Mother and Son Discuss Politics

The boy who will die
watches his mother slap arepas
into hot oil. “Mamá, can you hear
the Revolution?” the boy asks.
He scratches the back of a mutt
at his feet, throws him a bone.

“Si, hijo,” she mumbles, spinning
the sizzling moons of corn.
The dog cracks his bone, loudly,
pries out the marrow in pieces.
The boy persists. “Will the Revolution
change our lives?” He sits on a chair
in front of the window. His mother stares
at his silhouette in the light.
“Doubtful,” she whispers.

She thinks her son should not ask
such questions. She starts to tell him so
and then the snicker of bullets.

—Trenton L. Hickman

“Mother and Son Discuss Politics” received honorable mention in the 1995 BYU Studies Poetry Contest.