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She awakes and, without opening her eyes, knows she is in the same bed. She lies with her head towards the *cordillera* ("To find east, find the mountains" they always told her), her face pointing south, her feet towards the sands of beaches, and her back to her past: north. She feels the weight of the multiple comforters that shields her from the cold of Chilean winters. A wiggle of her shoulder readjusts her protection. She wants to enjoy this moment a few minutes longer.

She smiles.

It takes little concentration for her to hear the whistle of the teapot announcing the new day. A few seconds later, she hears spoons clinking inside mugs: the ritual of Nescafé has begun. Another match is struck (the first was lit while she slept), the bread is sliced (*marraquetas*, as usual), then toasted on the stovetop. The morning conversations begin. The second cigarette is prepared (the first was lit while she slept), and the meditation—the ritual of breathing, almost ceremonial—continues. She hears the comforting laughter.

She smiles.

She wants to enjoy this moment a few minutes longer, and she does not budge her feet so as to not to dislodge the *guatero* that kept her so warm the night before. She wonders if her bedroom door is open, supposing it's not, because the family cat is not lain atop her feet. She digs her fingers into her pillow, presses her face against the pillow case to record in her memory its texture, its smell.

She no longer smiles.

Something has changed. It is not the same scent of sun-dried fabrics, nor the same silky sensation of bedclothes used time and again.

With her brow scrunched and her eyes shut tight, fearful and stubborn, she realizes the smell tells of Target and Downy. The tips of her fingers tell her these bedclothes are new. She readjusts her shoulder, now realizing her comforters are lighter than before. She moves her feet—and does not feel the now-cold rubber of a once-hot water bottle from the night before. Had she dreamt the cigarette, the laughter, the coffee, mugs, and toast? She stretches her right hand forward, and instead of feeling a wall, she grasps at air. She lays on her back and, without opening her eyes, feels that her feet are pointing south, and her head, north.

Now her face scrunches in confusion and sadness. The corners of her mouth stretch south. Her eyebrows form north-facing angles. She inhales slowly and her nostrils draw breath from her memory, the south, as her tears fall towards the earth, without north, without south. Though sobbing, she refuses to open her eyes, because the suspicion of coffeepots and toasters, of heaters and electric stoves would stop being suspicions. For one second longer, she manages to convince herself that her tears fall towards Chile, and not towards the earth of the United States. During that second, the sadness and nostalgia lessens, and once again, she smiles.