

Bianca Diaz

## **Finds**

I walked into my grandmother's dream,  
it's not uncommon, and saw her tearing  
envelopes open with a trowel. She reached  
into them and grabbed fistfuls of pollen.  
I worried about paper cuts but her skin  
remained undisturbed. She looked up at me  
and said, *elm, sorrel, willow, alder*  
in perfect English.

I awoke, intact, one hand on my chest,  
the other almost touching my hip.

When she returned from her last trip to Cuba,  
my grandmother didn't recognize my mother.  
She looked at her arms, where my mother was holding her,  
and said *todas son heridas nuevas*. A week later  
she told us the details: the remains  
of her street, more than a dozen tailless cats,  
rusted bicycles, her entire city an artifact.

Last night she walked into my dream, her arms folded  
across her chest, recording something  
in a notebook; maybe the frequency of rain  
of the appearance of tin or bronze.