

## Living with Shadows

Birds are singing as they have  
every day since spring.  
The river lazes downstream brown from rain.  
They all say whoever lives here  
lives in Paradise.  
I've made the best of it  
but the summer is short-lived.  
Already the sunflowers turn face down,  
I think of fall and the chill river winds.  
A large moth settles on my forehead.  
I will not make it move.

—Pablo Medina, *Archiving into the Afterlife*

## Paraíso

*after Pablo Medina*

Every day the birds sing my arrival.  
4:30 AM: the river murmurs *alba*.  
This May's visit Paradise.  
A hummingbird whirs the morning's fragrance.  
I have made more than dreamed  
crowded pages, disappearing ink  
(throat ruby, hands blue keys).  
The wilted purple gems have lost their bright charms.  
I sense the summer's hot light and the river's sharp golden glint.  
A broken spade leans against the lichen-speckled pine.  
An extra line: *Se acabará*. It will end.  
I will not move. I will let it heal in the shadows.

—Fred Arroyo, *Sown in Earth: Essays of Memory and Belonging*