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## Hialeah Heat

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Hialeah Heat  
Rebecca Hurtado

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Hialeah heat  
has a way of dropping kids like flies  
swarming to avocados pelted from trees,  
slit open and pounded ripe by ferocious little fists.  
Miami children know these fruitless victories will be cast  
into the cursing neighbor's yard. Will anoint the patio, smeared  
by Abuela's broom. Inside, the pool pockets can be worn like sleeves.  
Billiards balls plummet down barrels, knocking around the room,  
splitting open toes. Up on the table, a little girl perches and pets the evergreen  
felt because here, grass grows like barbed netting over ash. Eroded mollusks  
and Caribbean cremains wash up for exiled mothers to wipe down from feral  
baby heels. She stands, skinny arms her propellers, like the pair that  
brought Abuelo to this country where his granddaughter tries to fly.  
All childlike pride and idiocy, stuffed with giggles and dares  
and bread and guilt and "what if" and rosary beads and  
"where can I go?" Without a yell, her foot—wet from the rag,  
dry from any coast—slips like wax from the table lip.  
Her skull cracks against terracotta tiles.  
And the sound is no different than a  
scratched cue ball.