida con tu sangre y sudor.  
Te dieron muchas promesas  
Pero encontraste sufrimiento entre los pepinos y las fresas.

Dura es la labor  
Fuerte es el calor  
Desde 2005 cinco se han muerto de la insolación  
Y para sus familias no hay consolación.

Por Buenaventura Cortez Martínez, quien murió temprano,  
Perdió su vida y su cuerpo humano  
En una cosechadora de tabaco  
Para que otros ganaran dinero en el saco.

Por Mario Andrés Castillo Avena, Trabajó su vida entera;  
Su tractor salió de la carretera,  
En la cuneta se cayó  
Y la Santa Muerte se lo llevó.

Estas son las personas que cultivan nuestro trigo  
Pero viven y trabajan en los campos de peligro  
Cultivan y siembran casi todas nuestras comidas  
Pero no escuchamos nada de sus vidas abolidas.



Ya viene la Santa Muerte con su hoz  
Por el trabajador que no tiene voz  
Ellos han trabajado bajo el sol quemándose la piel  
Espero que ya entren en la tierra de leche y miel.

En este Día de Todos los Santos  
No trato de darte muchos espantos  
Sino escribo la verdad  
Para honrar a los que satisfacen nuestra necesidad,  
Y quienes merecen morir llenos de dignidad.

*You crossed the border, the first of many a trial and test,  
To start a new life by blood and sweat;  
You were told many promises, although you were wary,  
But all you found was sorrow amidst the cucumbers and strawberries.*

*The work is hard  
The heat bombards  
For the five people who since 2005 died of heat stroke  
There are no words of comfort for their family that one can evoke.*

*For Buenaventura Cortez Martínez who died so young ,  
He lost his life when his body was flung  
Into a tobacco harvesting machine;  
He paid the price so that profits could be gleaned.*

*For Mario Andrés Castillo Avena who carried a large load,  
His tractor one day ran off the road;  
He fell and died in a ditch  
Allowing Death to carry him off bewitched.*

*These are the people who harvest our wheat  
Who are forced to work in fields of deceit;  
They plant and harvest our precious food  
But their deaths we ignore and exclude.*

*Here comes Death with her sickle in hand  
For the worker who cannot take a stand,  
Those who work whenever it's rainy or sunny  
I hope they now enter the land of milk and honey.*

*On this Day of All Saints  
A gruesome picture I don't mean to paint;  
Rather I write with veracity  
To honor those people who sow the seeds  
And who deserve to die full of dignity.*

<http://www.ncfhp.org/pdf/deaths.pdf>

<http://www.fayobserver.com/articles/2011/08/05/1113618?sac=Home>

<http://www.digtriad.com/news/article/188455/57/Troopers-Migrant-Worker-Dies-When-Tractor-Runs-Off-Road>

## **EL ÁRBOL DE LA VIDA**

POR JOHN PAUL ABELLERA

Somos hojas que crecen en el mismo árbol...  
El árbol de la vida.  
Estamos separados,  
Pero juntos también.  
Separados, tomamos el sol.  
Juntos, susurramos en el viento.  
Debajo de la tierra,  
Nuestras raíces están entrelazadas.  
Tomamos nuestro alimento de la misma fuente...  
Nuestra fe en Dios.  
Es la fe que nos da vida.  
Sin embargo, cuando caemos del árbol,  
No es la muerte.  
Porque cuando nos descomponemos,  
Nos hacemos parte de la tierra.  
El árbol nos absorbe,  
Y nos unimos otra vez.



CATARATAS  
**ANDREA LUCAS**  
fotografía digital  
Costa Rica



PROHIBIDO EXTRAER PLANTAS  
**ANDREA LUCAS**  
fotografía digital  
Costa Rica

## LOS DOS COMPADRES

POR MARÍA ACEVEDO

Daban las seis de la mañana cuando Mariano se enderezó de la cama. Su cuerpo encorvado por el cansancio se semejaba a un signo de interrogación. Sus pies aún le dolían de tanto caminar el día anterior. Varias ampollas amarillentas que brillaban de regordetas se le habían reventado. Se retorció de dolor al dar el primer paso. El rozar de los zapatos en la carne viva le producía escalofríos. Era como si una mano invisible hubiera cubierto con sal las heridas de sus pies. Salió de la casa rápidamente. El aire fresco de la mañana golpeó su cara refrescándolo un poco. No tardaba en amanecer. A lo lejos sonaron las campanadas de la iglesia llamando a la primera misa del día. Mariano no pudo evitar que se le enchinara el cuero al oír el aullido lastimero de un perro en la oscuridad mañanera.

