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Corte el Pasto/Cut the Grass

Lorna Van Gilst
Dordt College

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Corte el Pasto/Cut the Grass

Lorna Van Gilst

Unruly tufts of green
 erupt in Lupe's yard—
Slender spears reach tall,
 then wave and fold
 into the wind,
and bounce upright
 in happy leaps of spring.

But Lupe's *el casero gringo*
comes to Lupe's house and says,
"Lupe, cut the grass.
Don't you know? I want
to sell the house."

Lupe says, "*Si*, okay,"
and gets into her car
and goes to work—
all night she scrubs and sweeps.
As morning dawns, she falls
into her bed and sleeps all day
until the buzz of mowing
breaks her peace.

Then *el casero* says again,
"Lupe, cut the grass.
Who will buy a house
with waving grass?"
Lupe just says, "Sorry,"
and goes off to work.

But three days later
Lupe finds a curious flower
growing in her yard,
dark-stemmed,
with one white bloom:

"This area
treated
chemically.
Keep off."

Lupe steps inside and goes to sleep.