The Brown-Eyed Woman in San Martin

Judith Boogart
Grand Valley State University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1994/iss1/13

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@GVSU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Amaranthus by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks@GVSU. For more information, please contact scholarworks@gvsu.edu.
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
and I have traveled far to see her.
Here is the woman.
Here are my sorry tears.

The bombing had begun again
front exchanging fire from rim to rim
in the city. The rains hadn't come yet,
at midnight, the dry heat radiated from
block, wood, tin, cardboard and black ravinage like jungle vegetation.

Evelita retreated from the door,
screamed overhead to land on the
tremors seconds after the explosion
seemed to be slowing, and she turned
her. His white shirt glowed dimly in
sploths and his arm hanging at a

"Miguel," she whispered. "We
Rogilio's cousin slowly shook

An hour ago, when Rogilio had him, she had left her children and
Rogilio who had always helped the
husbands disappeared; and it was he
had pulled her husband's mangled
dump. It was her chance to help his
than her basic health training could.

Evelita turned to the doorway:
Nothing. No movement, no light. R
s to Miguel and wrapped his good arm

"Come," she breathed, urging
feet. "Come!" she whispered again
the doorway into the black night. K
shuffled past the huddled houses, b
up toward the railroad tracks along
staccato burst of machine gun fire

"Shouldn't... go up there." he s
looking...."

"Sh! We must get you to the h
ear in the alley by the train tracks.

Miguel hung back, but Evelita u
up the rutted alley, sliding past the
whimpered and mothers prayed in
dump near the riverbed grew fainter
as they approached the top of the ravine.
Please, God, let Rogilio be waiting

They stopped in the shadows c
along them were still working, and
against the wall, and she motioned