

## Luz at Midnight

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required for success was enough time and money.

Joel likes the eccentric ones. This guy, and the scientist from Japan everyone had been talking about a few years back, who had experimented with water and demonstrated that emotions could shape the fate of water molecules. Love and gratitude caused it to freeze in perfect formation. Anger and heavy metal music created distorted, asymmetrical flakes. There was the guy who had mailed him a letter at the Volt office the other week, about a device he'd invented that converted atmospheric pressure directly into electricity—no fuel at all! He'd taped that one above his desk at work. I KNOW for a fact my machine does NOT violate any of the laws of physics and I Can prove that in Court!

And then there was this node business. Moving tons of earth to uncover ancient moon rocks and distill their metals chemically, to process pure ores into the promise of carbon-free electrons. The dream of all work and no waste. Tlaloc's fertile rains without his killing floods.

Yeah, you couldn't make shit like that up. As Sister drives on still pointing and talking, he gathers it all in his head like a snowball, rolling and patting it into shape, into story.



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## Goddess Moment

This single mother of seven  
wets the corn-flour, works it into a ball,  
pats it flat and round,  
lays it on the hot and ready griddle,  
flips it with bare fingertips,  
one after the other,  
heaps them onto a warmed plate,  
and offers them to us.

—Tom Keene and Muse



## HABLANDO DE AMOR

### Te Quiero

¿Cómo te quiero?  
Como a los nopales de San  
Luis Potosí.  
¿Cuanto te quiero?  
Como hay fresas en  
Guanajuato.  
¿Desde cuando te quiero?  
Desde que cosechan aguacates en Uruapan.  
¿Hasta cuando te quiero?  
Hasta que se acaben los pinche charales de Janitzio.  
¿Porqué te quiero?  
Porque me dejas fumar mi puro en la cama.

—Cervando Martínez



### Mi mujer es un mamey?

Mis amigos del Caribe y otras partes de America Latina  
me han dicho que mi mujer es muy Hermosa,

“como un mamey” he oido.

Pero yo, no siendo del Caribe o de la Zona tropical no he  
conocido muchos mameyes en mi vida.

Por eso, yo la consider como algo mas conocido a mi. Mi  
mujer para mi es un mango.

—Cervando Martínez

