

from *Chocolate City Latina*  
By Esperanza Malàvé Cintron

**I DID NOT**

want to be like my mother  
forgetting  
and my daughter  
may not  
want to be like me  
remembering  
but, I can hope

**3/19/97**

On my way here  
I passed a dead cat  
striped gray fur  
squished in the road  
my effort to avoid him  
only added a wet  
red tire track to its flank  
and I thought of the pain  
I've endured knowing you