

What Remains

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A failed system, flimsy demagogues,
A papier maché suit, a pouted grin,
The orange-faced piñata waving flaccidly in the wind.

What remains



Among the rubble is the twisted rebar,
A constant carving out of the land,
A history buried and unburied, placed against a blaring sky,
Shiny glass is blinding.



Sites revisited remain like ghosts in our minds.
A city once known becomes unknown to the returning native.
There are changes that are good,
But displacements and disfigurements leave behind a trail of carnage.

What remains



A cold chill, a flattened box,
A dusty flip-flop atop the guts of a shattered television set,
Smog-blackened dwellings cobbled together with strings and tarps.
The shame of forced public squattings.

What remains



There are black marble pools that reflect a glittering ceiling.
Monuments of bronze and concrete,
Flapping flags among the palm trees and the desert landscaping,
A contrast to the misguided tropical foliage of the past.

What remains



The murder here has lost its frenzy,
It's taken on the institutionalized pace of bureaucracy;
Suffocated protestations, unavoidable shocks and shots.
On the cinema screen a series of pictures are seen.



A concrete column.
A fluid bordering wall.
A revitalized façade.
A squashed moccasin.

