



# In **MEMORY** of **TATELOLCO**

by Rosario Castellanos

Darkness begets violence  
and violence demands darkness  
to cover its crime.

That's why October 2nd waited till nightfall  
so no one could see the hand that gripped  
the weapon, just its flashing effects.

And in that light, brief and fierce, who?  
Who is it that kills?  
Who are those who agonize, those who die?  
Those who flee without shoes?  
Those who end up in a hole in some jail?  
Those who rot away in the hospital?  
Those who fall silent, forever, from fear?

Who? Whom? No one. The next day, no one.  
Dawn found the plaza swept; the headline  
in the newspapers  
was the weather forecast.  
And on TV, on the radio, at the movies  
there was no change in the programming,  
no newsflash, not even a  
moment of silence at the banquet  
(but the banquet went on).

Don't look for what isn't there: traces, bodies  
for it has all been given in offering to a goddess,  
to the Devourer of Excrement.

Don't dig through the files, for nothing's been recorded.  
Yet behold—I touch a sore: it is my memory.  
It hurts, so it is true. Blood for blood  
and if I call it mine, I betray them all.

I remember, we remember.  
This is our way of helping the light shine  
upon so many sullied consciences,  
upon a wrathful text on open bars,  
upon the face obscured behind the mask.  
I remember, we remember  
until we feel justice at last here among us.

—Translated by David Bowles  
February 15, 2018.

This poem is published courtesy of the Economic Culture  
Fund (FCE) and Gabriel Guerra Castellanos.