



Debi Cooper, *Storytellers of the Past*, Delia, Julia and Josefina. Redwood City, California. September 3, 1996.

Caliche (preface)

Josi Mata

We swallowed
each others breath
drawing
 kisses from
each others hearts
 our breasts together
 our hips
 and legs and cunts binding
fused in soul

I am here
 because I kissed her

I am here
 because I inundated my body with her

she has entered me
and my dreaming is heavy now

Caliche

 traveling my
pain through my dreams
on to a December sky

my chest is heavy with the past
and here i lay
unable to release me
from horror
 that I made a name for

phantoms i said okay to
come and make your home

in me

only thinking something could fill me
only wanting something inside
never could

find

that thing that i lost
wanting
a woman
for
me

for
me
to
love, so beautiful strong and dark

and full

Instead i am filled with ghosts
and
they move
towards
an end
taking my soul with them

I have wetness
thinking
of us

dark olive skin
brown red lips
and
the night only
says
you are alone

her strong arms
around my back
and pulling my
hair
she says
there are
no more ghosts
let
me
fill you
I am here

her rough hands
pushing
my thighs open
moist
full mouth
on my neck
and breathing
sucking my flesh in
running my ghosts out
i am praying to keep her
she pushes my folds open
I am
so wet and swollen

in this moment
nothing else matters
nothing that
i will probably do
and no mistakes that i have made
and
no father that has killed me
nor
a country that denies me
nor
the women who have betrayed

me
or that I have deceive to live
as the ghosts run

and i undulate my hips, because
i love this woman butch
and eating hard on me, where my sorrow
runs out
where my tears die
where

 i am alone
where i finally gasp she is there
and when i die
it is the only thing i take with me
so
nothing else matters
nothing else

Infection

Josi Mata

nervous under the harsh probe light
and
When the doctor
told me to take my
panties off
I knew I was in trouble

it took Mom, Vinito
and three nurses to
hold me down

frightened
at the penetration of cold steel instruments
and white faces
grimacing
contorting
because I screamed so
loud, so loud *gritaba*,
Ama tried not to cry Vinito let his hair cover his shame

no one ever told me
no one ever knew
how the infection
kept coming back
your hands from dinner to
my vagina
your hands from
the arm rest
to my butthole
from the cigarette
to my undeveloped breasts

The nurse hurriedly explained that these Mexicans needed