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## Mercado nro 1 de Surquillo

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*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.