

i.

The question so frequent it feels
part name, part of this white-washed
identity i never questioned

until the day
my mirror, mirror on the wall
did not answer.

ii.

The stranger peers inquisitively
at our cheekbones, our brown skin
the long black hair center parted
Geronimo overlooking a cliff
roots my husband cultivates like maiz
the indigenous an inner dignity
no mojado no brown invasion vato
it's the white invasion
we're still fighting.

iii.

The mother asks hands languid
while my mother's clenched
her round blue flickering with
the anger she didn't always contain
when asked: which ones are yours?

iv.

No Where. Every Where.
Of One, We Became Many
Movement, A Billionth of A Breath, A Blink of an Eye.

—Yon Hui Bell

We Farmworkers

We are the ones who connect the seeds to you,
attending them through to harvest:

Cane cutters,
fruit pickers,
planters,
weed pullers,
packers.

Picture us:

Over and over bending our backs,
our gallons of sweat,
our callusing of hands,
our faces ridden with exhaustion,
our eyes hungry for rest.

How without us cannot be:

Your cities,
hospitals,
schools,
sewers,
highways.

Imagine how, with every breakfast bite,
you might grasp the worth of the work we do
and resolve to pay us what our work is worth.

—Tom Keene

December 12, 2017 / Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe



Art: Campesino by Simon Silva

Chi Chis Out!

With my chi chis out
You criticize me for not attending college
Belittle me for not fitting into a size 0

With my chi chis out
She whispers "Why hasn't she gotten married yet?"
"She's got 3 kids born out of wedlock, you know?"

And now
With my chi chis out you point and holler
"Cover up!"

This time,
While I am nursing my baby from my breast
With my chi chis out

Liquid gold drips out of my daisy shaped nipples

And covers the corner of my son's mouth
Only to heal his body inside and out

With my chi chis out
It smells of vanilla ice cream, it reduces the risk of cancer
And it soothes my little brown warrior to melt in my arms

With my chi chis out
My fist in the air and my crown on my head
I will no longer hide to comfort you

I become a dancer, a singer, a hummer,
and I stand for this revolution
with my chi chis out!

—Dolores Moreno-Valles