

# I WALK THE STREET OF MY MEMORIES

Camincha Benvenuto

Porta st, it takes me to the corner of Avenida 28 de julio where the houses are enormous. The same ones I return to and find, old, proudly holding up against the city advances. And you! I see you pretty, brunette, with deep red lips, the fashion of the moment. With flirting eyes, innate. Not a pose, is inborn. Not something you practice in the mirror. Walking under the sun you carry hour hips with rhythm. SUAVECITO. The sun is with me, it loves me, accompanies me. I wear something light, summerly. Probably sewn by you.

I walk the street of my memories.

We are sitting in the little hall with the wicker furniture, the front door wide opened. In the dark because the hot, humid summer night attracts unpleasant guests. We are people watching. Tonight the street becomes very festive 'cause there is a dance at El Terrazas. In front of us a couple holds on to each other in a passionate embrace. I, on my way to puberty, watch them with delight. When they walk away, you say smiling: you have to wait, my daughter. When you are eighteen you can walk around like that with your boyfriend. How were you to know you'll never see my eighteenth year?

I walk the street of my memories.

I see you pretty, brunette, with deep red lips, the fashion of the moment. With flirting eyes. Innate in you. Not a pose. Not something you practice in the mirror. Walking under the sun you carry your hips, with rhythm, SUAVECITO. I see you going out carrying your announced absence,. Covered with dreams that you live through your daughter. We meet as i walk the street of my memories, porta, it takes me to the corner of Avenida 28 de Julio. In the summer afternoon we walk together.