

# EL ROSARIO B

Arrest



Lupita took her eyes from Santiago to read the name of the victim.

As she registered the identity, she felt faint.

Her body tottered, and placing her right hand to her face she collapsed to the ground.

Roused by the strange sound of her falling, Santiago looked at his wife and picked her from the floor.

As he helped her to a chair, his dirty shoe trod on the paper, now also on the floor, across the word, the name he had written, the name:

Cesar.

He was a merry man was Faunio  
He was the old village shepherd  
His skin was dark and leathery  
his black wispy hair was fighting off grey  
and his moustache was tired and straggly  
like the rest of his ancient frame.

Faunio the storyteller to the children  
They loved the tales he told of  
Horseback days before the motor car.  
It seemed to them those days  
were full of riding and shouting  
but of course it was not so.

The old shepherd was also a  
Doomster - he enjoyed frightening  
everyone with his warnings of the end  
but most people just laughed at him  
One of his favorite pleas was

"I don't want  
to die  
before  
they've found  
all the answers"

He would explain that science

was solving everything today  
and he didn't want to miss anything  
in dying before all the answers were known.  
He repeated his wish endlessly  
and so some thought he might never die  
as surely never would all be known.  
Another subject he never tired of  
was "Who said who owns land?"  
It seemed to be beyond his comprehension  
and it seemed to annoy him constantly  
that land should be owned by anyone  
"Who says so?"  
"The Dagos family claim much of  
the land of El Rosario. Why?  
What have they done to own land?  
Inherited. They could give it back  
to the people. But they don't.  
Still, all will end, all will be changed."  
When this would end  
and what it would be changed into  
Faunio was very vague about  
He was only certain that it would happen  
"Soon the catastrophe will be upon us"  
Usually the children would dance around him

singing merrily, they loved him  
especially when he tried to frighten them.

Of all the animals in El Rosario  
none probably was more loved than Griselda  
She was a beautiful brown pig  
She appears to be 80 years old  
Her large rotund body perched  
on legs little more than feet  
swaying as she crosses the road  
that cuts through the village  
any passing cars have to slow  
stop and wait for her  
in our story from El Rosario  
she will lead Hepe and his friends  
by smell detected by her  
to the dead body in the canyon.

the sun  
the warmth  
the air conditioning  
the light  
the light of colors  
these were the ingredients

the contents of  
Arthur's penthouse suite  
in the Vacation Hotel  
in San Miguel's borders  
away from its  
sandy centro historico.  
Lord Arthur White  
aristocratic artistic  
aesthete layabout  
who lived only  
to love  
create happiness  
and respect God's life  
was in the company of  
Joanne Power  
beautiful brilliant  
devoted art agent  
to the late Cesar.  
She has just informed  
Arthur of Cesar's death  
Murder in a Mexican Village.  
Lord Arthur unmarried childless  
looks across at Joanne  
she too is unmarried childless

Could Arthur?  
forget the thought  
"I don't know what to do,"  
says Joanne  
"His show in Frisco has already  
begun."  
"What is the show?" asks Arthur.  
"Oh it's a vast magnificent thing.  
Giant paintings suspend in the  
middle of the galleries  
There are video installations  
texts projected on the walls  
and of course there is his music."  
"What is the whole thing called?"  
"Chance and Indeterminacy."  
"Ah yes I remember him  
telling me about those matters.  
The strangest things fascinated him."  
"Should I tell people in the States  
of his death, his murder?"  
"I don't think so.  
We must protect the Rosarians  
from invading media.

As it is so remote here  
we may be able to keep  
the affair contained within  
El Rosario and San Miguel  
at least."

Joanne bows her head  
and weeps.

"Don't do that Joanne.

Frank would not have wanted it.

You know he was quite philosophical  
about death."

"Yes, I know, but I'm not."

"He thought death the fulfillment of life.

Not to be over-feared

Nor avoided at all costs."

"You're right, Arthur, I'm sorry.

But what am I to do.

I'll miss him.

I'll miss hearing him  
seeing his arms form shapes  
as he speaks.