"Pobre, tendrá hambre," pensó, mientras frotaba el viejo crucifijo de plata que colgaba de su cuello.

"Bueno, ¡y a mí que diablos me importa ese perro! ¡Ya bastante tengo con mis tres escuincles y mi vieja!"

Apurando el paso y apretando los dientes hasta hacerlos rechinar por el dolor que le causaban las heridas en sus pies, Mariano siguió su camino; tenía que llegar a la casa de su compadre Antonio antes de que éste saliera rumbo al basurero municipal.

"¡Buenos días, compadre!"

"Vaya, pensé que no ibas a venir, compadre."

"No tengo otro remedio. La botana en casa se ha agotado por completo y por más que busco chamba, no puedo encontrar nada. Ya tengo tres meses sin trabajar. ¡Ya ni pa' los frijoles nos alcanza! Si hoy no consigo nada que comer, tendré que vender este crucifijo que me dio mi abuela antes de morir."

"¡No te preocupes, compadre! En el basurero encontrarás que comer. Con buena suerte y llegamos antes que todos los demás y nos surtimos pa' la semana."

Mariano suspiró profundamente; se trepó en la bicicleta detrás de su compadre. Al menos, el suplicio de caminar terminaría momentáneamente.

Antonio empezó a pedalear la destartada bicicleta que se pandeaba bajo el peso de los dos hombres dando la impresión de desbaratarse en cualquier momento. De la boca desdentada de Antonio brotaban tremendos pujidos al pedalear.

"¡Caramba! ¡Compadre, estás flaco pero pesas como un elefante!" exclamó Antonio, mientras trataba de avanzar a duras penas por entre el camino polvoriento.

"¡Cállate compadre! ¡Ya te pareces a mi vieja! ¡Siempre quejándose por todo!"

Antonio soltó una carcajada tan fuerte que hizo culebrear la bicicleta aventando a los dos compadres al suelo. Una gran nube de polvo se levantó en el lugar donde los cuerpos enteleridos aterrizaron. Con la cara revolcada y los viejos pantalones torcidos por el golpazo, Antonio y Mariano se levantaron apresuradamente mirando a su alrededor por si algún cristiano había presenciado su desventura.

"¡Te digo, compadre!" exclamo Mariano, arreglándose los bigotes maltrechos y revolcados, "cuando no nos llueve nos llovizna."

"¡Ay! ¡Creo que me he lastimado un brazo!" dijo Antonio.

"Bueno, pos ahora te aguantas como un macho. ¡Pa' la otra pones más atención por onde vas!"

"¡Es tu culpa compadre! ¡Tú me hiciste reír con la cantaleta de la latosa de tu vieja! Si yo fuera tú, ya la hubiera botado. Lo único que sabe hacer es tener esos ojillos lagañosos pegados a la tele viendo sus malditas telenovelas y soñando con los galanes que ve. Y cuando tu regresas cansado de buscar pa' poder llenarle la barriga de frijoles, te recibe con la trompa chueca de tantos reclamos."

"Ya lo sé, compadre, ya lo sé..." musitó Mariano entre dientes mientras frotaba su crucifijo, resignado ante un destino que parecía imposible de cambiar.

Y así continuaron los dos compadres, uno pedaleando a duras penas y riendo aún por el incidente, mientras que el otro cavilaba en lo difícil que resultaba en esos días sobrevivir.

Apuntaba el alba cuando los dos compadres llegaron al basurero. Del sol parecían brotar brillantes lágrimas con destellos rojizos.

"¡Aquí apesta a rayos y centellas!" exclamó Mariano, no muy convencido si en verdad encontraría algo de comer entre los escombros.

