

Fitz Roy, Argentina



by Spencer James

# Missing Home Temporarily

by Charlene Cuhaciyán

Aurelie's bed is dark and hand-carved; it lies close to the ground  
I lay in it staring at the brilliantly colored walls of blue and pink  
The stiff sheets are scratchy to my skin, and I miss my own

Today I am sad, melancholy  
It's been a while since I've seen my own country, let alone my own  
bed

with its smooth sheets of turquoise

Anotre jour juste, just another day I tell myself

But the three weeks seem an eternity before I return home from  
this tiny little French village of my ancestors

Charlene  
Cuhaciyán  
is a senior  
Comparative  
History of  
Ideas major.

As I lay sulking to myself, I see a small fragile-looking bird  
dipping into the pool for a cool sip on this day of sad and searing  
temperatures

and then my silence is broken by several quick shuffling footsteps  
Charlene! Charlene!

Leaping quickly for the door as if parched for thirst, I am face-to-  
face with my cousin Pascale

Pascale has a warm smile and endearing little chipmunk-like  
cheeks

Grinning she ask in her beautiful language, if I would care to make  
"American" cookies

She has taken a fancy to the sweet buttery morsels, which like a  
magician I pull from her tiny oven

Returning her grin I know she senses my sadness, and is trying to  
lighten my mood

Agreeing to make the cookies in 105 degree temperatures is crazy,  
but I don't mind

The love that was delivered by the familiar call of my name and the  
full-on smile makes the next three weeks bearable, and what keeps  
me coming back to my grandfather's village of Tramont Lassus.