I shall miss his mind  
his unique mind

oh, there's such a hole,  
a big great big hole."

"I understand" commiserated Arthur.

The furniture seemed to stretch  
them away from each other.

Joanne appeared as an astral form  
encircled by another galaxy

his mind seemed out of his body

Her face lifted up

as she asked through unmoved lips

"Who was he to you?"

Arthur blacked out the woman

before him and spoke as to

a theatre beyond the room

"This may be a shock to you

but Cesar del Mundo

was Frank Browning,

my half-brother.

He was always Frank something

to me before El Rosario.

The Rosarians gave him the

nickname because he came

to them from the outside

world and was to them a

god a master a Cesar.  
It was clever of him to adopt  
it as his artist name  
very effective especially  
as I recall he often joked  
that he wanted his epitaph  
to read:

Veni videoed vici

I came, I videoed, I conquered.

Oh yes he was a clown too.

But Frank Butler

Frank White

Frank Browning

these were his other persona  
his other names, identities  
but I knew him all his life  
and knew so little of him  
He hid a great deal.  
Like all his kind  
he lived in his own mind.  
He did try to communicate  
that mind to others  
through his art  
that was what art was to him

"fun and communication" he  
would say "with intimations  
of eternity, fun and sharing."  
We shared the same mother  
but not the other partner.  
Mother's maiden name was Butler.  
She married my father, Lord White  
which encouraged silly jokes  
about gentry marrying staff  
and I was born  
heir to Westwich.  
Some other took my mother  
and Frank was born.  
My father coped by suggesting  
Frank be brought up by  
mother's friend, Lady Margaret  
Browning; and so Frank  
born Butler moved  
from White to Browning.  
He was devoted to Lady Margaret  
and used her surname  
for official purposes.  
She and her husband  
could never have children.

They lived in Westwich Lodge  
on the Worthshire estates.  
Quite a spacious place  
timber & wattle, cottage garden  
thatch the lot and a gate.  
Lovely. As an American  
I think you'd call it enchanted.  
As it is. As was our life.  
Frank and I were close  
He was always the dreamer,  
the artist, the storyteller  
he used to reenact movies  
for me  
When I stayed with him  
he would sing me to sleep  
with tales he invented  
as he lay his head on the pillow.  
Most extraordinary - now I shall miss him.”

Chita is in her bedroom in the Hacienda del Rosario.

Conchita Dagos, 20 years old, only daughter of Syeno and Marietta, pretty, black curly hair, soft brown eyes and a peach mouth - just a lovely girl

Lovely inside too. She is in her room that is all rose and lemon coloured, lace and cotton, dressing table arranged with perfumes, armchairs, stands with books she enjoys classic literature Italian Spanish Dante Sor Juana English French Dickens Flaubert whose Madame Bovary she admires for the style of the writing and takes warning from the moral of the story

"I will never let boredom lead me astray" being one of Chita's mottoes.

She is feeling sad about the passing of Cesar - her Uncle Cesar as he was known to her - she thinks

"Oh why did he have to die now? I can't understand it. He was only 50. He had so much more to do. At his peak. To have his life stolen. Oh why now? I can't bear it"

and she sinks into one of the armchairs, stroking her eyes with her right hand's forefinger and thumb.

She stops her thoughts and sobs.

Gradually her sobs quieten and she remembers

She goes back 5 years to the sunny times when she and Chito would meet up on Saturday mornings, sunny dry brilliant dusty Saturday mornings when they would smile into each other's face become as suns to each other and run hurry fly to Cesar's villa along the dry path over the loose stones to the edge of the village just as the land begins to rise there's the gate through running to make a noise calling his name wanting him to know they are arriving up to the open window round to the open door

"Cesar! Cesar! Uncle Cesar! We're here! Hallo! Good Morning Uncle Cesar! Say hallo to us, please!!"

He would appear in the house. Cesar del Mundo. Frank Browning really, the Englishman: Frank Browning through Frank White to Frank Butler but to the El Rosarians their Cesar.

The Rosarians had christened him Cesar the white conqueror from the outside world come to their village to spread light and knowledge.

