

## Coming Up For Air

"Don't forget about me," I whispered in the throws,  
while I was buried in the pressure of it all.  
I found a few slivers of myself as I sat in that rocking chair,  
in the dark,  
a baby on my chest.  
Tears rolled slowly down my chin and onto the top of his sweet head. In that room,  
my eyes burned.  
Tired and heavy.  
I'd take a deep breath of that intoxicating baby scent.  
And remind myself that this is what I wanted.  
It was on those nights,  
raw and alone,  
That I learned, it's okay to not want this, all of the time.  
It's okay to reshape and reinvent.  
I am a creator of life.  
I am a giver of life.  
But, that is not all that I am.  
So, don't forget about us,  
The mothers in the throws.  
We create, too.  
We sing.  
We write.  
We march.  
We fight.  
We'll come up for air.

## **Godly**

Her body pulls and stretches creating  
providing  
nurturing

life.

This power unimaginable to man.

Not merely a vessel

no

The closest thing to God you'll ever see.

## **Sunday Morning**

She wants to wake to  
gold light  
flooding through the window filling the bedroom // his hand, gentle  
on the back of her neck. Below the coffee drips ready to warm her bones. The wood floor creaks  
as she pours her first cup ready to welcome  
the joyful sound  
of two delighted little bodies that will wake  
determined  
to soak up every ounce of sunlight and life  
the day has to give.

## **Beehive**

You came as you were. How am I deserving to behold this?  
I want to move with you and feel you for everything that you are. You ask me to show up

unfiltered and unashamed  
to show every part of me. Not just the beautiful ones. But the truth is

I am not a pleasant experience. I want to punch hole in the wall.

A mind like a beehive. Busy. Loud. Watch from a distance.  
While I lean over  
And let my honey pour out.

## **Boriqua**

### **Identity // Being**

I remember the sticky summer nights, clung to my father's side. The sound of the scarping guiro filled the air.

“bomba, bomba!”

they'd yell, in a beautiful language that floated all around me, like a delicate fog that I couldn't see through. I remember feeling the drums in my chest. My mouth would fall open, their language creeping up my throat only to be met with silence.

Sometimes I'll blare merengue music in my car, just to feel surrounded and a part of something. I close my eyes and suddenly I return to Tio's backyard.

Dad never taught me Spanish. I held resentment as an adult fumbling through another God damn Rosetta Stone lesson. I could never understand why didn't just teach me. That was, until I saw the hate in people's eyes toward those with a different mother tongue. My skin is white. I blend right in. Of course he didn't teach me. He had been told far too many times to “Speak English here.” And to “go back to his country.” In a country that was his own.

I learned to keep it down. My culture never felt like mine to own. So every now and then, I'd hold it up to the light, and admire it from a safe distance, before carefully folding it up and tucking it away.

Today though, I am going to let it breathe and bask in the light a little longer.

Porque soy Latina. Soy Boriqua.