"Vamos compadre, no seas tan remilgoso. Eres pobre y delicado. Ya verás que ahorita encontramos alguna bolsa de pan Bimbo. Nomás le quitamos las orillas verdes y queda listo pa' comer."

"Estoy haciendo de tripas corazón, compadre. ¡Te juro que siento que voy a echar las asaduras!"

"Bueno, pos ahora te aguantas. No seas tan remilgoso. Mira, yo me quedo buscando algo aquí y tú te puedes ir al lado izquierdo; allá donde anda aquel perro husmeando. Con suerte y encuentras algo bueno."

Antonio apuró el paso hacia donde le señaló su compadre.

"¡Chin! ¡Estas ampollas siguen reventándose con cada paso que doy! ¡Ucha! ¡Ucha! Fuera de aquí perro entelerido. ¡Lárgate! Es mi turno. Necesito encontrar algo de comer pa' mis escuincles."

Mariano pateó el perro que salió huyendo con la cola entre las patas.

Un airecillo leve empezó a soplar entre la basura levantando papeles y bolsas de plástico mezcladas con el polvo oscuro de la tierra árida formando remolinos.

Mariano seguía buscando afanosamente algo de comer mientras que se frotaba los ojos para limpiarlos del polvo. De pronto, entre los papeles sucios y arrugados, apareció un billete de mil pesos. Mariano lo recogió sin poder creer su buena suerte. Rápidamente lo puso en el bolsillo de su pantalón como queriendo proteger con su vida el preciado tesoro que acababa de encontrar.

Un resplandor a lo lejos provocado por los rayos del sol inclemente que empezaba a quemarle sus espaldas llamó su atención.

"¿Qué será aquello que brilla tanto? ¡Con un poco de suerte es algún reloj o algo valioso!"

Animado por el billete que acababa de encontrar, Mariano apuró su paso hasta llegar al lugar. Una resplandeciente y enorme hebilla de oro sobresalía entre la basura.

Rápidamente, como la jauría a la presa, Mariano se lanzó a recogerla. Una peste nauseabunda que entró por los grandes agujeros de su nariz chata lo obligó a retroceder un poco.

"¡Cómo apesta aquí!" exclamó, volviéndose hacia donde estaba la hebilla fulgurante.

Al tratar de apoderarse del tesoro que creyó haber encontrado, no pudo. La hebilla de oro estaba pegada a un cinturón de cuero negro. El cinturón pertenecía a un hombre que yacía boca arriba muerto. El estómago hinchado del cadáver hacía casi desaparecer el cinturón resaltando aún más la hebilla de oro. Los ojos de Mariano casi se salieron de sus órbitas. A pesar de tantos crímenes cometidos en la ciudad en los últimos dos años, Mariano nunca había visto un cadáver.

"¡Con toda seguridad fueron los sicarios!" exclamó Mariano llevándose la mano a la nariz y la boca, tratando de detener un amargo y amarillento líquido que le subía por la laringe.

Volteó para buscar a su compadre pero no lo pudo encontrar. Cuidadosamente removió algunos papeles que cubrían el cuerpo inmóvil. Los ojos grandemente abiertos, pardos y sin brillo del cadáver estaban fijos en la distancia como queriendo perseguir la vida que se le había escapado. Una sustancia rojiza y seca cubría los seis enormes agujeros dispersados en su cuerpo. En la cien derecha abotagada había un agujero extra. La pierna y el brazo izquierdos, téticamente torcidos, estaban parcialmente descarnados. Cientos de moscas revoloteaban alrededor.

"¡Dios mío! ¡Los perros deben haberse dado un festín anoche con el difuntito!" gritó Mariano casi con lágrimas en los ojos sintiendo un asco que le hacía nudos el estómago.

"¡Pobre hombre! Bien decía mi abuela que es mejor perro vivo que león muerto. Los sicarios no perdonan..."

"¿Y ahora que hago? ¿Llamo a la policía? ¡Pa' que! ¡Hasta ellos le tienen miedo a los sicarios y se hacen de la vista gorda ante los crímenes!"

