

La Tristeza

Running my hand
across an
old walnut desk,
old as Spanish I,
old as love,
old as life,

as I used to run
my hands over you,
I decide:
no more pleas
no more cries.

The bull has gored
the matador.
She cannot bow.
There is no graceful exit.

The pain in her side...
Esta es la vida.

Play with ice,
Watch the world
Catch on fire.

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