

# Mother and Son Discuss Politics

The boy who will die  
watches his mother slap *arepas*  
into hot oil. “*Mamá*, can you hear

the Revolution?” the boy asks.  
He scratches the back of a mutt  
at his feet, throws him a bone.

“*Si, bijo*,” she mumbles, spinning  
the sizzling moons of corn.  
The dog cracks his bone, loudly,

pries out the marrow in pieces.  
The boy persists. “Will the Revolution  
change our lives?” He sits on a chair

in front of the window. His mother stares  
at his silhouette in the light.  
“Doubtful,” she whispers.

She thinks her son should not ask  
such questions. She starts to tell him so  
and then the snicker of bullets.

—Trenton L. Hickman

“Mother and Son Discuss Politics” received honorable mention in the 1995 BYU Studies Poetry Contest.