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Mercado nro 1 de Surquillo

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Mercado nro 1 de Surquillo

Tia Diana fills her bag with strawberries,
mangos, *lúcuma*, and a pineapple.
Fuchsia cracks. I want her
to lick the pink off her teeth.
Tarantulas hide in between bananas;
occasionally, falling into baskets of
purple corn, limes, and carrots.
She haggles over bruised potatoes.

Around the corner,
lomo saltado on a street cart.
Sirloin and onion sweep
through the market, spicy.
We walk to the butcher's
to buy beef heart.

Chickens hang by their feet,
plucked and ready to be boiled.
The fattest roosters
have been sliced open,
but their stomachs, livers,
and intestines remain intact.
A severed pig's head side-eyes
customers as the butcher weighs
our meat.

She gives me slab
of pomegranate muscle to hold.
It sinks into my palms
like a cold ball of clay.
In crinkled paper,
blood organs soak.
Tonight, her dogs will fight
over the last piece of cartilage.

Under the blue sky, a brown-eyed girl
begs strangers for *soles*.
She is barefoot, and I wonder
if the hot pavement hurts
her feet. There is nothing
I can give her,
because this heart does not belong
to me.