Maguey; Languaging; Tortilla Bones

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Maguey

The mother stands tall now yellow with age
the sun’s beat on her brow
the fresh green gifted to little ones still
clinging and she complies
for she’s in no hurry to shed them
onto tezcal and pebble ground.

There are a hundred tiny agaves
and next time the wind unfolds its
singular song with decided force
they each will topple to kiss
the ground and will need to
survive the sun, the wind, the drought
grow gratitude under
the slightest rain softening
the earth’s lips to offer
them inches their home
may be made of.

Alone, they will die or grow
according to fate not their own
and emulate their mother’s
amplitude in earth and stone
surrender to a bowl of ground
and root the same tempered
joy in their cells as
their mother’s carcass
beds their stemming growth.

Then they will reach into the sky
spread out their bare green
arms for droplets
of rain and grace.

Languaging

English is usually the turf on which we meet.
In Spanish we’re off on an adventure.
We roam on English sentences.
Yours vaguely Texas-tinged.
Mine overgrown with weeds from every
culture my feet have become damp with.
And so we tiptoe into Spanish greens
hidden from our own views.
**Tortilla Bones**

He has true *tortilla* bones
someone once said
strength structured
*con maiz del bueno*
*puro calcio*
*por eso aguanta tanto*

Yes, his face Olmec, eyes
maybe Mayan, moorish
memories and a tinge of white
from Spanish *ancestros*.

A conquistador stance
*como espiga de trigo*
*chocolate con leche*
and a hazel gaze.

Spirals of time flowing
through each vein like
sweet and salt water
merging once they
reach the ocean: what
boundaries can be drawn?

Blood knows no borders
streams in renewal
every moment.

Pain hides in cells
that don’t flake off.

Every cell quiet
in its transformation.