

Final poem for the US dollar

Mi mama handed Sacagawea's dollar coin to a pharmacist.
She picked it up in a market in Guayaquil where

she was haggling for
handmade toquilla straw
hats,
macana fringe shawls
y wooden casas for our neighbor.

Never accepting the first offer, she pinched me
and said 'no
te dejes tomar el pelo.' don't be foolish
only the white tourists pay full price.

A global international fund made the Sucre disappear
from the Andes, the coast, and where the old tortoises grow.

A global international fund replaced gold with silver,
Bolivar with Washington and when merchants selling

alpaca woven jackets give my mom a dollar coin
with Sacagawea's face on it,

the pharmacist rejects it.