Mariano trató de alejarse rápidamente de la tétrica escena pero sentía como si las manos del cadáver lo agarraran de los tobillos tratando de detenerlo. Apresuró su paso olvidando el dolor que le producían las ampollas en sus pies.

En unos cuantos segundos que le parecieron una eternidad, Mariano llegó donde estaba su compadre.

"¡Qué te pasa, compadre! ¡Trais una cara de fuchi! ¡Parece como si hubieras visto un muerto! ¡Mira que pálido y ojeroso vienes! ¡Ya sé que aquí apesta pero no es para tanto!"

Los ojos desorbitados de Mariano lo miraban fijamente. Trató de hablar pero solo unos sonidos irreconocibles y guturales salían de su boca: "¡el mue... el mue! ¡sa... sa...! ¡los pe... los pe...! ¡los si... los si...!"

Antonio lo tomó de los hombros y lo zarandeó fuertemente.

"¿Qué? ¡No te entiendo ni jota!"

"¡Un mue.. un muertito! ¡lo ba... balearon, sa... sangre! ¡Los pe... perros le ruñeron una pierna y un brazo!"

¡Los si... sicarios!" gritaba Mariano histéricamente señalando hacia donde estaba el cuerpo.

"¡Dios mío! ¿Encontraste un muertito? ¡Pongamos pies en polvorosa antes de que se arme la bronca. No sea que vuelvan los sicarios y hasta nosotros la llevemos por fisgones!"

Temblando de terror los dos compadres subieron a la bicicleta. En la plaza principal se detuvieron para tomar un respiro y controlarse. Silenciosamente se sentaron en una de las viejas enmohecidas bancas de fierro de la época porfiriana. Gruesas gotas de sudor corrían por sus frentes. Sus corazones palpitaban ruidosamente como caballos desbocados. Sus bocas reseca y entreabiertas trataban de respirar. La mente bloqueada de Mariano no lograba apartarse de la grotesca imagen que había visto.

"¡Qué bueno que no lo viste!" dijo tristemente. "¡Quisiera no haberlo encontrado! Tiene razón mi vieja cuando dice que no debo andar en las calles después de las diez de la noche. Las cosas ya no son como eran antes en este pueblo."

"¡Tienes razón compadre! Me dijo el Chema que la semana pasada alguien dejó una hielera en la central de autobuses. Cuando el guardia la abrió, adentro había tres cabezas. Hasta ahorita la policía no ha podido encontrar los cuerpos. ¡Sepa Dios 'onde estarán! Seguramente los Sicarios les dieron chicharrón."

"¡No friegues, compadre! ¿En serio? ¡Tú me quieres asustar más!"

"¡No, compadre! ¡Es la neta!"

"¡Pos yo ya no quiero estar aquí! ¡Ahorita mesmo me pelo pa'l otro lado!"

"¡Tas loco, compadre! ¿Piensa irte caminando desde aquí? ¡No tienes feria pa'l camión!"

"¡Mira! Encontré mil pesos en la basura. Con esto me alcanza pa' llegar a Ciudad Juárez y allí ya veré como me la rifo..."

"¿Qué? ¡Pos yo me pelo contigo compadre! Aquí tengo una feriecita que me pagaron ayer por una liebrita que me eché lavando la troca de Ramiro. ¡Si vieras el troconón que trai! Cada año viene del otro lado pa' ver a su familia. ¡Le ha ido rete bien por allá! ¡Siempre anda presumiendo hartos dólares!"

"¡Ya ves! ¡Dios aprieta pero no ahorca, compadre! Por algo me cayeron estos pesitos. Vámonos. Cuando lleguemos allá le hablaré a mi vieja. Si le digo ahora capaz que empieza a joder de nuevo con su cantaleta y hasta me quita la morralla."

"¡Sí! ¡Ándale! ¿Qué esperamos? Aquí dejo la baika al fin y al cabo ya no tarda en tronar de lo destartalada que está."

La inmensa ciudad sucia y ruidosa los recibió como queriendo tragárselos. Miles de carros viejos circulaban rápidamente por las calles llenas de baches. El sol se empezaba a ocultar. La noche pronto llegaría.

