

Statement

Jorge García-Granados, originally from Lima, Peru, is a PhD candidate at the University of Georgia (Romance Languages). His primary research interests are Peruvian colonial theatre written in Quechua, and the portrayal of the trickster in the Spanish Golden Age. He has served as an Editorial Assistant for the *Bulletin of the Comediantes* since 2017, and is conducting his research under Dr. Elizabeth Wright's direction. Jorge has written poetry in Spanish in the past. His daughter, Valeria, is a second-year student at Kenyon College. His son, Daniel, is a senior at Clarke Central High School. This poem in Spanish, "Pandemia" (*Pandemic*), reflects on two images. The first one is the profound bond between the poem's speaker and his grandmother. The second one is the sense of vulnerability caused by the COVID-19 pandemic in a parent that is supposed to be a caregiver. A translation by Valeria García-Pozo (Kenyon '23) is provided.

Pandemia

Un abrazo,
que venga de los brazos estragados
de mi abuela,
que me pongan el amor
entre paréntesis,
acentuado
en ritmos trocaicos,
suspendido
en un tiempo perfecto.

Un abrazo,
que disipe las congojas
con promesas
de melocotones maduros
y pasteles con crema de café.

Un abrazo,
que nos haga cómplices
de largas charlas
y risas de pausa en pausa.

Nadie debería habernos robado este abrazo.

Los murciélagos agitan su ceguera,
que, a fin de cuentas, es menos intensa
que la de los amos que engordan al caballo,

y dejan desvalido al que guía sus pasos.

En esta tarde

repleta de un espanto exponencial,

un leve escozor sobre mi cuello

es el último remanente de unos brazos

que sostuvieron mis sueños más tiernos

y mis penas más hondas.

Y solo queda ser fuerte.

No vaya a ser que los muchachos me vean llorar.

Lávense las manos, hijos.

No hay tiempo que perder.

(English version; translated by Valeria García-Pozo)

Pandemic

An embrace,
Coming from the decrepit arms
Of my grandmother
Enclosing love for me
Between parentheses,
Stressed
In trochaic rhythms,
Suspended
In perfect time.
An embrace,
That dissipates my anguish
With the promise
Of ripe peaches
And a creamy mocha cake.
An embrace,
That transforms us into accomplices
In long chats
And laughter from time to time.
An embrace no one should have taken from us.
In their blindness, the bats flap their wings,
A blindness, at the end of the day, less severe
Than the one from the masters,

Whose watchful eyes take care of the horse,
But leave the one who leads its steps unprotected.
In this evening
Filled with an exponential terror,
A tingly sensation on my neck
Is the last remainder of a pair of arms
That held my most tender dreams
And my deepest sadness.
There is nothing left to do but be strong.
God forbid my kids witness my crying.
Wash your hands, my children.
There is no time to lose.