

SI PUDIERA ESCRIBIR UN POEMA:
Latina fate

Miryam Espinosa-Dulanto

if I could write a poem
I would write it in free spelling
with a rhythm to catch many — one's hearts
regardless the metrics and the sounds

this poem would be written
picking up people's thoughts
following a strand of tears
sharing pain, fear
catching laughs and moans
pulling stomach flies

words dressed in humid resonance
playing a dance
cuddling warm feelings
forgetting early agonies
soaking later passions

ayy, como quisiera escribir un poema
cantando la alegría y la desesperación del comenzar

a poem to describe little fragments of a simple life
the mestiza pride because her daughter has succeeded
has achieved her special something
has made mami proud,
has made her own daughter proud
has made each Latina proud

a poem is a meeting
a gift to our clan
fertility/fecundity is gonna be written in the sky
planning fireworks of laughs and calls
is ready to start
a new challenge comes up
the sky is available yet we need ladders
ladders to reach it

is the Latina fate
to discover that dreams work
as long as
they don't reach too high
believed recruiters' promises

never heard of the price
our souls our eternal humility

gatekeepers are not enough
to control the avalanche
the desire to celebrate
the joy to procreate
the burst of life brought by the matriarcas of the clan
is mami and abuela, the power of decision
is tía and prima and hermanita the power of love
fertility/fecundity got written in the sky
the Latina fate answered back today

JUST LIFE

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sweet life full of stormy times

sweet life full of sweet moments

love and passion

boredom and exhaustion

all together, heaven and hell

crushing, pushing, harming, loving

all together

piecing parts of my own life

all together letters and words

building a text, rebuilding life

all together got into a book

reservoir of memories

vessel of unfulfilled dreams

treasure box of infinite hopes

all together a strange book

with no pages

but arms and legs instead

chichis, chichonas también

all wrapping me around

in a total hug

in which life is given away

to unknown beings

that get to experience

over and over

the written text and getting hugged
with what is served away
with a total disregard for safety
no longer vital but trivial
looking to experience
what they have not.