

# What El Salvador Meant to a Three-year-old

*B. J. Fogg*

an iguana in our empty pool  
his eyes jumping wild

a metal fence around the yard  
where naked boys waited outside for food

Señora Catalina slapping papusas for supper  
my Spanish name that wasn't me

sacrament cups that bounced when they landed  
floors that made my Sunday shoes click

Dad building sand cars around my body  
dark waves tumbling me over and over

not remembering how I arrived  
or how I returned