

MAKE THE WATER LAUGH
A Poetry Collection by
Luis Cuauhtémoc Berriozabal

Reviewed by Susan Isla Tepper

The best poetry is never about flashy language, dramatic twists to garner attention, and certainly not about manipulation of the reader. The best poetry doesn't proclaim to be great. It doesn't scream *Look at me*. Instead, it is a dredging, of sorts, from the darkest depths within the poet. That's the best way I can explain this little book of everyday miracles penned by Luis Cuauhtémoc Berriozabal who is an original in every sense.

The deepest fear of many is expressed with simple beauty in his short poem:

Stand With Me

*Stand with me for a little while.
I am not ready to go to sleep.
I have a thousand things to say
to you. Snow is too cold. Bring
on a little sunlight. I would not
mind listening to the falling rain
in the morning. Stand with me
for a little while. What is the rush
that keeps you always in flight?
Little bird, I want to talk about
the stars. Stand with me until
I fall asleep. I do not want to die.*

Poetry has its trends and fashions, like everything else, mainly because it pulls from an ever-changing universe. Some poets are able to bypass all the noise and just get down to the nitty-gritty. That's where the true gift lies. An ability to speak to everyone, which is evidenced in this poem:

The Light Dims

*I don't see you when the light dims.
I lie in bed all by myself.
I gather ideas and dreams
that I could never reach.
I weave stories here that unravel.
I arrange my words but
they tumble to the ground.
It is too much work to live like this*



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*but it is the heart that rules.
It leaves my body aching.
I thought things could change.
I guess I'm not the right fit.
I am not such a good tailor.
I stumble on my own fabric.*

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And, I'll complete this review by presenting Luis Cuauhtémoc Berriozabal's stunning poem concerning an interaction with another indelible poet, Federico Garcia Lorca.

Breakfast with Lorca

*Tuesday morning,
blueberries, banana
slices, fresh strawberries
from the farmer's market.*

*Poet in Spain, new
translations of Lorca
rests on my kitchen
table, a spinach omelet,*

*a half cup of coffee.
Andalusian horses
gallop in the pages.
Taking the reins,*

*horsemen in blue and
green suits. I taste
the fruit on my plate,
as Lorca's guitar sobs.*

*I turn the page and find
the colors, red, blue
green, and yellow in
the poems and on my plate.*

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