And their Cesar was a very learned man. He seemed to know nearly everything and because of this appealed to the eager Faunio in particular. Faunio always spoke well of Cesar.

But here stands Cesar before the youthful teenagers Chito and Chita:

"My joys! My sweethearts! Come in. Would you like something to drink? To sit outside? How are you? What have you been doing? Tell me all about it? Thank you for visiting me! My sweethearts! My joys! My joys!"

Cesar is not very tall - medium height - but he is broad stocky and slim waisted - his hair is cropped short - he wears a white tee-shirt with usually some sports ball or bat on it - cotton coloured loose shorts - bare feet in open sandals - he smells sweet

"Oh I do like your scent Uncle Cesar" declares Chita.

"A little duty free gift to myself. Would you like some?"

"Oh please may I? thank you"

Conchita feels better in her room as she recalls those Saturday matinee visits to Uncle Cesar's house

Sitting in the garden on the old white plastic chairs at the matching round table with the unstable blue & white cotton parasol in its centre towering and teetering over their heads

Pale watery lemonade served in glass beakers

Ice cubes tinkling musically

Talking with Cesar was never difficult

One only had to smile and listen to the great man talk - talk of places - ideas - stories - and stories and more stories

His voice floated on the air at what seemed a higher level than other people's - light and sing songy it would be accompanied by gestures of the hands and arms that danced a ballet - his face held high and slightly upraised always a shining glow about it - noteworthy was the story of the obstacle race

"let us call our boy to mind" spoke Cesar. "There was to be a school obstacle race and our boy was forced to run this race for his team because he was a book swot who never contributed to the sports

'You've got to do something' they said.

'I don't want to. I don't like running - it's silly' our boy said 'I like studying'

'Well study this obstacle course cos you're in it'

And so our boy did just that. There was no way out of it. He would have to race. And race against three other sporty boys who would beat him outright. It would be so degrading. Embarrassing and all those things.

'Oh no' thinks our boy 'the first leg is an egg and spoon and if you drop the egg you have to go back to the

beginning. Oh no then crawl under a tarpaulin I hate the dark I'm claustrophobic I won't be able to do it - no please it's too horrible - then look at that gigantic vaulting horse I'll have to climb over - it looks worse than the wooden horse of Troy - next a dash to my rubber tyre - I have to pass it over my body - I'll get it stuck - out of that a dash to what's that on the ground a sack oh help I have to step into it and hop or run to the finishing line I'll fall over it'll be so awful and I'll be the last with everyone the whole school laughing at me - oh well - they won't let me out of it - I'll have to do it - wait a minute...'

After what seemed hours of waiting the turn of the obstacle race came, and our boy went to his lane on the starting line and found he was the nearest of the 4 runners to the grandstand packed with the school's children all eyes eager to see him fall fail dismally and ready to bawl in laughter at him while the other athletes fled to victory.

Yet our boy had a plan

The gun went off

The race began

'I will not rush' our boy thinks and he completes the egg and spoon in one go

Under the tarpaulin crawling in the dark 'I will not think about it. Soon it will be over There light ahead'

Emerging into the daylight our boy scurries to the wooden horse and without hesitating leaps onto its canvas top, propels himself along and leaps down the other side landing neatly on his feet, keeping calm he runs to his waiting tyre and holding his breath he raises the rubber circle over his head and pulls it down the length of his body stepping out nimbly ready to run to the last stage of the race

Into the sack he steps pulling it up to his waist and begins a steady rhythmical hop

Ah now he can see the finishing line somewhere cutting the blue sky from the green earth

On he hops.

