Small Shame Blues
By Dan Vera

I live with the small shame
of not knowing the multiple names for blue
to describe the nightsky 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 ceríleo.