

# WHERE I COME FROM, WHERE I'M GOING.

by

**Comincha Benvenuto**

a patio of red tiles, cages of colored birds, bushes of aromatic herbs, volcanoes of eternal white peaks. Extending through slopes, valleys hills and chacras, picanterias full of chicha de jora.

Dressed in black, white, red magenta, orange. Coming from Sunday ferias with chicha morada, kamsha, papas a la huancaína. And where all these turn into flat streets rolling to the ocean.

From its white foam, beach stones embracing the heat of its sun, the tears of its garúa. Coming from the corner of la picaronera. The callejon next door. Coming from the little European chalet.

From gardens at La Diagonal. The ice-cream at D'onofrio's  
The benches of Central Park. Lined up trees guarding Alameda Pardol  
The Church across the Park, Sunday walks.

The British-Peruvian school.

The blue uniform, tunic, hat, white shirt, red tie, belt, ferocious exams.

Coming from the long awaited puberty The fright of the first kiss  
Holding hands. Matinees at the Excelsior: the cowboy and the girl.

Death in the family. Chaos and pain. and life continues and poetry is born, bursts out, multiplies, constant companion. Reminds me where I come from and clears my way to where I'm going.