"¿Qué te parece si dormimos aquí en la central camionera? Es más seguro. En la mañana tempranito cruzamos la frontera."

"Me parece una buena idea. Pero necesitamos echarnos un taco. Mira todavía me quedan unos pesitos. Vamos a ese puesto. ¡Tengo un hambre terrible! ¡La grande ya se come a la chiquita!"

Rápidamente devoraron unos tacos que, de no haber sido por el recuerdo del muertito, a Mariano le hubieran sabido a gloria. Después de comer se acomodaron en uno de los asientos de la central camionera donde decenas de personas dormitaban esperando su siguiente salida. Por la mañana muy temprano llegaron a la frontera.



A través del puente internacional se veía otro mundo. Un mundo ajeno a sus calamidades. La esperanza de un futuro mejor.

"Por aquí no podemos pasar, compadre. Tendremos que caminar hasta donde no hay tanta vigilancia y brincar-nos la barda."

"¡Corre, compadre! ¡Si ves la migra te escondes entre los arbustos hasta que pasen!"

"Sí, compadre. Tú sabes más de estas movidas. Es la primera vez que yo trato de cruzar."

"Bueno, pos no te me vayas a rajar, ¿he? ¡Aguanta vara!"

"Las que no aguantan vara son mis patas, compadre. Las ampollas ya me tronaron y creo que otras nuevas están saliendo."

"¡Tú y tus patas! ¡Cuando ganemos hartos dolarucos te podrás comprar unas buenas chancas!"

Un sol ardiente más grande que nunca parecía perseguirlos en su camino.

"¡Tengo mucha sed, compadre! ¡Tengo el gáznate bien seco! Hemos caminado muchas horas y todavía no se devisa ni un rancho."

"Aguanta, compadre. ¡Mi amigo El Bolas dijo que por aquí hay un lugar donde podemos llegar!"

"¡Pos ojalá que sea pronto porque ya casi no puedo caminar!"

"¡Sentémonos un rato a descansar ahí en esas piedras!"

Antonio se recostó en el suelo mientras que Mariano se quitaba los destartalados zapatos que se habían acabado de romper.

"¡Caramba, compadre! ¡Cómo te apestan las patas!"

"Pos sí, compadre. Ya sabes, el polvo y el sudor... ¡No me digas que a ti no te apestan!"

"¡Pos sí! ¡Pero no tan gacho!" exclamó Antonio.

De sus labios partidos y resecos por el sol abrazador se abrieron algunos surcos al tratar inútilmente de sonreír. Dos pequeñas gotas de sangre brillante y espesa cayeron en sus roídos pantalones. Una mueca de dolor cruzó su rostro pero trató de disimular.

De pronto un grito espantoso salió de la garganta de Antonio: "¡Ay! ¡Hijo de la mañana! ¡Algo me mordió en una pierna!" Por entre el reseco y amarillento pasto una enorme culebra se deslizó sigilosamente perdiéndose entre las rocas.

"¡Fue esa víbora, compadre!"

Rápidamente Mariano le dobló el pantalón hasta la rodilla. Dos pequeñas marcas rojizas resaltaban en el tobillo de Antonio. Inmediatamente la pierna se empezó a hinchar ante el paso del veneno mortífero.

"Vamos, compa. ¡No te me rajes! ¡Sigamos caminando! Ya no tardamos en devisar el rancho que dijo tu amigo." Mariano ayudó a Antonio a ponerse de pie. Arrastrando la pierna que se entumecía más y más con cada segundo que pasaba, Antonio trataba de caminar. Un indescriptible dolor le recorría desde el tobillo hasta la espina dorsal. Un sudor copioso cubría su frente y la fiebre no se hizo esperar.

"¡Estás ardiendo, compadre!"

Antonio ya no contestó. Echando el pesado cuerpo de Antonio a sus espaldas, Mariano empezó a caminar penosamente tratando desesperadamente de llegar al rancho o algún lugar donde les pudieran ayudar. Volteó la vista hacia el horizonte. Un interminable pasto seco se recortaba a una distancia que parecía alargarse con cada paso que daba. El sol, como una llamarada, parecía ponerse más intenso y rojo.

