Cazar Means to Hunt Not to Marry

José Angel Araguz
Linfield College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.linfield.edu/engfac_pubs
Part of the Poetry Commons

DigitalCommons@Linfield Citation
Araguz, José Angel, "Cazar Means to Hunt Not to Marry" (2016). Faculty Publications. Published Version. Submission 34.
https://digitalcommons.linfield.edu/engfac_pubs/34

This Published Version is brought to you for free via open access, courtesy of DigitalCommons@Linfield. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@linfield.edu.
CAZAR MEANS TO HUNT NOT TO MARRY

I thought it was a love story, a wedding taking place in *The Book of Fables*, the first in Spanish given to me because I was always reading (*por eso ojos de vaca*, one aunt would say), never alone but as alone as I could get.

I tried to follow the *cazador* hunting after the fox, but was stopped by the fox falling on her side, turning back into a woman; the wailing man, the *cazador*, also stopped to hold her in his arms. The ceremony made no sense. I tucked the book away with my toys under the sink, and let the story sit there in the dark, rooted with the things I’d learn to leave behind. Like a root, the story spread in offshoots down into my life. *Casar,* my mother would say after hours talking in a parked car with a man whose face I’d never see because the porch light was kept off. *Casar,* she’d say to me as I grew up and moved from place to place, asking if I loved my books, if I thought they’d care for me as I grew old. *Cazar,* I later read.
in another book, another fable, 
and saw for the first time 
that the word I heard so often 
from my mother was cousin 
to this other word, that each sounded 
the same — to hunt, to marry — 
How many pages had I turned

and in my own confusion read 
violence as love, had read one word 
and let the meaning shoot right past me, 
an arrow cast for its own sake, without caring 
where it hit? How long will the chase 
after a woman feel like a chase 
away from myself? Will this forever

be the story? Where is the book 
I can pull out to go back 
to where I started: a man 
fumbling his way to a clearing; 
a fox stopping, holding still, 
silently scanning the sky 
for something that has yet to fall.