

## La Raíces of the New Consciousness

### Fringes of the Borders

Many years have passed  
from the moment  
her people were colonized.

Whiteness now plagues, and blankets  
over her bones.  
And her dark hair shows silver  
in the night.  
But wisdom so intimately quilts  
the fabric of her soul.

She is astute by nature  
and her green eyes are reminders  
of amnesia  
in cultural context.

But in all honesty  
and in re-telling of the lore  
she is the wind and armor  
from distant lands.  
She is the natural native roots  
to a continent that bounds her.  
She is the extrinsic shadow  
of the feathered serpent  
while in descent.

She pauses

to witness the jungle landscape.  
In her standstill  
the setting embraces her.

But the moment is quickly passed  
and her shadow  
returns its slither  
across the glorified pyramid  
of chichen Itza.

But she stands unmarked  
and fully enveloped by the conquest

that became her.  
She is the intrinsic knowing  
of them both  
for she is now both  
the conqueror  
and the conquered aligned.

- Chichen Itza-Pre-Columbian city in Yucatan, Mexico

### **Making Healers of the Helpless**

We confuse them  
for the darkness—the witch; the curandera.  
But my ancestors have said  
that through  
the acknowledgment  
of the hot and cold  
(the airs)  
that inhabit the body  
eventually becomes  
a space of dichotomies  
and it is in  
these differences  
that one sees the spirit.

The herbalist, the bonesetter,  
the witness of the life bringer.

Roots are pulled from the ground  
and we say, “sufrimos”.  
But the healer says, “sobrevivimos”.  
We speak to the herbs and give  
animism a new name.  
The wind carries our stories  
and displays them  
in caskets made of  
sage and gold.

The healer speaks  
and brings into conversation  
the nature of the journey  
to create a healer  
in those who have forgotten

and have become lukewarm  
to their native tongue  
and revelation or even agency  
in their story.

\*“sufrimos”-To suffer. “sobrevivimos”-To survive

### **Parto**

It is a place where budding flowers  
bloom through new life.  
The place is a center, which is still called  
the Tree of Life.  
And where I stood  
is called the “sun room”—a bright, yellow room  
filled with mauve and amethyst colors  
lined with canary and golden daffodil shades—  
which is why my  
partera had termed it so.

I remember it well,  
when the early winter morning crawled down the shivers  
of my lower stretched spine  
and through feverish breath I began  
lifting, pulling—slowly, I arose to a bright new sun.  
Dancing, the cool waves of sun stretched across my protruded abdomen.  
The waves then so intricately caressed and touched  
the inner tumults that so hurriedly reached back  
in gestures of urgency.  
The wind cascaded through my pressed hips and floated  
to a midday sun.

I sat without waver and began  
breathing, shifting—smiling in a milk-color bathed pool.  
The pool for birthing life, so refreshingly bathed me and  
soothed me with its mollifying waters.  
Within the heat of the water  
my spine then uncoiled.  
The waters broke open and the pool became  
bruised, bloodied, battered—in midst of a new lump of flesh.

Her first breath encased underwater  
and floated to surface simply arriving as fizzes.  
Slowly her nakedness touched mine  
and in the gray of her eyes I solidified, like ice.

She was a lumped crystal.  
A mirror I watched.  
She was better than morphine  
to a body undone without drugs.  
She is and was enigmatic ecstasy.  
La misa célula que ha florecido  
desde me vientre.  
The same cell that has flowered  
from my womb.

\*Partera-Midwife

### **Una sílaba/ A single syllable**

I came into life as new language.  
I came forth and parted  
from a single syllable that traveled  
from my father to my mother's body.

It was then I escaped between sun and moon  
and was pristinely borrowed from spirit and secular.  
And it was then I became a wolf, a nagual,  
in fogged dusk and rising red clouds.

But I was also molded from barro, a clay,  
that changes color with the heat and the cold  
and can be painted to resemble the smoke  
that hides our lost ancestry.

But I stand—**firme**. A single syllable tied to the wind.

My anchor you might ask—Yes,  
my green eyes that came from distant waters  
and my long hair that was up-rooted from my fallen lineage.

But my cells remember me  
and I am yet again  
a single syllable tied to the earth's own language.  
I remember the idea  
of the sacred,  
the pace of earth's journey  
and I am returned  
and tied to my originator  
of the sacred speech.  
I am returned  
and completely immersed

within the one  
who created the acts of orality.

\*Nagual- A human being who has the power to transform (whether spiritually or physically) into an animal.

\*firme-firm