

Sonrisa
Tiffany Chen

Gracias por compartir su alma bella. □
Thank you for sharing your beautiful soul.
I first met you as a patient, but we didn't speak the same language. □
When I asked you if you used alcohol, you answered with a big, crooked smile. □
That smile pulled me into your story. □
You couldn't walk, so we drove you on our bus a few hundred feet back to your home. □
We helped you up, and I sat with you. You said to me, ya no hay gente. □
At first, I was confused about what that meant. No more people? □
It was explained to me that you were trying to tell me you no longer felt like a person. □
Inside yourself. □
A piece of my heart crumbled. I had just met you, but I cried with you, □
because that is the plight of elderly people even in my own life. □
I understood. □
For the short week I was with you, I visited you every day, □
hoping some simple company might help brighten your soul. □
One day, you laughed and said, ya no soy ni hombre ni mujer. □
I am no longer man nor woman. But that is okay. □
We laughed so hard, we cried again together.
Le prometi que le voy a llevar en mi corazon. □
I promised her I would keep her in my heart. □