

# mOthertongue

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## Resaca

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# Jacob Carter

## Resaca

La mirada de un ojo sensual  
me capta por un momento  
reciclada y maltratada  
partida por la mitad y aleteando en el viento  
granos de la arena entre los pies  
y desesperación entre las piernas  
quedándose en las sombras  
en los rincones o en edificios de cemento destartalados  
desmigajada, erosionada, curtida  
desquerida pero valiosa  
sin protección ante los elementos de la calle  
y ante miradas  
como la mía.

Prefiere la noche y la libertad  
entra y sale por las puertas de los coches  
y entra y sale de la conciencia  
sus curvas son la costa  
la marea sus visitantes  
cálidos y salados  
difíciles de mantener  
agarrándose de cualquier cosa  
arrastradas por la resaca  
y abandonados en la orilla  
tosiendo piel y hueso  
y sangre y arena  
esperando el cambio  
de la marea.

## Resaca

The look of a sensuous eye  
captures me for a moment  
recycled and abused  
torn in half and left flapping in the wind  
grains of sand between feet  
and despair between legs  
staying in the shade  
in the corners or in rundown cement buildings  
crumbling, eroding, weathered  
unwanted but valuable  
exposed to the elements of the street  
and to looks  
such as mine.

Preferring the night and freedom  
passing in and out of car doors  
and in and out of consciousness  
her curves are the coast  
the tide her visitors  
warm and salty  
hard to hold on to  
grasping at anything  
but swept away in the undertow  
and left on shore  
coughing up skin and bone  
and blood and sand  
waiting for the turn  
of the tide.