



**DIRT YUTA SUELO
UDONGO TÈ**

University Galleries
Florida Atlantic University



Yanira Collado
 Works in installation: *Por dar agosto, en esta tarde gris,*
yo sé bien, yo sé escondido, mala pinta, 2015.

"There's honey in this land sweeter than any
 I know of, and I have cut sugar cane
 where the dirt itself tastes like sugar," and inside

each moment like that, he explained then, there's meat,
 like the meat inside a nut, a nut that must be roasted
 and cracked open, somehow, to be eaten, a nut
 that grew on a tree, from a blossom, and might have been
 plucked by a bird when it was just a bud,
 though it wasn't. So you taste it. That's what it means
 to understand dirt is everything, finally.

And now that bird's flown off to land
 in another kind of tree, to sing songs that remind you
 of the smell of dirt in an old wooden house
 you found in the woods, and lay down in to rest in,
 on that bare wood floor. You imagined the people
 who built that room, as you listened to the whisper
 the dust made settling around you, and you woke
 to the shiver of cool dirt against your bare feet
 as you ran to where the sun was shining
 on a patch of dry dirt.

The sun felt warm
 on your body, and your body itself was just
 itself, and it fit into that moment
 like the tree inside its nut, and the bird inside its tree.
 Then the bird flew south, while the deep boulders groaned
 on their never-ending journey to the surface and the light.

Dust will be dirt will be soil will be food
 and food will be bodies returning to dust.

... to remember you're alive, visit the cemetery
 of your father at noon. Under each stone,
 our dirt, rich loam—as the flowers, too heavy
 with their beauty, slump to the ground. I had hoped
 somehow they would live forever
 but ever so slowly, day by day,
 they're becoming the soil of their birth. Next spring
 they'll somehow remember to come alive again,
 a trick we haven't yet learned.