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# Comiendo un Mango en Bolivia / Eating A Mango In Bolivia

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## Eating A Mango In Bolivia

We are sitting on the corner and  
it's hot.

We are dusty,  
                  tired,  
                  happy.

Two for one boliviano,  
we enter into your  
yellow, green,  
red, white, and blue  
skin.

Color of sand,  
The Yungas spilling over with life,  
Color of Chilean marvels,  
Color of people.

Slowly,  
We peel you  
and bite into your flesh-  
juicy,  
sticky,  
wet.

And the nectar of your  
intoxicating body  
covers our chins  
and cheeks,  
running from our palms  
to our elbows.

Where drops of your  
blood  
fall  
into the mouth of  
Pachamama.

We leave the corner  
and we are dustier,  
happy, alive.

Pregnant  
with your seed  
in our hands  
your soul growing  
inside of us.

## Comiendo un mango en Bolivia

Sentamos en la esquina y  
está caloroso.

Estamos polvorosas,  
                  cansadas,  
                  alegres.

Dos por un boliviano,  
entramos en tu cascara-  
amarillo, verde,  
rojo, blanco azul.

Color de arena,  
Los Yungas rebosando de vida,  
Color de las maravillas chilenas,  
color de gente.

Te pelamos lentamente  
y mordamos tu carne-  
jugosa,  
pegajosa,  
mojada.

Y el jugo de tu  
cuerpo embrigadora  
nos cubre las barbillas  
y mejillas,  
corriendo de las palmas  
hasta los codos,

Donde gotas de tu  
sangre  
cayen  
a la boca de la Pachamama.

Nos vamos de la esquina y  
estamos mas polvorosas,  
vivas, alegres.

Embarazadas  
con tu semilla  
en nuestras manos,  
tu alma creciendo  
por dentro.

-Janet Perles