

EDITORIAL POETICS

Nopalito words and MALCS feminist editorial practice

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In the middle of the words

without a name

gentle hands wrap around

feminist editorial practices

carving *nopalito words*,

creating spaces of belonging across latinidades

and indigenismas.

Gentle hands wrap around inner geographies

imprinted in colored paper holding up,

sustaining, breathing, and touching

the skin of the paper.

As the hands begin to hold voices, bodies, and

narratives from within, from without the edges

of ourselves one page and another one

stitching thorny, joyous, feisty, hopeful, *nopalito sentences*,

and disperse narratives weaving

marked life-lines in an intimate collective ceremonial

which begins without endings

breaking the borders of the pages, breaking the walls of our own

thoughts, breaking the edges of our own shadows and liquid fears

wanting to hold back voices, bodies, narratives, and

histories of infinite moments of solitudes, stolen family

moments, pain and frustration in front of the blank

page, or the trembling hand, and the arrugada page
colored by long hours of frustration,
isolation, pain, exhaustion
broken by the unique power of the word shared, and
listened, touched, and caressed by another
of us
coming together to different places, sites, geographies
finding ourselves sharing the ink of our own
nopalito words, treading our worlds, melting our fears
undressing our silences, frozen moments, broken lenses
inner geographies we caress in the power of the shared
page of our feminist editorial practices
together finding our own wells, writing and
rewriting, reading and re/reading, scratching, crossing,
moving, dislocating, destabilizing, harvesting and
touching these *nopalito words*,
in communal feminist editorial practices across
latinidades, chicanidades, indigenismas
connecting the virtues of patience, sharpening edges
of the mind, wisdom of the soul, fire of our burning
hands, as we weave tapestries imprinted on both sides
erasing the solitary page, the solitary place, the
solitary space....
Breaking away the restricting spaces of solitary lines
reading each others' voices, bodies, stories, communities
creating spaces of belonging
across latinidades and indigenismas, personal experience and testimonials.
Writing and illuminating our critical discourses, tracing of our histories, lives,

heritage, bodies and ways of knowing and experiences imprinted in our
bodies, as MALCS feminist editorial practices harvest *nopalito pages*
healing, witnessing, revealing, remembering, empowering, creating
a sense of belonging
to a collective, and communal struggle breaking, melting, erasing together
our liquid fears infiltrated on the blank page.
Threading traces of our colored voices, bodies, narratives,
and histories, our *nopalito words* become bones, ink, and skin
sustained by the rains of a collective feminist editorial practice
healing our burning hands as
our communal and collective stories inhabit our
hands, hearts, fists, naming and renaming,
deslenguandose, temblando
entre desiertos de páginas en blanco que en comunidad hacen
de nuestras “palabras-nopalitos,” palabras-armas clipping out the
nightmares of the solitary page, of the solitary rage.
As we spill autobiographical marks all over
the page dispersing our MALCS voices and bodies of writings and rewritings
in the thorny pages of *nopalito pages* mapping collective homelands....