

Cintia Santana

somehow

somehow, the whimbrel's wing joint heals

somehow, the airway in her daughter's lung begins to expand

the Río Grande, the same river crossed twice. somehow

he lives with the shooter's bullet still lodged in his heart

somehow, feathers

somehow, found

unharméd

the teacher, grief

somehow, she survives by hiding in a coffin

he crosses the minefield by stepping to the rhythm of anapests and amphibrachs

in a rustic wooden raft, to safety

unearthed, whole

then, a door. somehow

your breath, beside me once again