Trip to Guatemala

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The Daughter Talks, the Tourist Listens

Every morning our mother ties our braids all up with multicolored ribbons and all you want most of you is to take our pictures. Buy something from us! After all, our mother, she does nothing but sit all day in the market with the other sisters and brothers 5 or 6 of them selling oranges and watermelon slices. All she wants is to give, money to the church. To put up a little cross

Félix Quiéju Culan
Pedro Dominican Vasques
Edad
45 años
nació
el mes
de noviembre
1945
Ave María
and our christs and three kings sometimes wear towels and scarves for shawls
to be better dressed 
for our funerals 
as we sing 
carrying the coffin 
of the recent government 
victim out and we would also 
like to play 
basket 
ball 
please señorita 
 can't you help us at all?
And the Other Daughter Talks,
And the Tourist
Though Squirming
Still Listens

...our brother
  he sits in the streets
  surrounded by
  firewood
  trying to sell
and our grandmother
she sits barefoot
swollen foot
on her knees
blanket/cloth
folded across her head
selling bananas
but she is too old
and nobody buys from her
please señorita
  can you give us nothing at all?
and our youngest -- he sits in
the dock with protruded belly and fever
begging for peanuts and galeterias
and we go to the hang out
  of the smoking and drinking god
the goddess his partner
  has another shrine
  which is secret
and all of us will laugh at you, our hands
over our smiling mouths
and we won’t tell you anything at all
and we litter the streets on easter with flowers
mañana means, señorita
tomorrow will be better, even if today you were
sick and disturbed and ill
agitated by our disaster.

-Batya Weinbaum