The day Don Serafín gave Juan Pedro Martínez Sánchez permission to take Cleófilas Enriqueta DeLeón Hernández as his bride, across her father’s threshold, over several miles of dirt road and several miles of paved, over one border and beyond to a town en el otro lado—on the other side—already did she divine the morning his daughter would raise her hand over her eyes, look south, and dream of returning to the chores that never ended, six good-for-nothing brothers, and one old man’s complaints.

He had said, after all, in the hubbub of parting: I am your father, I will never abandon you. He had said that, hadn’t he, when he hugged and then let her go. But at the moment Cleófilas was busy looking for Chela, her maid of honor, to fulfill their bouquet conspiracy. She would not remember her father’s parting words until later. I am your father, I will never abandon you.

Only now as a mother did she remember. Now, when she and Juan Pedrito sat by the creek’s edge. How when a man and a woman love each other, sometimes that love sours. But a parent’s love for a child, a child’s for its parents, is another thing entirely.
This is what Cleoflas thought evenings when Juan Pedro did not come home, and she lay on her side of the bed listening to the hollow roar of the interstate, a distant dog barking, the pecan trees rustling like ladies in stiff petticoats—shh-shh-shh, shh-shh-shh—soothing her to sleep.

In the town where she grew up, there isn’t very much to do except accompany the aunts and godmothers to the house of one or the other to play cards. Or walk to the cinema to see this week’s film again, speckled and with one hair quivering annoyingly on the screen. Or to the center of town to order a milk shake that will appear in a day and a half as a pimple on her backside. Or to the girlfriend’s house to watch the latest telenovela episode and try to copy the way the women comb their hair, wear their makeup.

But what Cleoflas has been waiting for, has been whispering and sighing and giggling for, has been anticipating since she was old enough to lean against the window displays of gauze and butterflies and lace, is passion. Not the kind on the cover of the /Alarma! magazines, mind you, where the lover is photographed with the bloody fork she used to salvage her good name. But passion in its purest crystalline essence. The kind the books and songs and telenovelas describe when one finds, finally, the great love of one’s life, and does whatever one can, must do, at whatever the cost.

Tú o Nadie. “You or No One.” The title of the current favorite telenovela. The beautiful Lucia Méndez having to put up with all kinds of hardships of the heart, separation and betrayal, and loving, always loving no matter what, because that is the most important thing, and did you see Lucia Méndez on the Bayer aspirin commercials—wasn’t she lovely? Does she dye her hair do you think? Cleoflas is going to go to the farmacia and buy a hair rinse; her girlfriend Chela will apply it—it’s not that difficult at all.

Because you didn’t watch last night’s episode when Lucia confessed she loved him more than anyone in her life. In her life! And she sings the song “You or No One” in the beginning and end of the show. Tú o Nadie. Somehow one ought to live one’s life like that, don’t you think? You or no one. Because to suffer for love is good. The pain all sweet somehow. In the end.

Seguin. She had liked the sound of it. Far away and lovely. Not like Moncloa, Coahuila. Ugly.

Seguin, Tejas. A nice sterling ring to it. The tinkle of money. She would get to wear outfits like the women on the tele, like Lucia Méndez. And have a lovely house, and wouldn’t Chela be jealous.

And yes, they will drive all the way to Laredo to get her wedding dress. That’s what they say. Because Juan Pedro wants to get married right away, without a long engagement since he can’t take off too much time from work. He has a very important position in Seguin with, with . . . a beer company, I think. Or was it tires? Yes, he has to be back. So they will get married in the spring when he can take off work, and then they will drive off in his new pickup—did you see it—to their new home in Seguin. Well, not exactly new, but they’re going to repaint the house. You know newlyweds. New paint and new furniture. Why not? He can afford it. And later on add maybe a room or two for the children. May they be blessed with many.

Well, you’ll see. Cleoflas has always been so good with her sewing machine. A little rrrrrrrrrrrrrrr of the machine and ¡zas! Miracles. She’s always been so clever, that girl. Poor thing. And without even a mama to advise her on things like her wedding night. Well, may God help her. What with a father with a head like a burro, and those six clumsy brothers. Well, what do you think? Yes, I’m going to the wedding. Of course! The dress I want to wear just
needs to be altered a teensy bit to bring it up to date. See, I saw a new style last night that I thought would suit me. Did you watch last night's episode of The Rich Also Cry? Well, did you notice the dress the mother was wearing?

La Gritona. Such a funny name for such a lovely arroyo. But that's what they called the creek that ran behind the house. Though no one could say whether the woman had hollered from anger or pain. The natives only knew the arroyo one crossed on the way to San Antonio, and then once again on the way back, was called Woman Hollering, a name no one from these parts questioned, little less understood. Pues, allá de los indios, quién sabe—who knows, the townspeople shrugged, because it was of no concern to their lives how this trickle of water received its curious name.

