

**Abuelo y sus cuentos:
Origin of the Bird-Beak Mole**

Abuelito, what's that on your arm?

Este? This little bump?

Sí, qué es?

Pues, oye, un día cuando era joven
estaba trabajando en un jardín bellissimo
cuando lo and behold a little bird
swooped down and stuck his,
how do you say?

His beak.

Sí, his beak in my arm,
and I twisted and I twisted
en círculos, around and around,
until his beak broke off
right in my muscle. Y ya, mira,
tengo su nariz en el brazo.

But abuelito, what happened to the bird?

Pues, está en México.

In México?

Sí, niña, the bird stayed
en las montañas con sus amigos
jactándose de su herida de combate.

But grandpa, how can he talk?

How will he even live without a beak?

Oh, you know, you lose a little here,
a little there. He will learn.

Brenda Cardenas

Broadside

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