What's that noise he wonders

Oh it's the children laughing

On he continues

As he looks ahead he notices there's no one else there

no one ahead of him

the others must have finished

that's why everyone is laughing at our boy

are they laughing

or shouting

or cheering

he knows that in a race you aren't supposed to look  
back - but to focus on the winning line and run for home

but where are the other three super athletes

he continues his steady hop

hoping he doesn't stumble and fall over

still the shouting goes on

he can't see the leaders exhausted lying down on the  
finishing line

he decides he can keep a steady rhythm and throw  
one look over his shoulder then look to the front

he does

and what he sees stays with him all his life

there is that one second of vision

he sees the other boys

the sportsboys

the athletes

one stuck in the tarpaulin

one straggling the horse

and another trying to get out of

his tyre

our boy realises he is going to win

he not they will win the race  
if he just keeps calm for the last few paces  
now he knows the crowd are not laughing at him  
but cheering him to victory  
they want him to win  
and win he does  
he hops over the finishing line  
falls onto his back  
sees the blue heaven above  
and begins to laugh himself  
laugh with happiness  
laugh at those who forced him to race  
the teacher picks him up  
and our boy runs back the length of the race  
waving to the cheering crowds  
and at the end of the day  
he is carried in triumph on their shoulders  
what a laugh they all think  
Our boy won his race

Chita had enjoyed Cesar's telling of that story - it  
had always been a favorite

"Moral?" questioned Cesar.

"If you want to win don't hurry" said Chito

Chita loved Chito

She had always loved him

She wanted to marry him to have his children but though he liked her he didn't seem sure about marriage.

"Never mind. I will have to wait. Like our boy I mustn't hurry. Maybe one day I can catch Chito I hope so."

Her memories of Cesar comforted Chita. She felt calmer and happier. But she couldn't understand why Cesar had died. That it was murder didn't seem to matter. But when she remembered it wasn't what Cesar had wanted she began to wonder who would want to kill Cesar.

"All this killing spoils life" she says out loud to herself but softly.

She didn't like speaking aloud - she had heard it was a sign of madness.

"I'll often recall Cesar's stories," she thinks to herself. "He used to tell us so many. About England - the world - oh and my music lessons - those he gave me here on our grand piano - how he showed me ways to play music - he was so clever - I suppose I loved him - I have all those memories - thank goodness"

and with these thoughts making her smile Conchita sat back in the armchair and dozed off to sleep in the sultry high afternoon heat

Chito is flicking through one of Cesar's notebooks.  
It contains stories, poems, sketches, drawings.  
Chito stops at one page to read:

Today I died  
But nobody minded  
Somehow the centre of my heart cracked  
open  
And I slipped through  
God was there  
And he didn't mind neither  
"Hi How are you?" he said.  
"Sit down. Tell me all about it.  
What have you been up to?  
Oh - first of all - who are you?"

Chito reads the poem over several times. It makes  
his eyes widen and his mouth smile.

"Funny old Uncle Cesar" thinks Chito.

"What a strange thing to write.

I wish he were still here with us."

And not being here with us is the point of grief that most upsets Cesar's friend in the village, Syeno Dagos.

"How could you leave me like this?" he thinks.

Addressing some dead spirit for Cesar Syeno's thoughts continue:

"What am I supposed to do without you?

Why did you leave me?

What remains to me?

The cattle the men

yes for the money

The family

my wife my children

yes for the love

but you

the music the art

no for the soul

Oh the spirit departed

How could you leave me like this?

these thoughts surged through Syeno Dagos' mind for days  
weeks

even perhaps to the end of his life.

Questions without answers

There are three old women standing outdoors in the sun by the wall of the shop - a single storey building half filled with basic foods and waters. The women clutch plastic bags that cut into their fingers so they variously place the bags on the ground for relief as they discuss

"We look after each other" says the first old woman.

"We do not hurt each other."

"It's the changing times" chips in a second woman.

"People move about change countries spread disease and violence and hatred - shouldn't be."

"No one can find Luis" interrupts the third woman.

"I've heard the police from San Miguel have found a footprint" declares the first woman ignoring the third woman's remark.

"That's what detectives do" comments the second woman. "I've read about it in books in magazines. They go out looking for things - clues they call them..."

"Well anyway they've found a footprint" says the first woman. "They make some kind of plaster cast and try to match it with someone's foot in the village."

"Like tracing Cinderella's slipper isn't it?" declares the third woman.

She is again ignored.

"They say it fits Santiago the carpenter man" comments the second woman.

