

# Celebrating Spring with Poetry



## Chestnuts

Inside of you, your age is growing  
Inside of me, my age ongoing  
Time is decided, it does not ring its bell  
It grows, it walks inside of us  
Appearing at a glance like deep waters  
The roasted chestnuts of your eyes  
Drizzle a trace of a small river  
And a dry little star ascends to your mouth  
I knew at the time each thread of your hair  
And in my heart your honeysuckle fragrance was alive  
Living like fire  
It's beautiful how we live  
Growing older every day  
Each day a clear stone  
Every night a dark rose  
For us, wrinkles of stones and flowers  
In a flash of lightning, I remember my eyes  
Wasted on your beauty under my kisses  
But everyone has seen my joy at your splendid beauty  
My love, time... what does it matter?  
Your body, your sweetness rises parallel like two spires  
Tomorrow holds us together and pulls us apart  
And with its same fingers  
Smears the identity that separates us  
Giving us the victory of being one beneath the soil

—Marta Laura

BIO: Marta Laura uses her inner voice through art to tell an original story about her personal experiences, background, memories, ideas, and her humanitarian beliefs. She resides in a small farmhouse in North Texas alongside her loving husband and animals.

## Oceanada

The sea full of energies reared around your waist like a colossal cloud  
The dark shore sheltered you  
In your eyes and in your hair your heavenly light shimmered like opals  
The light of the dying afternoon lingered in cool waters palpitating the rhythms of your heart  
Your voice spoke in gentle caresses and in a wave sharpened like a dagger to pierce you

—Marta Laura





## 21<sup>st</sup> Century

What if I

Shaved my head?

What then

Would you be able to judge me on?

Because the color of my hair

The color you adore so much—

A

*Beautiful Costa Rican shade.*

As you say.

Is nothing but me

Merely modeling Garnier's "Raspberry Truffle"

Then we have

The responses

The

*Oh, I thought your hair was dark because you were LATINAAA*

As you sway your hips

Moving to the rhythm of your words when you sing

*Latinaaaa*

As though stereotyping is a hit song to which you can dance.

What if I just

Shaved it all off?

There would be nothing for

The world to notice

To make assumptions on

Because apparently

Hair color

Dictates race

So, if my hair was gone

What could you dictate?

I know

My gender.

My Womanhood

Instead of telling me to

Run to the border

You would tell me to

Run back into the kitchen

Instead of telling me I cannot vote

Because I speak Spanish

You would tell me I cannot vote

Because as a woman

My body isn't my choice.

But that,

Is a poem for another day.

I could just,

Wear a bald cap?

—Natasha Webb-Villegas

*BIO: Natasha Webb-Villegas is finishing a BA degree in creative writing with an emphasis in poetry and Spanish. She is the recipient of the 2021 Katherine C. Turner prize, the 2021 Honorable Mention Swarthout Award and her poem In Need of Being Thawed is published in "Poets.org." A surf instructor, she hopes to one day be both a poet and librarian.*



## Ownership

My body

My choice.

His body

His choice.

Their body

Their choice:

My body would not

Have chosen to spread her legs

And keep

The voice

She liked the sound of so much

Shut.

My body would not

Have chosen to have been called a liar

To be told she wanted it

When my body

Did not.

My body

Would not have let

Others touch

What once used to be sacred

To

Prove that the breasts

Vagina, and torso

I was *supposed*

To own

Was made *his*

Against my will.

My body would not

Have chosen to be regulated

By senators born

From the body

They are so adamant on

Deeming inferior.

My body

Would not have chosen

To be the subject

Of a war.

—Natasha Webb-Villegas