

OUR LADY AT THE MEYER LIBRARY

Irene Lara

Dedicated to Yolanda M. López and her mother, Margaret F. Stewart

Apparition on the canvas of a book
Befitting of this Chicanita
Learning to read the signs of power
At the university, in spite of the university

No te rajes, no te rajes
This Guadalupe reminded me
With her steadfast gaze
Sturdy body at work

This Margaret: Guadalupe
On the 1993 cover of *Aztlán*
A Diosa, my tía
Gracias por tu compañía

You, the most resplendent of all
In the dusty periodicals room
A sacred temple
At the otherwise secular library

A powerful reminder to ground, to move
So to emerge whole, flesh and spirit
Through my education, my life
A profound reminder to emerge connected

With the women
And the women's work
That makes my presence at the university possible

Your fire-bright mandorla
Enveloping me with your warmth
Your cerulean blue skies
Calming me like a salve

But your covered mouth haunts me even now
Me duele tía
Yo también conozco el silencio
The being silenced

And your back, Diosa tía?
Will you stretch along with me?
Can I rub it con una pomadita
And you mine?

So many suns have come and gone
And I still hear you calling me
I pass Rodin's *Thinker*
Walk into Meyer Library once again
Up the stairs, to the right
To López's *Thinker*, *La Pensativa*
Still instigating angelitas to rebel

For taking time to Be
Is
Revolutionary