Mariano sentía que ya no podía caminar más. El cuerpo de su compadre se hacía cada vez más pesado ante el sofocante calor y la falta de agua. Trataba de mantener el paso pero sus ojos cansados cubiertos de un polvo blanco se negaban a mantenerse abiertos. De pronto, Mariano sintió que el cuerpo de su compadre se aflojaba. Lentamente lo recostó en el suelo. Los ojos de Antonio estaban entrecerrados, parecía dormir. De sus labios reseco corría un hilillo de saliva pegajosa.

"¡Compadre! ¡Compadre! ¡Contéstame, no seas gacho!"

Antonio ya no contestó. . . su pierna hinchada, amoratada y calenturienta mostraba los efectos del veneno del bicho.

Con lágrimas que brotaban desde el fondo de su corazón, Mariano tuvo que abandonar el cuerpo de su amigo.  
"¡No te vayas a ir a ningún lado! ¡Aquí me esperas! ¿He? ¡Ya regresaré con ayuda!"

Un silencio sepulcral acompañado de un viento caliente fue su respuesta.

Mariano llevaba varias horas caminando sin saber a donde se dirigía.

"¡No veo ningún rancho! ¿Esto es 'el otro lado'? ¿Aquí voy a comprar una trocota como la del Ramiro? ¿Aquí voy a ganar hartos dolarucos? . . . ¿comprar unos zapatos? . . . mis patas. . . mis ampollas. . . mis escuincles. . . mi vieja. . . mi casita. . . los sicarios. . . co-mi-da . . . a-gua . . . com-pa-dre, es-pé-ra-me, no te va-yas a ir . . . ¡a-cuér-da-te que es-ta-mos jun-tos en las bue-nas y las ma-las! . . ."

Algo brillaba en la distancia bajo los rayos del sol. El rancho, dando grandes zancadas, corrió hacia donde provenía el resplandor. ¿Será algo valioso? ¿Quizás a alguno de los ilegales o los coyotes que les ayudan a cruzar por aquí se le cayó un reloj o algo de valor!

Un perro negro, esquelético y lastimero comía algo ávidamente . . .

El gringo apresuró el paso. Al acercarse al lugar donde provenía el resplandor, un olor nauseabundo hirió lo más profundo de sus pulmones. Con su mano descolorida se cubrió la boca y la nariz para evitar un líquido amarillento que lentamente subía por su laringe y amenazaba con hacer erupción. Sus ojos se abrieron desmesuradamente ante el espectáculo que se le presentó: el perro golosamente comía el brazo de un hombre. La pierna izquierda, desgarrada y cubierta de sangre, tenía la mitad carcomida. El pie derecho dejaba ver unas ampollas regordetas de las que brotaba un líquido amarillento. Por entre la camisa vieja y rota asomaba un crucifijo que lanzaba destellos furiosos bajo los rayos del sol. Los ojos pardos, sin vida del hombre se encontraban fijamente abiertos hacia el cielo como tratando de perseguir desesperadamente la vida que se le había escapado. Su cuerpo encorvado parecía formar un signo de interrogación.

## **AZAHARES 2014 - CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS**

SUBMISSION DEADLINE: JANUARY 18TH, 2014

All written submissions must be primarily in Spanish, or if in English, they must thematically reflect Latino culture. All artwork and photography must reflect the culture of the Spanish-speaking world. All works will be edited for correct grammar and punctuation.

General Submission Requirements and Guidelines:

- Each author or artist may submit up to three of his/her works for publication.
- Each author or artist must submit a 60 word biography in Spanish, written in 3rd person and saved as a Word document.

All submissions must be emailed to [mary.sobhani@uafs.edu](mailto:mary.sobhani@uafs.edu) with AZAHARES 2014 as the Subject Line. All submission packets must include the Submission Form with a valid signature.

Poetry Submission Requirements:

- Poems must be submitted in the page layout intended for publication.
- 100-line maximum per poem
- Save as .doc or .docx file

Prose Submission Requirements:

- 3,500 maximum word count
- Save as .doc or docx file

Artwork/Photography Submission Requirements:

- Color and black-and-white submissions are accepted.
- Indicate medium used (watercolors, oils, digital photography, etc.)
- Save as .jpg file, with as high a resolution as possible (between 300 and 1200 dpi)

Anticipated publication date for the next edition of *Azahares*, is Spring 2014.

