

Virgil Suárez

## HUSK LOGIC

Sometimes words are brittle,  
too dry to make use of them.

Except my mother who believes  
in the word *husk*, that part  
of the corn everyone discards,  
but which she uses to make  
delicious tamales. Stuffed husks  
with corn meal, pork rind,  
boiled and softened, this sheath  
she pulls each time to expose  
gold kernels, juicy and yellow.  
Heavenly mixing of garlic,  
olive oil ... sometimes a word  
like husk drops at your feet,  
lays there, crackles underfoot,  
speaks of hunger and yearning.

You can trample it, or ignore  
it but soon you will be buried  
to your knees in husk and memory.