

## Border Pumpkins

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*poetry by Kaitlin LaMoine Martin*

I say I don't love you and you drive us to buy pumpkins. Way out in the country, past Val Verde road, past the last H.E.B., where the road names turn numeric. Your CD player's still broken from that time Jesús tried to fix it, driving you from junkyard to junkyard, buying used audio units. You gave up when the third junkyard had porn playing in the lobby so now we have only radio, and when the silence becomes too humid, you turn it on. Hectic Tejano music fills the car. I look out the window and count cornfields. You look ahead, unbending, and breathe. *Border Pumpkins* comes up fast on the right and we have to turn around. You're opposed to U-turns despite the fact they're written into road signs in south Texas. The woman selling pumpkins speaks Spanish. You refuse to translate for me so I decide you're capturing the last four months of our relationship for this stranger. I don't know the word for love in Spanish, let alone lesbian, so I listen to the tone, try to determine if you're angry or making light. Did you tell her about the purple leggings? The wine-red dress? That time you made me scallops? How I loved you that day?