# SUBMISSION FORM

2014

## Artist/Author Information:

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

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Submission #2	
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Along with this form and the works listed above, please include a 60-word biography for our contributor's page, written in 3rd person, in Spanish. Please send all information to [mary.sobhani@uafs.edu](mailto:mary.sobhani@uafs.edu).

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María Acevedo was born in Chihuahua, Mexico. She graduated Summa Cum Laude with a BA in Spanish Literature from the University of Central Oklahoma. She obtained her Master's degree in Spanish Literature from the University of Oklahoma. She is currently working on her Ph.D. in Latin-American studies with a minor in Anthropology at the University of Oklahoma. Her area of interest is in neopolicial novel, Latin-America 20th and 21 first century and creative writing. She has written many short stories and is working on her first novel.

Martha Bieber, cuyas acuarelas muestran escenas de la vida de Bolivia, vivió por varios años en Cochabamba, ciudad andina. Sus pinturas intentan representar el ambiente y la cultura rural de Bolivia. Originaria de Costa Rica, la vida la ha llevado desde Cartago, su ciudad natal, hasta Paraguay; desde El Salvador hasta Fort Smith, Arkansas donde ahora reside.

Marta Bran es nacida en Honduras y trabaja en la Universidad de Arkansas – Fort Smith. Se siente muy honrada de pertenecer a este hermoso, gran y exitoso equipo, su posición una de las más importantes: trabaja en el área de limpieza. Disfruta y ama su trabajo. Que Dios bendiga a todo el personal que trabaja en UAFS.

Andrea Lucas, estudiante subgraduada de la Universidad de Arkansas – Fort Smith, estudió español en Costa Rica durante el verano del 2012. Con sus fotografías, desea capturar la esencia de la magnífica naturaleza tica.

Michael M. Pacheco's debut novel, *The Guadalupe Saints*, was published by Paraguas Books in April 2011 and recently won Second Place in the 2012 International Latino Book-to-Movie Awards. His poetry has appeared in "200 New Mexico Poems." His novella, "Seeking Tierra Santa," was released in May 2011. He has been published in *Southwestern American Literature*, *The Gold Man Review*, *Foliage Oak Literary Magazine*, *Boxfire Press*, *The Acentos Review*, *Red Ochre Press*, *Label Me Latina*, *VAO Publishing - Along the River II*, *St. Somewhere Journal*, and *AirplaneReading* (twice).

Hannah Richmond, originaria de Fort Smith, Arkansas, estudió psicología y español en la Universidad de Arkansas – Fort Smith y se graduó en 2012. Ahora viaja por el mundo en servicio de la humanidad y con su arte deja volar la fantasía. Ahora reside en Bangkok, Tailandia. Véase <https://www.facebook.com/WhimWonderment>.

José Santillán es estudiante en la Universidad de Arkansas -- Fort Smith. Nació y vivió en México

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Andrés C. Salazar es profesor de investigación en la Universidad de Nuevo México de Albuquerque. Nacido en la región nortea de Nuevo México, vive en Santa Fe y actualmente está como instructor visitante en Southern Methodist University de Taos.

Jennifer Wilburn es estudiante de posgrado en Duke University y UNC-Chapel Hill trabajando para ganar maestrías de divinidad y trabajo social respectivamente. Se graduó de Rice University con su carrera en los estudios hispanos y la sociología. Trabaja ahora por La Red de Defensa de Trabajadores Agrícolas (Farmworker Advocacy Network) y sus estudios se enfocan en la migración.

Abigail "Abby" Whittemore estudia medios de comunicación en la Universidad de Arkansas - Fort Smith y espera ser reportera de televisión algún día. Es originaria de McAllen, Texas, y recibirá su licenciatura en mayo de 2013. Planea adquirir fluidez en español para poder trabajar como reportera en cualquier parte del país, preferiblemente en Miami.



LA VECINDAD  
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