Conqueror; Her Words

Sylvia Riojas Vaughn

Follow this and additional works at: https://via.library.dePaul.edu/dialogo

Part of the Latin American Languages and Societies Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://via.library.dePaul.edu/dialogo/vol17/iss2/52

This Rincón Creativo is brought to you for free and open access by the Center for Latino Research at Via Sapientiae. It has been accepted for inclusion in Diálogo by an authorized editor of Via Sapientiae. For more information, please contact digitalservices@depaul.edu.
Sylvia Riojas Vaughn
United States

Conqueror

In Laredo the radio blares *if the rain comes they run and hide their heads*. But when thunder rumbles we race to the parched yard only to miss drops spattering the dust. All night in front of a whirring fan, Tía and I suck ice cubes, anoint mosquito bites with garlic until our skin smells like supper. This dawn, Tía’s face is a mask of flour, sweat. She pulls a lemony disc from the oven, no, she lassos the sun! The eagle arrives. His wing beats pulse against our thighs as we fly south. Outside a great city, raindrops bounce off our whirling braids.
Her Words

I spoon rice
into her mouth.
I ask what
I should do.
Her malady renders
her words
a vapor,
hushed flurries.
But she makes her point—
spoon against a pot,
palms patting out a tortilla.
Her tap reminds me
the beans are getting cold.