

## **The Passing Breeze**

The question had come from an audience member whose orange nails reminded her of the *carvalho, fruto e tanino* of the Portuguese heritage she left behind. There was a man who once told her *your eyes are no longer yours*. And for a long time she believed him because he looked like someone's father. Every week, she writes her lessons thinking about the men she loved and can no longer find. They are lectures about love. When she stands at the lectern holding the paper at the beginning of class, her words escape to fields of soy and brown rice, a soft purple cardamom inside a child's hand.

