

[that]

that on skype for weeks u were online
with the *mood message* *all good* that

that picture of you on the road
the blood and the dust on facebook
people *liked it*

that your number still in my phone
under an inca dove that it was
casi instantáneamente
that that machine like a big oops
barely dented right side up

that you *impinged against* a hill
and i thought how you often stood
half here and half there or looking
for someone to tell you rock forward or
back now something

that you sent me that email
11:05am last lines *talk to you soon*

that you took the tour for your son
in his last days here the seventeen year old
the one who was depressed
it has been boring for him probably
with the old man and playing basketball

that you were depressed

that you drove to mismaloya left turn
onto that road beige wheat and fawn
dust trees and river trickle past the *zoológico*
restaurant rebar and cracked tiles
pipe and tattered curtain to *el edén*

that there is a helicopter and pictures of
arnold schwarzenegger and bill duke
that you had lunch

that you could have had a drink also
but with your son i do not believe
you would have been drunk that

you were driving *sin precaución alguna*
including *a full turn of the type spinning top*

that you were told *but continued to drive*
alocadamente that you would not stop

that that is detailed in the newspaper article
too thoroughly what i know

that you had never driven so with me

that you were trying to cheer up your son
impress him maybe that
i want to have been there
to see and to know that i believe
if i had seen i would know that that

is the first thing that occurs to me
before could i have stopped it

that it was the eighteenth of february

that the newspapers published those pictures
and with exclamation marks that
some were not sorry to see
the violent demise of another
presumably loud reckless gringo

that your chest your neck and the back of your
head dark with thick dark blood and the road
with your jagged half shadow

that that man said that about your eyes
and his own lit up to talk about it until
he stopped then dimmed them

that i examined those pictures
what does that mean and that
i can't be like that other woman
she wants to pretend you
died in your sleep or knitting that

once you said we are just bodies once you said that

that you hit a *paredón del cerro* that
a little in front of where your body lay
un vehículo bugí tipo arenero tubular de color azul
con placas de circulación JHY-6491
from where a wild horse used to work
basillo badillo colonia emiliano zapata

that i compare the pictures seeing
in one the water bottle in one the blue tarp
the orange backpack in one
you are covered with the striped towel
in others the white sheet in some you are

uncovered in all you are wearing flip flops
that they were not like your son *thrown clear*

that my last skype message to you

quote of the night goes to des' brother
"this is stupid almost" good night chimp

that you were already dead

that you were the only one who would watch
the bachelor with me

that you *were killed* on a monday that
it was passive like that first time a yogi said it
and did not say how
how being what i wanted to know
through the waiting for that information

to drop like coconuts also it was
wednesday what happened to
tuesday and why do a *tlacuache* and the rest
know and not me and i had no
feeling something was wrong either

that a yogi was crying
that i did not then also
i did not want to hug anyone
i did not want anyone to hug me
i went straight home to google those
pictures they said do not
google those pictures

that i see you around town
casi inmediatamente
the back of your head and i have to
swing around in the bus
or on the street to check

that i threw away those things of yours
after that fight by the river pillow t shirt
bug spray toothpaste the little brown
buddha bear bagged and tossed
bottom of the alley past the three dogs

that if i'd known two months later

that i would have told you to wear sneakers
and pause tie the shoelaces take your time

check the lock or eat another bowl
of cereal or don't check the lock eat none

[tongue]

remember in any case what do we mean
ever well
after your death some people said

must have been your *time* they said
everything happens for a reason
they used expressions like *passing away*
some mentioned *deceased pets*

but where did all the blood come from
the blood and the dust
casi instantáneamente
what that means also

you were forty seven

and it was not an *incident*
last time i saw you the river not forgotten
but *historical* where the red
checkered concrete flows onto the cracked
grey we joked about my jogging and
i shook your son's hand while thinking
should have just said hey

i wrote my will it's on the dresser
face up with candle holders listen

no one is carting my ashes anywhere
and there will be no wake where a crazed shrink
gets up and gives speeches for example
only in mexico 'eh and
that's the thing about being dead
ain't got nothing to say
a yogi said you were speaking
from the grave but i couldn't
hear it and in any case a yogi one morning
talking up a taco lunch next thing
burning to mazatlán la paz cabo words
are behind in registering *at least you*

died this way and that but
we don't know that why must they

tell such unpretty stories and as if they were
truth why must they come at me
with cats and dogs?

[rush]

how long must we wait before
wearing a dead man's clothes?

everyone has finished already
we are taking away the plates

sorry and yet i've heard it said
in death you *do not panic*
you aren't bombarded by images
but wait for what is going to happen

i tried to imagine it once re
the half drowned woman but couldn't
really and these scenarios

whirling flying grey slamming
metal and rubber waiting and then

casi instantáneamente what is *casi*

it's insufficient
none of this could have even been imagined

when i met you on the street
early evening and i was singing *lalala!*
and laughing and you were too

whereas there was often an apprehension to you
a mask of decisiveness with misgiving

underpinnings or
remembering how you'd catch me up
on *insurgentes* or wait on the corner
carranza i'll tell you what's real here it's

something pressing on my sternum won't quit
how to sit with it pure
waves of and islands and sure another

wave writing also is more of a dead thing
that keeps on after like i've heard brains do

i hoped you'd stay in the yellow house
but you bounced to that housesit
and the next we were drinking
from a paper cup i said
i am fine without sugar but you
searched your pockets and you did
come up with the little white packet

sunset in vallarta outside that new
argentinian restaurant where those
other people eat steaks sip red wine

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