Ginen "aerial Roots"

Craig Santos Perez
ginen AERIAL ROOTS

[gui’eng : waterlines—
the lines of our palms—skin
chart to read blood currents—saina,
why have you given me these lines
do your palms mirror
mine, do the lines of your hull—

because this

[hígadu : is what we carry
to live in the memory
of those who don’t see us—
in our own—

is remembered we went to hagátña boat basin—small canoe—no outrigger—no sail—
the five of us—mr flores in another canoe alongside counting “hacha hugua tulu fatfat lima”—we repeat—we paddle—the current—our bodies aligned row—in the apparent wind—past the breakwater—past the reef—

[aga’ga’ : what we inherit
what is passed from
contours the lines
of the sakman

as [riñón : the saltwind trades
in things unknown and unpredictable—
even without the names of the stars in chamorro—
even when we lost
contact—it will never be too dark
for us to see—

hunggan hunggan hunggan magahet

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