

Octavio Quintanilla

## Tell Them Love Is Found

Tell your mother all about us, and tell  
Your brothers too, the two who hate me  
And the one who takes your lipstick  
From your purse when he thinks no one watches.  
I see him touching his face in the black coffee,  
Staring into his own eyes like a lover into those of the beloved.  
He loves himself. So what?  
He will love a man. So what?  
No one needs to know about him,  
Not your brothers, not your father, not your mother  
Who disappears a little more each day  
Into the dirty pans, into the orange flame  
That rises from the stove  
After all forgiveness is wiped clean.  
But tell her about us.  
Tell her to tell your father  
And to tell your brother who's in love with me  
And the other two who want to cut my eyes out  
With a piece of broken mirror.  
Assemble all of them like pieces of a puzzle,  
Even if you no longer know what it is  
You're assembling,  
And tell them.  
Tell them that I'll keep returning to this house  
And gently take what is no longer theirs.  
Tell them I'm afraid  
That they'll never miss us.