

Countr(oversea)y

Raúl Güizzo

Gone away to Uruguay, Hudson's Purple Land,
to drink matés instead of lattés
and play fútbol instead of football.

My head rests on patriarchal roots
to absorb an ancestral past in osmosis breaths.
Sucking in Peñarol, Artigas y la parrillada
Spitting out Cowboys, Washington, and hotdogs

Are you just a place or a part of me?
If so, which part?
My legs? My head? My heart? My crotch?

Asking why of Uruguay, río de los pájaros pintados,
with a diasporic soul stretched thin across the hemispheres
and legs that strain to touch a toe to each shore.
The answers cannot be more than a foot away.