

2016

Cazar Means to Hunt Not to Marry

José Angel Araguz
Linfield College, jaraguz@linfield.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.linfield.edu/englfac_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/englfac_pubs/34

This Published Version is protected by copyright and/or related rights. It is brought to you for free via open access, courtesy of DigitalCommons@Linfield, with permission from the rights-holder(s). Your use of this Published Version must comply with the [Terms of Use](#) for material posted in DigitalCommons@Linfield, or with other stated terms (such as a Creative Commons license) indicated in the record and/or on the work itself. For more information, or if you have questions about permitted uses, please contact digitalcommons@linfield.edu.

josé angel araguz

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.