"What do you want to know for?" Trini the laundromat attendant asked in the same gruff Spanish she always used whenever she gave Cleófilas change or yelled at her for something. First for putting too much soap in the machines. Later, for sitting on a washer. And still later, after Juan Pedrito was born, for not understanding that in this country you cannot let your baby walk around with no diaper and his pee-pee hanging out, it wasn't nice, ¿entienes? Pues.

How could Cleófilas explain to a woman like this why the name Woman Hollering fascinated her. Well, there was no sense talking to Trini.

On the other hand there were the neighbor ladies, one on either side of the house they rented near the arroyo. The woman Soledad on the left, the woman Dolores on the right.

The neighbor lady Soledad liked to call herself a widow, though how she came to be one was a mystery. Her husband had either died, or run away with an ice-house floozie, or simply gone out for cigarettes one afternoon and never came back. It was hard to say which since Soledad, as a rule, didn't mention him.

In the other house lived la señora Dolores. Kind and very sweet, but her house smelled too much of incense and candles from the altars that burned continuously in memory of two sons who had died in the last war and one husband who had died shortly after from grief. The neighbor lady Dolores divided her time between the memory of these men and her garden, famous for its sunflowers—so tall they had to be supported with broom handles and old boards; red red cockscombs, fringed and bleeding a thick menstrual color; and, especially, roses whose sad scent reminded Cleófilas of the dead. Each Sunday la señora Dolores clipped the most beautiful of these flowers and arranged them on three modest headstones at the Seguin cemetery.

The neighbor ladies, Soledad, Dolores, they might've known once the name of the arroyo before it turned English but they did not know now. They were too busy remembering the men who had left through either choice or circumstance and would never come back.

Pain or rage, Cleófilas wondered when she drove over the bridge the first time as a newlywed and Juan Pedro had pointed it out. La Gritona, he had said, and she had laughed. Such a funny name for a creek so pretty and full of happily ever after.

The first time she had been so surprised she didn't cry out or try to defend herself. She had always said she would strike back if a man, any man, were to strike her.

But when the moment came, and he slapped her once, and then again, and again; until the lip split and bled an orchid of blood, she didn't fight back, she didn't break into tears, she didn't run away as she imagined she might when she saw such things in the telenovelas.

In her own home her parents had never raised a hand to each other or to their children. Although she admitted she may have been brought up a little leniently as an only daughter—la consentida, the
princess—there were some things she would never tolerate. Ever.

Instead, when it happened the first time, when they were barely
man and wife, she had been so stunned, it left her speechless,
motionless, numb. She had done nothing but reach up to the heat
on her mouth and stare at the blood on her hand as if even then
she didn’t understand.

She could think of nothing to say, said nothing. Just stroked the
dark curls of the man who wept and would weep like a child, his
tears of repentance and shame, this time and each.

The men at the ice house. From what she can tell, from the
times during her first year when still a newlywed she is invited and
accompanies her husband, sits mute beside their conversation, waits
and sips a beer until it grows warm, twists a paper napkin into a
knot, then another into a fan, one into a rose, nods her head,
smile, yawns, politely grins, laughs at the appropriate moments,
leans against her husband’s sleeve, tugs at his elbow, and finally
becomes good at predicting where the talk will lead, from this
Cleófilas concludes each is nightly trying to find the truth lying at
the bottom of the bottle like a gold doubloon on the sea floor.

They want to tell each other what they want to tell themselves.
But what is bumping like a helium balloon at the ceiling of the
brain never finds its way out. It bubbles and rises, it gurgles in the
throat, it rolls across the surface of the tongue, and erupts from
the lips—a belch.

If they are lucky, there are tears at the end of the long night.
At any given moment, the fists try to speak. They are dogs chasing
their own tails before lying down to sleep, trying to find a way, a
route, an out, and—finally—get some peace.

In the morning sometimes before he opens his eyes. Or after
they have finished loving. Or at times when he is simply across
from her at the table putting pieces of food into his mouth and
chewing. Cleófilas thinks, This is the man I have waited my whole
life for.

Not that he isn’t a good man. She has to remind herself why she
loves him when she changes the baby’s Pampers, or when she mops
the bathroom floor, or tries to make the curtains for the doorways
without doors, or whiten the linen. Or wonder a little when he
kicks the refrigerator and says he hates this shitty house and is
going out where he won’t be bothered with the baby’s howling and
her suspicious questions, and her requests to fix this and this and
this because if she had any brains in her head she’d realize he’s
been up before the rooster earning his living to pay for the food in
her belly and the roof over her head and would have to wake up
again early the next day so why can’t you just leave me in peace,
woman.

