

God in the Waters

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God is in the waters. These same poisoned waters where the cows lean down to drink and the children bathe, splash, and play among themselves. I join their games, but I do not now know the language or my voice is so rusty now that my movements are only the creakings of a tired gate, leading nowhere.

The bus creaks irregularly as it winds its way down to the river, down into the lowlands. On the way back, we stop at a roadside stand and my brother and my sister bring back a clear plastic bag, caña they say, cut machete fresh. My teeth tear into the center and there is joy again, on my hands, in a laugh, and in rolling windows down freely on such a day. Waiting patiently within the rock dry shell, here, hope does flow and we smile at my first taste of sugarcane and God is in the waters.