

I N T E R N A L S P R I N G C L E A N I N G

Let the rain seep into your pores,
let flowers bloom where they never have before.
Allow room for the weeds you found beautiful
that others told you to uproot
and toss aside
to grow.
Collect rainwater
let yourself cry
save the tears:
this is internal spring cleaning.



T O M E E T H E R

We are the women prophecies are written for
that oracles warn you about.

With voices that don't quiver,
voices which can't be controlled.

You have been used to silence too long.

The moon as a divine feminine force has always been known. pulling
you in and giving you life. Pouring water for thirsty lips while
you sip it all for yourself.
She doesn't hesitate to tell you.

Do you seek to turn our truth into a desert? Is that why you do not
share?

Did you hear?
there are predictions your patriarchy will fall -
she told me the other day.

Maybe it's because our strengths are different. Maybe it's because we
have any power at all.

Men want women to live in glass castles to hawk at and stare. Men do
not want the woman who speaks so loudly the glass crumbles.

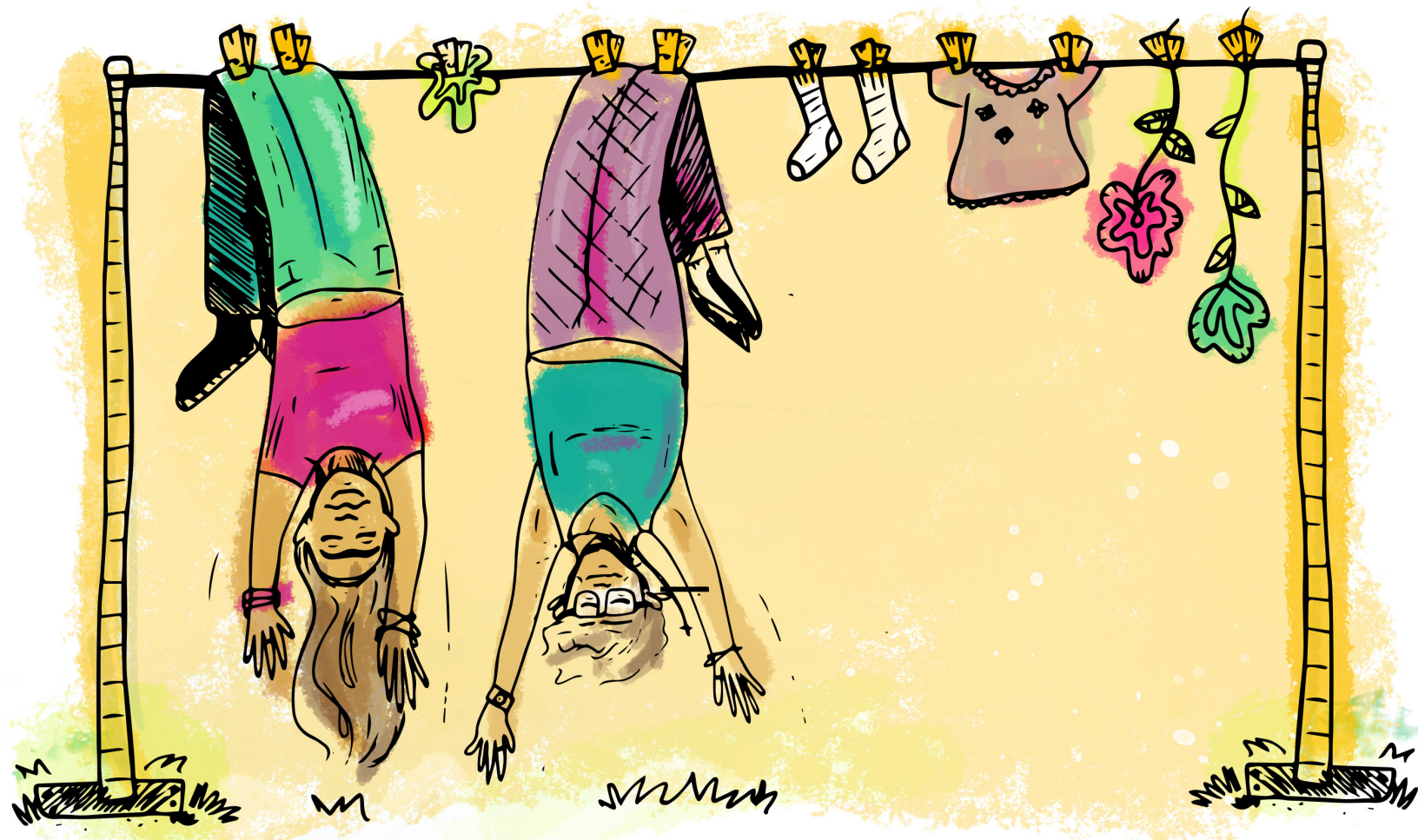
It will all crumble soon.
I saw the Tower, the Moon, and Strength.
They're all aligned,
waiting to meet her.

