

## CELIANA

What happened to the days where I would turn away customers from lack of time in the day, rather than not being able to get Medéa, Mama Loa, out of the bedroom? Love tonics, libros oros, charms, would be walking out of the door. What happened to it all? I hear her voice echoing against these walls. (batters against a bookcase) Todo eso, all this wood vibrates with her pain. I hear her from my home. I hear her in my dreams. As I'm in the shower, it feels as though she's above me, crying down onto my body—bathing me in her tears. All the food made in el barrio tastes as sad as she is. Depressing, mourning, miserable. Every metal spoon stings the tongue. All the rice is soft and overcooked. Salchichas, scorching the mouth with peppers of blistering heat. All están salados con her salty tears. All the flavor left here is lost. I've never known what grief tastes like, and now it's infecting my every sense.<sup>3</sup>