"Do they?" queries the first woman. "I was told it belongs to little Manny's father - "

"Oh that Manny's always off with Hepe and the other boys - but I was sure it was found to fit Santiago."

"The police inspector from San Miguel - Hidalgo he's called" continues the first woman but is interrupted by the second woman's outburst

"I bet that's Juan Hidalgo - done very well - I remember him as a lad - very nice boy - always helped his mother"

"Well he will find the culprit" the first woman said. "He'll solve the mystery - but I don't suppose we'll ever be able to forget about it - our village will never be the same - such a shame - the Englishman was really a nice man - clever I reckon - I'll miss him - he was kind too - "

"Luis has disappeared" persists the third woman.

This time the second woman takes notice

"Has he? I like Luis. Well what's happened to him? You don't suppose he's drunk after the party the other night, or oh – maybe he's the murderer and he's gone into hiding,

– oh dear"

"No I shouldn't think so" says the third woman.  
"He's too gentle. He's lonely mind. Not natural for a man to be lonely - to have no one. I expect he'll show himself when he's ready. I'm off home."

and the three women break up their conversation and head home by separate ways.

They laugh as they say goodbye.

Not yet 40, Lupita del Rosario is still a beautiful woman, slim, with black wavy hair and bright quick green eyes. She always seems to be smiling. She has a good feel for life for fun and caring.

She gave birth to Carlos her only child, her son Chito, when she was in her late teens. She had wanted him. She loved him. She is with him now with his father Santiago.

Santiago the strong limbed hero, his feet press the ground he feels the weight of his body lean forward as the air passes round his open fingers.

He and Lupita discuss the knife.

The knife.

They talk over the knife Santiago owned and no longer has the knife that killed Cesar that Inspector Hidalgo now has and asks who owns it.

Chito listens to his parents whilst his mind thinks of other things: of moving outside of taking a football and kicking it around the sand

he once asked Cesar if Cesar liked the game of football

"Of course I do" Cesar had replied

Then Chito asked him if he liked Westwch United

"Yes of course" continued Cesar "Westwich United are there to be liked."

And as Chito's parents acted out their worried scene in a play of guilt and fear over the knife Chito watched and listened to his mind that leaped and kicked the football into the sky black with stars knocking into the moon

"My football moon," sings Chito's mind game "play brightly for me"

Escape from the World my ball hopes Chito like me - no I don't want to leave El Rosario - part of me wants to go away but I want to stay amongst the sand the dust the brush the sun and sky

"this home this life this place never depart - me and my football moon will always stay here."

Chito's father has turned his head down looking to the floor quietly stating

"I think I will be arrested. My knife my footprint my poncho - I lent Cesar my cloak to come to bring you to us"

"They will believe you. They know you could never have killed him. You loved him. It must have been someone else," says Lupita.

"But who?" asks Chito. His parents look to him.

Little Manny approached the pig  
Griselda the old brown pig  
Approached Manny  
The afternoon sun brightened the land  
Manny stroked the back of the pig  
as she stopped to gaze into  
the boy's face  
His young mind felt few things  
some small fears of the dark  
and loud noises  
but more he enjoyed his feelings  
that were new  
wandering about the village alone  
delighting in the pleasure of  
warmth and breezy air  
the soft furry hide of the pig  
her face expressive of questioning  
thought  
"What do you know, Griselda?"  
Manny thinks to himself  
Hepe and his friend Jose arrive.  
Jose is the oldest of Hepe's  
friends being 18 or so

"What's Griselda been up to?" asks Hepe.

"She keeps wandering off to the canyon.  
I expect she's just come back from there"  
declares Jose.

Jose doesn't say it but  
he thinks the tragedy  
of Cesar's death has brought  
sadness to their village that  
may never go away.

