

Virgil Suárez



## En el Jardín de los Espejos Quebrados

CALIBAN CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF HIS REFLECTION

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To call a man a beast, one must see into his heart,  
This much he knows is true in this garden of shadow  
And light. When he cuts through it, leaving tracks

On the bone-white sands, he often stops to catch  
His breath, rest from the days delivery of wood  
To the old man's house. He thinks of the old man's

Daughter, her dove-sift hands, the way she'll smile  
Up at her dresser mirror, as if she knows this secret  
Of slatted images on a pond's surface. He haunches

Close to the ground, where the warmth from the day's  
Heat coils about his naked, swollen feet. He feels  
His scarred face, his empty promise of healing.

*Yo soy el hombre sin rumbo, el hombre en la tinieblas*  
*De los días y las noches . . .* aimless and uprooted,  
The way a porpoise frolics on the crest of the waves,

A manatee's weight sinks it into the wavering penumbra  
Of a river's depth. Fourteen scars on his scalp, his fingers  
Know the story, each welt, the piece of his right ear

Missing, sliver of cartilage, a nose broken too often.  
How could he be the man in love with such a woman?  
"¿Por qué no?" he calls out. In this island of all things

broken, shifted, he isn't the only one damaged by history,  
by the way storms surge and ravage, uprooted Royal  
Palms everywhere, roof shingles like buried hands,

So red, so blue, to call this man a beast you must bow.