He is not very tall, no, and he doesn’t look like the men on the
telenovelas. His face still scarred from acne. And he has a bit of a
belly from all the beer he drinks. Well, he’s always been husky.

This man who farts and belches and snores as well as laughs
and kisses and holds her. Somehow this husband whose whiskers
she finds each morning in the sink, whose shoes she must air each
evening on the porch, this husband who cuts his fingernails in
public, laughs loudly, curses like a man, and demands each course
of dinner be served on a separate plate like at his mother’s, as soon
as he gets home, on time or late, and who doesn’t care at all for
music or telenovelas or romance or roses or the moon floating pearly
over the arroyo, or through the bedroom window for that matter,
shut the blinds and go back to sleep, this man, this father, this
rival, this keeper, this lord, this master, this husband till kingdom
come.
A doubt. Slender as a hair. A washed cup set back on the shelf wrong-side up. Her lipstick, and body talc, and hairbrush all arranged in the bathroom a different way.

No. Her imagination. The house the same as always. Nothing.

Coming home from the hospital with her new son, her husband. Something comforting in discovering her house slippers beneath the bed, the faded housecoat where she left it on the bathroom hook. Her pillow. Their bed.

Sweet sweet homecoming. Sweet as the scent of face powder in the air, jasmine, sticky liquor.

Smudged fingerprint on the door. Crushed cigarette in a glass. Wrinkle in the brain crumpling to a crease.

Sometimes she thinks of her father’s house. But how could she go back there? What a disgrace. What would the neighbors say? Coming home like that with one baby on her hip and one in the oven. Where’s your husband?

The town of gossips. The town of dust and despair. Which she has traded for this town of gossips. This town of dust, despair. Houses farther apart perhaps, though no more privacy because of it. No leafy zócalo in the center of the town, though the murmur of talk is clear enough all the same. No huddled whispering on the church steps each Sunday. Because here the whispering begins at sunset at the ice house instead.

This town with its silly pride for a bronze pecan the size of a baby carriage in front of the city hall. TV repair shop, drugstore, hardware, dry cleaner’s, chiropractor’s, liquor store, bail bonds, empty storefront, and nothing, nothing, nothing of interest. Nothing one could walk to, at any rate. Because the towns here are built so that you have to depend on husbands. Or you stay home. Or you drive. If you’re rich enough to own, allowed to drive, your own car.

There is no place to go. Unless one counts the neighbor ladies. Soledad on one side, Dolores on the other. Or the creek.

Don’t go out there after dark, niñita. Stay near the house. No es bueno para la salud. Mal suerte. Bad luck. Mal aire. You’ll get sick and the baby too. You’ll catch a fright wandering about in the dark, and then you’ll see how right we were.

The stream sometimes only a muddy puddle in the summer, though now in the springtime, because of the rains, a good-size alive thing, a thing with a voice all its own, all day and all night calling in its high, silver voice. Is it La Llorona, the weeping woman? La Llorona, who drowned her own children. Perhaps La Llorona is the one they named the creek after, she thinks, remembering all the stories she learned as a child.

La Llorona calling to her. She is sure of it. Cleófilas sets the baby’s Donald Duck blanket on the grass. Listens. The day sky turning to night. The baby pulling up fistsfuls of grass and laughing. La Llorona. Wonders if something as quiet as this drives a woman to the darkness under the trees.

What she needs is...and made a gesture as if to yank a woman’s buttocks to his groin. Maximiliano, the foul-smelling fool from across the road, said this and set the men laughing, but Cleófilas just muttered. Grosero, and went on washing dishes.

She knew he said it not because it was true, but more because it was he who needed to sleep with a woman, instead of drinking each night at the ice house and stumbling home alone.

Maximiliano who was said to have killed his wife in an ice-house brawl when she came at him with a mop. I had to shoot, he had said—she was armed.
Their laughter outside the kitchen window. Her husband's, his friends': Manolo, Beto, Efrain, el Perico, Maximiliano.

Was Cleófilas just exaggerating as her husband always said? It seemed the newspapers were full of such stories. This woman found on the side of the interstate. This one pushed from a moving car. This one's cadaver, this one unconscious, this one beaten blue. Her ex-husband, her husband, her lover, her father, her brother, her uncle, her friend, her co-worker. Always. The same grisly news in the pages of the dailies. She dunked a glass under the soapy water for a moment—shivered.

He had thrown a book. Hers. From across the room. A hot welt across the cheek. She could forgive that. But what stung more was the fact it was her book, a love story by Corín Tellado, what she loved most now that she lived in the U.S., without a television set, without the telenovelas.