He Jose feels very sad but  
he disguises it by  
"race you two back to the shop  
come on Manny you start first  
we can leave Griselda to  
walk back herself "

Manny dashes off  
Hepe strokes Griselda  
He looks to the plain out of the village  
to the mountains and where the  
canyon plunges

Jose starts out after Manny  
and Hepe follows him  
The innocence of the village  
is in its quiet its remoteness

It does not know the taint of the world  
There has always been a village here.  
Old Faunio tells of generations  
living dying here  
never going anywhere  
never doing anything  
nothing ever happening  
free and at peace  
unknown by the world  
People live and die as Rosarians  
And no one knows  
Yet they live  
Happy and Joyful  
Contented and calm  
Now this thing has come  
This poison  
Someone in the village has killed someone  
A terrible thing  
The villagers feel sickened  
frightened and sad  
They will have to save their village  
The murder must be solved  
But how can they  
They who have no experience

No knowledge of the poisoned world  
Faunio says no Rosarian  
could murder  
It has to be an outsider  
But there are no outsiders  
except the Englishman  
and he is the one murdered  
so what does Faunio mean  
He does not explain  
But he insists he's right  
How does he know?

Joanne and Arthur are clearing things out of Cesar's house in the village.

Joanne is smiling again and feeling more philosophical about things.

She hasn't informed anyone in San Francisco of Cesar's death. She doesn't want the village to be invaded by media.

El Rosario has seemed more content and its old self today she feels. People have waved and smiled in that placid way they have.

"The show is going on. Doing great I hear on the phone. I don't know if I want to go back though."

"Well I would like to see it," says Arthur.

"You will avenge him won't you?" Joanne asks.

"Avenge? Isn't that putting it a bit strongly.

Vengeance? Hm no. Not my sort of thing. I have a cousin. That is Cesar and I have a cousin. More his sort of thing. I'll try to track him down by e-mail. Besides this Hidalgo chap from San Miguel seems to be about to arrest someone. He was telling me in San Miguel, he's got plenty of evidence - clues you know"

"I just hope it can all be ended" Joanne says.

Chito is alone under a tree  
reading from Cesar's notebook:  
a poem:

Mind Poem

range from rosy glow to cold blue  
the angels to the demons  
lace and flowers  
earth and mud  
hell and life  
death and heaven

Cesar

Chito smiles and remembers being  
with Chita years ago when Cesar was  
giving Chita a piano lesson in the  
Hacienda del Rosario

Cesar had said:

"I will never know why  
these thin high romantic  
German phrases of music  
mean anything to me  
eternity  
human depictions

infinity  
 today I will teach  
 you the Pathetique"  
 and he did.

Chito could not understand how  
 he could remember Cesar's exact  
 words. But he could. He felt  
 the vibrations of the air that were  
 the sound of Cesar's voice  
 speaking.

this is what  
 Cesar del Mundo is  
 a mind that yearns beyond  
 one who pushes and pulls  
 because he's happy  
 because he has humility  
 because he is driven

#### Dreams and Memories

We spend the first half  
 Of our life dreaming  
 And the second remembering  
 This is the content  
 Of the mind of Cesar  
 Dreams dreaming

Of who'll he be  
What'll he do  
Success Failure  
Then memories remembering  
Who he was  
What he did  
With fantasy and actuality  
Somewhere in-between

Cesar:

Is the family ending? I hope not.  
Yet it seems to be. My father  
abandoned my mother. She as Ariadne  
faced the clifftop on Naxos isle as  
he sailed Theseus like into the  
sun. The solitude. The solitary  
life approaches. And now my own  
wife has died my loneliness  
increases. It is complete. She  
who was so good to work and  
support us.  
Though now my artwork  
supports me she has gone. Success  
and failure.

Lady Margaret is sleeping.

She is restless with the news  
of Cesar's death, her beloved  
Francis, the boy she brought up.

Her eyelids are closed  
The eyes move beneath  
Like fish below water surface  
Then Frank appears:

"Mother Mother It's OK. I'm  
here with you."

"Francis" she replies "why did  
you leave me? Why did you go  
away?"

"I never did."

"But how could you ever get  
yourself murdered? I told you  
there were cruel dreadful people  
out there."

"Rest with me now mother."

And she dies as her soul quits  
her body frame leaving it still within  
the bed her four poster bed the  
door to the room of which opens

as her old female companion brings in  
her breakfast tray of tea.

