

La Casa de Tía

Josi Mata

I pour water
where they
terrorized
you

with embarrassment
little brown

where they crushed your ego

and made you paper
empty

I dance on the dirt
that caught your tears
and blood
afternames of fat bitch

longing for night to come

so you could go home

I rattle the words smart, pretty
needed
in your path

Wash away the car oil that was smeared on
your back,
mean cement
burnt your hands and knees
no more little brown fat

wash away the words ugly
and stupid

rub oil into

the flesh that
has
grown like
tree trunks
unable to
run

boys terrorize your steps, wash
off the smells of
rotten eggs

where they clung in
hordes
to

the hunt of the walrus

'That's your name isn't it
Walrus?

'That's what you are isn't it?
A walrus.

No, No, NO it is not.