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Going to Market

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From: Christopher Robley <crobley@richmond.edu>
Subject: Going to Market
Sent: February 12, 2000, 10:16 am
To: Messenger <messenger@richmond.edu>
Cc: Zinc Design <etownsend@zincdesign.com>

*A long-tired snake
of a road routed around
the mountain pass between
San Pieta and the broadcast center.*

*Sent a **aldea por viveres**,
I talked my way aboard
the bed of a rusting truck, the only
White among paper faced women,
wrinkled like their brown bags
brimmed over with ripe mangos.*

*I made faces at a little boy across
who, clinging to his mother, seemed satiated despite malnourishment.
He slid between her knees, curled
his tongue out, and giggled
his eyes back at me.*

*The dirt rouge reddened in her cheeks
and she grasped the child's elbow
like a finger vice, yelled quick Spanish
that flew by me.*

*In the hurried moment, her brown bag
lost equilibrium and somersaulted over
her arms. Hopping against the bed-gunnels.
Smashing under the tires.*

*The passengers all looked with familiar
horror as broken mangos sputtered in
the dirt or soaked up mud from tire ruts.
Already ahead of them lay a hundred or so
oranges that had rotted into the road
and spread stale citrus into the air.*

*The truck began to bounce. We turned
our faces inward, grasping tight what was
in our hands.*



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