The day starts early. The bags are folded, one inside the other. Threaded, ready to carry the most precious goods of the week. The musk of the meticulously arranged fruit can be felt in the air. A tower of peaches. A bunch of chamomile. Sirloin. Lamb’s head. That expensive? Give me one kilo and a half. Throw in an extra one, caserita (seller). The Saturday shopping trip had always been a magnificent journey. A religious act. Walking hand in hand with my grandmother through the market labyrinths. You had to go through them with caution. You are at risk of being mesmerized by the colors of the fruits. Of succumbing to the temptation of an ‘api con pastel’ (warm corn drink served with a fried dough filled with melted cheese). Of regurgitating sweetness when seeing how ‘aji de lengua’ (spicy beef tongue) is prepared. "People in La Paz are very ambitious." "Cambas (people from Santa Cruz) are lazy." "Cochalas (people from Cochabamba) are envious." "You are a k’ara (not indigenous)." "Animal, t’ara (ignorant)." "Look where you are going."

Past the meat sector, we would reach the last stop on our trip. Stacks of balls of earth, clay perhaps. Some very small and round ones. Some dark ones, others with yellow spots. The kollu potato is purple inside. The imilla seed potato to make papa wayku (boiled potatoes). She, the saleswoman, must be a very strong woman. Lifting what was left in a burlap sack, her braids made waves. The potatoes fell and kicked up dust. They all sound the same, half empty, half dirty, when falling to the floor. Dozens of brown marbles rolling around. All the same. Covered with earth, full of eyes, bumps. Jumping around, in search of the origin. Wanting to find a place to put down roots. If you plant these little balls of earth, can they become flowers?