

Love, Mystique, and Other Bloodline Traits:

Grandmother

She wraps me in black velvet shawls and colored dresses from every decade
Which smell of the clean oils and incense she burns
Mixed with her strong perfume that I could follow
Through the maze she must search to buy it,
It's without a name, like most of her sacred things,

She gifts me gold earrings and rosaries
Dripping from bouquets of peacock feathers and sunflowers,
Muttering superstitions and prayers that synchronize
With the other words she has said her entire life,

She speaks to me in a language I can't remember
With a voice I can't forget,
She's got a name that I can't say
With a tongue that calls my name,
It crafts Latin American prose into her daily speech,
Or is it poetry? Maybe magic? Maybe it's true love,
American writers would call her café au lait, but she is
Abuela.

Abuela breathes, and the earth hums a song about her,
She so loves this world that, like Jesus, she draws the Devil's attention,
But even the Devil could never conquer her humble power,
Still, I know Death wants her as his lover,
And he scorns the fact that she is in love with another,

She races me to sleep, yet always lets me win,
And tells me her premonitions and visions as bedtime stories,
It has been like this since I was three years old,
So she says one day Death will love her so fully he will never let go,
Him and I are both selfish in wanting her forever, and I know she embraces us both,

She suffers at the thought we might be in anguish at her passing,
So she says we must have an event filled with laughing,
But that is why we are raised to be good hosts,
To understand and empathize with the Guest who makes us ghosts,
I rest easy, because her humor, tea, and madness keep me sane,
And of course, I know our spirits will always dance on Memory Lane

Colonialism as Man

They walked in smiling,
Smashing teacups, spilling tea
“Calm down. My work’s *free*.”

The Last Supper

I fast to starve my demons,
The ones you invited in for dinner every night,
That never said grace before they tried to gorge on my heart,
That you loved to keep around so long as they looked like you,
But not quite so pretty,
You always had to be the fairest demon,

You’ve always been fair, that much is obvious,
But when did your heart of flesh turn to a heart of stone?
How many pilgrimages have I taken through my memories
To search for enlightenment on that question?

For I recall when I was three,
And you handed me an umbrella to protect me from the rain,
It had the beautiful Sistine Chapel printed on it,
And so I looked up, watching Jesus effortlessly shield me from the downpour,
You closed Him once He served His purpose for you,
That umbrella is broken now, but I still remember the printed pictures,

Even though the real Last Supper was when I was six, Six, SIX,
And I innocently rambled about my day,
My words produced no milk or honey,
But still, everyone at the table listened,
You listened,

Now flash forward to fifteen,
When you built an ark, with walls so high,
And you let no one in,
Now you are unclean even after the flood,
Though you declared yourself God,
Spotless!
Were I to tell you otherwise, I am charged with heresy,

Yet you walk like a bleeding Pharisee,
You refuse the sight of sinners like me,
So drink yourself under, you do it so well,
Until your brilliant eyes roll to the back of your head,

They are the holiest,
They can't be dirtied by my sins,

Then wear enough perfume and red to live among harlots,
As you call angelic cheap and meretricious,
Tell me grace is overrated,
Except in the form of manipulation,

Because I was six, Six, SIX-teen,
When you wore crimson as if it's white,
And ostracized those who didn't do the same,
Your church is not clean,
It is not just,
It is not true,

And so from your sacrilegious church you call home,
I am excommunicated,
Until I give apologies and swallowed pride
In the form of indulgences,

Yet, I beg of you, please,
To appease me, just once,
And explore the thought that
I pray to see the scales fall from your eyes one day,
Your judgments, condemnation, and insecurities shed,
I dare to believe that you will not be blind,
And that we will both face each other clearly,
Green eyes to green eyes,

For I swear on every ringing church bell that
I want to see you prosper,
I want to never harm you,
How could I spit venom in the tear ducts of the woman whose eyes I've inherited?
I love you desperately,
I love you patiently,
I love you unconditionally,
And if I am lying, then let not a single choir resound on Sunday,

Last Sunday I turned seventeen, and I sat at the dinner table alone,
I spoke plainly of every thought and feeling,
Of how I wished you knew His love for you,
Still, no milk or honey dripped from my lips,
But Jesus and His angels listened all the same,

And that was the Last Supper I ever let you believe you were alone

Infatuation

You taught me how to

Fall in love- taught me that there's

No teaching at all