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## The Brown-Eyed Woman in San Martin

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Judith Boogart *The Brown-Eyed Woman in San Martin*

I stroll past the face of this block hut  
flooded with dimness, just going about my business,  
and see the woman at the work table  
tortilla dough in hand.  
I am the visitor, ambling down these barrio alleys  
just a tourist, another woman  
watching as an outsider watches: how far to the car,  
to the guest house, to safety. She is small:  
she dips into the doughy mass, pats it into smooth rounds.  
Tired-eyed, hopeless,  
she looks right at me, she says nothing, wipes the cornmeal  
from her face.

My friends are with me in a circle, bold with uneasiness,  
smiling as she does not smile. It is not comfortable  
to look into those eyes. I am thinking about  
the mothers and what they said to us  
about the soldiers. We listened carefully, the way  
children do to ghost stories told  
in a darkened attic. Midwinter, 1991,  
and I have traveled far to see her.  
Here is the woman.  
Here are my sorry tears.