

EL REBOZO

Alexandra Hernandez

I remember receiving Mama Cata's rebozo,
my great grand mother
A long straight piece of fabric
long enough to embrace me in a hug

Resembling the night sky
deep, deep purple with little white bolitas
It's like the color of the sky
when the sun's ray have almost disappeared
The stars have just begun to shine
yet the fading rays still leave
purple kisses on the horizon

The fringes tangled from use
knots created from winds and sighs,
of bailes, pozadas, misas
I smell the cedar of the case
In which it was kept
The scent of fresh firewood
Fresh flowers, fresh dirt, fresh agua
Fresh maíz y frijoles
I smell the hair dye that gave my Mama Cata
her dark braids and a faint trace of incense
From the traditional Latin masses

Heavy, it carries the heritage of my people
The wisdom of the my family
The love of my mother, my tías,
my grandmother, my Mama Cata.
My women,
condensed in a silk rectangle
3.5 meters long.