She places the tray and opens the  
white curtains singing slightly and  
calling "Margaret -- Megs -- wake up  
time" to gently rouse her friend.

Adele is the companion's name.  
She turns and senses the stillness  
of the air, the motionless body, she  
leans over the bedcovers -- still -- quiet --  
she steps back.

"I knew sometime this would come.  
And now it isn't too bad."

She sits on a chair by the window.  
She shivers. A tear forms. She raises  
her hand to her face

"Adele" she hears called.

She looks to the bed to see Lady  
Margaret's head turn and the eyes look at  
her as life the soul return to the  
old woman's frame

"Must have dropped off. I'd love  
some tea."

Adele covers her feelings and with

a quick heart pours the beverage to  
start the day.

I want to live I want to die  
I don't want to live I don't want to die  
This is the pull push force of my life  
Sings Cesar  
This drives me on This holds me back  
And all the time I have to guard  
Against the triple foe  
Alcoholism  
Madness  
Suicide  
These three wait to attack me  
At any time to destroy me  
I win over them all  
And over the pull push force

## The Discovery of the Second Body

the three old women of the  
village are seated on a wall  
discussing the events of the day  
before when the second body  
was found

interspersed with their talk is  
a description of the events in  
time.

as I was saying continued the first old woman  
the boys followed the old brown pig  
she led them to the edge of the canyon  
The forbidden canyon you mean  
interrupted the second woman  
Yes that's the one they all know  
they are not supposed to go to  
It's very dangerous added the third old woman  
that's why they like to go there  
stand on the edge look down  
it's very thrilling I know  
I've done it when the light is angled

it casts shadows and the color of the  
stones is very beautiful intense  
She paused in reverie

The group of boys did follow the pig  
the boys included Hepe, Jose, Little Manny  
the pig, Griselda, sniffed the air  
and seemed to be drawn by her sense of smell  
the canyon's edge drew nearer  
a barrier in the world  
a line of space  
sharp  
a drop to death  
a line of time  
now the boys peered down  
until one called out  
"there, red, by those boulders,  
an arm, a leg, a body see! See!"  
"Yes," cried Jose.  
"If I go along there  
I can make my way down  
closer to be sure"  
"Careful" they cried.  
Jose did descend into the stony abyss

and shouted up by his find:  
 "Fetch help. Find someone  
 in the village to come here.  
 Quickly!!"

and so I saw the boys hurrying to the shop  
 resumed the first old woman.  
 I didn't pay any attention at first.  
 thought they were just pranking  
 I expect and I don't blame you  
 commented the second woman  
 whose body was it asked the third woman  
 don't you know queried the first  
 has no-one told you added the second woman  
 it's Luis declared the first woman  
 Luis del Rosario affirmed the second  
 Luis del Rosario? said the third woman oh well  
 it would be wouldn't it  
 Ah now it all makes sense she continued  
 Luis del Rosario of course  
 Who else would it be?  
 Whose body would it be  
 but Luis del Rosario?  
 the third woman asked of the air

the other two looked away

The light beyond understanding  
reveals to the boys' gloried eyes  
the dusty plain impermanent  
stretching creating to the stone  
that rises as the house without windows  
by which a car of the police parks  
describing human nature thus  
all people are trapped  
all people are driven  
they do not know what they are doing  
nothing is understood  
so Hepe and Jose lay on their bellies  
watching a burly man in an overcoat  
perform a dance around the owner  
of the house seen through the wall-hole  
He's being arrested whispers Hepe  
For the murder of Cesar declares Jose

They're coming out adds Hepe

the man is led out quietly

escorted by two uniforms

with the dancer following

Oh no sighs Hepe

What's the matter

He just came out and was

driven off in the car

So

So no chase

Ha no bullets

No tyres screeching

No dust flying

He just let himself be arrested

that's Santiago

besides where's he going to run to

that stuff you like is only for

the movies

this this is real life  
and warmed by the thought of  
real life being tranquil  
the two friends strolled away  
to find some others  
to tell of the  
Arrest of Santiago del Rosario  
Santiago  
Accused of murdering Cesar