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## Red Road; Scar Tissue

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## Araceli Esparza

CHICANA

### *Red Road*

The Red Road  
Is a road of making peace and forgiveness when none is given  
Where health is measured by your forgiveness and joy  
Red Road  
Is a tough road  
Red Road  
Is a scared road  
It's the walk of many but the way of one  
Crackling stones,  
heel, ball, toe,  
heel, ball, toe  
walking, dragging, slipping ...  
The red road of smoke and sage.  
no one likes to take  
The one you could do without  
The road of walking tall  
standing hard against what ails you ...  
Typing in a trance to let go of the bad spirits that come over  
like your best friend who only wants to head to a bar,  
smoke in the car, and  
walk in like it's all yours.  
Tender-hearted woman your story is mine and her and theirs  
Red road in a dark and starry night of lost memories  
Laughing so hard that it changes you into that star ...  
Hmmm red road,  
    Huuusssh, for she is sleeping on the side of the road hoping for a meal, for a drink ...  
Red woman,  
Do not fear the red road comes with a fixed navigation  
Brown woman, on the red road following her sister  
Not knowing what she looks like  
All she knows is the wail of her song.  
That song with a drum beat that encloses her heart  
Both criminalized by a system with no face  
Sisters with no mother, she died at 30 frozen to death, drunk with the devil's water  
A false father who touched more than he should  
Secrets burnt into family names  
That red road  
A hard stone road  
Red smudge  
Red  
Brown  
Woman  
You and me  
Walking with our heads up high

***Scar Tissue***

Freshly cut salmon skies  
Stretching from west to east  
Driving until we eclipse the horizon all around us  
"look" I say "look at the sky"  
You think back to  
Skipping rocks  
Chasing ducks  
Lazy parks  
And  
Flying paper cranes  
In slow motion a crinkled yellow fall leaf crosses in front of the car  
Bad luck or a sign that time is finally moving slower  
You say, "you see that"  
And I think yeah,  
But there is a knot  
That cannot be untied  
A chair on its side  
Your walk heavier than before  
You want less  
Give more  
Talk in hues  
And I can hear  
A sparrow singing