

## SPIRAL NOTES

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**Touch** the objects labeled

“Remnants of past Civilizations.”

Think homeland,  
marrow in my bones.  
Trace the lines  
circling my ankles.

Hear ejecatl voices  
Shouting from my feet.  
*I left this bowl  
for you.*

Imagine my father's journey  
to the U.S. border.  
Lines of men  
with white sombreros  
boarding the coal hungry train  
departing Mexico City  
for three decades.

Imagine the walk of our ancestors,  
centuries across North America.  
Consider grandmothers  
grinding roots, nuts, spices and leaves.

The grind stone  
making a circular pattern,  
always to the left,  
pulverizing memory into rocks.

Note circles, zig-zags, spirals,  
tongues of fire,  
corn stalks in full bloom,  
arrows pointing in every direction,  
women with long braids,  
burning sage over a mountain.

Any paper is sufficient as canvas  
for tracking memory.