Except now and again when her husband was away and she could manage it, the few episodes glimpsed at the neighbor lady Soledad's house because Dolores didn't care for that sort of thing, though Soledad was often kind enough to retell what had happened on what episode of María de Nadie, the poor Argentine country girl who had the ill fortune of falling in love with the beautiful son of the Arrocha family, the very family she worked for, whose roof she slept under and whose floors she vacuumed, while in that same house, with the dust brooms and floor cleaners as witnesses, the square-jawed Juan Carlos Arrocha had uttered words of love, I love you, Maria, listen to me, mi querida, but it was she who had to say No, no, we are not of the same class, and remind him it was not his place nor hers to fall in love, while all the while her heart was breaking, can you imagine.

Cleófilas thought her life would have to be like that, like a telenovela, only now the episodes got sadder and sadder. And there were no commercials in between for comic relief. And no happy ending in sight. She thought this when she sat with the baby out by the creek behind the house. Cleófilas de ...? But somehow she would have to change her name to Topazia, or Yesenia, Cristal, Adriana, Stefanía, Andrea, something more poetic than Cleófilas. Everything happened to women with names like jewels. But what happened to a Cleófilas? Nothing. But a crack in the face.

Because the doctor has said so. She has to go. To make sure the new baby is all right, so there won't be any problems when he's born, and the appointment card says next Tuesday. Could he please take her. And that's all.

No, she won't mention it. She promises. If the doctor asks she can say she fell down the front steps or slipped when she was out in the backyard, slipped out back, she could tell him that. She has to go back next Tuesday, Juan Pedro, please, for the new baby. For their child.

She could write to her father and ask maybe for money, just a loan, for the new baby's medical expenses. Well then if he'd rather she didn't. All right, she won't. Please don't anymore. Please don't. She knows it's difficult saving money with all the bills they have, but how else are they going to get out of debt with the truck payments? And after the rent and the food and the electricity and the gas and the water and the who knows what, well, there's hardly anything left. But please, at least for the doctor visit. She won't ask for anything else. She has to. Why is she so anxious? Because.

Because she is going to make sure the baby is not turned around backward this time to split her down the center. Yes. Next Tuesday at five-thirty. I'll have Juan Pedrito dressed and ready. But those are the only shoes he has. I'll polish them, and we'll be ready. As soon as you come from work. We won't make you ashamed.
Felice? It's me, Graciela.
No, I can't talk louder. I'm at work.
Look, I need kind of a favor. There's a patient, a lady here who's got a problem.
Well, wait a minute. Are you listening to me or what?
I can't talk real loud 'cause her husband's in the next room.
Well, would you just listen?
I was going to do this sonogram on her—she's pregnant, right?—and she just starts crying on me. *Hijole,* Felice! This poor lady's got black-and-blue marks all over. I'm not kidding.
From her husband. Who else? Another one of those brides from across the border. And her family's all in Mexico.
Shit. You think they're going to help her? Give me a break. This lady doesn't even speak English. She hasn't been allowed to call home or write or nothing. That's why I'm calling you.
She needs a ride.
Not to Mexico, you goof. Just to the Greyhound. In San Anto.
No, just a ride. She's got her own money. All you'd have to do is drop her off in San Antonio on your way home. Come on, Felice. Please? If we don't help her, who will? I'd drive her myself, but she needs to be on that bus before her husband gets home from work. What do you say?
I don't know. Wait.
Right away, tomorrow even.
Well, if tomorrow's no good for you...
It's a date, Felice. Thursday. At the Cash N Carry off I-10.
Noon. She'll be ready.
Oh, and her name's Cleófilas.
I don't know. One of those Mexican saints, I guess. A martyr or something.
thought. But then again, Felice was like no woman she’d ever met.
Can you imagine, when we crossed the arroyo she just started yelling
like a crazy, she would say later to her father and brothers. Just
like that. Who would’ve thought?

Who would’ve? Pain or rage, perhaps, but not a hoot like the
one Felice had just let go. Makes you want to holler like Tarzan,
Felice had said.

Then Felice began laughing again, but it wasn’t Felice laughing.
It was gurgling out of her own throat, a long ribbon of laughter,
like water.

Durango was his name. Not his real name. I don’t remember his
real name, but it’ll come to me. I’ve got it in my phone book at
home. My girlfriend Romelia used to live with him. You know
her, in fact. The real pretty one with big lips who came over to
our table at the Beauregards’ once when the Number Two Din-
ners were playing.

The one with the ponytail?

No. Her friend. Anyway, she lived with him for a year even
though he was way too old for her.

For real? But I thought the Marlboro Man was gay.

He was? Romelia never told me that.

Yeah. In fact, I’m positive. I remember because I had a bad-ass
 crush on him, and one day I see a commercial for 60 Minutes, right?