Don't say you've not been warned.



A N A N E C D O T E

Clothespins remind me of my abuela. Her backyard in Southwest, Detroit. Using the wooden brown and withered grey clothespins to dry our clothes. Letting nature take care of our chores for a moment. Seeing our fabrics dance in the wind, the smells of detergent and the meat packing plant next door mixing. Patched green grass around us, terracotta and plastic pots with life bursting within them around us. We were letting nature take care of us.



S T A I N S

Is this what healing feels like?
Putting my fingertips on everything
hoping that I'll leave stains of myself everywhere --
like on the walls in hallways
and the broken-up asphalt outside that will surely blow away.



Q U E S T I O N S F O R T H E M O O N

I wonder if The Moon struggles too,
is she gentle with herself?
Does The Moon practice self care?
Does she have the time?

I know she controls the
tides
and the water within
us all
but
can she control herself?

Does the Moon linger
between the water
and flesh in my body?
Does she like going through my body?

Am I a nice human to visit?
I wonder if she feels
human?

I wonder if she knows how much I admire her.
The way she glows,
changes,
and connects us all.

I wonder,
does the Moon feel connected?

BROWN GIRL

This brown girl will not affirm you just because you want me to.

I can riddle prayers off of my tongue
but won't and can't absolve you of your sins.
My brown skin can't do that for you.

I will not be forced to speak. I save my words for magic.
I save them for actions and those who don't sway like willow trees in
the wind.

I suppose I would be jealous of a woman
who is thriving like a cactus in the sun.
I don't have enough water to give.

It's too holy,
too sacred,
too rooted.



S E R P E N T

There is a serpent rising from within
every Chicana woman.

We learn how to charm her,
love her,
become one.

How to trust the *mujer* within.



MY SPACE IS MADE UP BY MY ANCESTORS

They're with me
In the strands of my hair.

I am a place of warmth.
My melanin glows and
Absorbs the sunlight

I am always growing--
Put me in a buzzing city around freeways
Or in a field with bumbling bees.

I am prepared for this,
I have centuries of prayers and love leading me
To paths of marigolds and sunflowers.

With space--
to replant,
for those to come.



A T Z E C S H R I N E

When I was young, I learned that I am Mexican.
I learned that my family is strong.
Filled with women that have spirits entangled in their hair,
We chose to believe that we came from the Aztec people.

So when I learned that my body and my mind were to be considered
temples and shrines,
I considered mine to be their pyramids,
golden with vines and life crawling throughout
I was beautiful.

Other people found me beautiful too
Then chaos entered my mind and I was not young
And savages came and went,
They cast new demons,
Demons I could not pray away.

So how do I resurrect my own collapse?
When I envisioned myself after a great and powerful people

People that lost their homes, their religions, and civilization
They crumble.

When my mind shifts and manipulation occurs

I am crumbling and spiraling

The aztecs ruled for about 100 years

400 less than most great civilizations

Only to be taken over by people who did not belong

I am not waiting for a white god to save me

I am not waiting for a new shrine

I survived

And I will wear my beauty in my heart

Authenticity is remembered more than

Assimilation

I will sacrifice you to the gods

While I am in an abundance of turquoise

You will be looking up from badlands

My shrine is gold

It's hundreds of steps

The only sacrifices I make now are for me

I survived.

