

# Our Love on the Other Side of This Border

By Anaïs Deal-Márquez

Maybe I would have seen you trip  
over the steps in the patio in between  
classes, or we would have met on the  
soccer field covered in mud and you  
would have asked my name, that crooked  
smile spreading from your eyes to your  
mouth. Maybe I would have laughed.  
Maybe, we would have had a nieve in the  
plaza, and you would have held my hand  
after folklórico or at a fandango where I  
was learning to dance faster than my  
adrenaline. Maybe, you would have given  
me a bouquet of mango con chile y limón,  
or elote con queso and we'd count all the  
ways cuetes go off in this pueblo, and would  
walk the feria at night wrapped up in blankets  
drinking atole. Maybe, we would have fought  
over the meaning of God, maybe, that danzón  
after drinking the toritos would have made me  
cry. Maybe, I would have broken your heart over  
a plate of tamales and ponche, or maybe you  
would have cut me off with a joke. But maybe  
this land would have been large enough for our  
hearts to grow, the sun would feel different on  
our skin and the mercados with the viejitas  
would give a calmer pace to our lives. Maybe our  
cuts would be different here, with enough  
medicina to move through salt water. Maybe our  
roots would allow our bones to be enough.

Source: *Poetry* (March 2020)