

Small Shame Blues

By Dan Vera

I live with the small shame
of not knowing the multiple names for blue
to describe the night sky over New Mexico
to describe the light in my lover's eyes.

It is a small shame that grows.

I live with the small shame
which resides in the absences of my speech
as I pause to search for the word in Spanish
to translate a poem to my Father
who sits there waiting
who scans my eyes to see
what I cannot fully describe
who waits for the word from me
the word that escapes me in the moment
the word I fear has never resided within me.

It is a small shame that grows
when indigo and cerulean are merely azul
and not *añil* and *cerúleo*.