

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...