

## I Actually Like Myself At This Age

Sure, my knees crackle  
when I get up.  
And it takes longer to learn fresh habits.

However.  
The quiet.  
The stillness. The knowing.  
YESSSSSSSS.

Give me  
white hair  
laugh lines  
and plum blossoms in my cup.

My inner critic—  
unmoored, bashful—  
waits. I grab a second mug.

I ask her,  
“Wanna sit here with me?”

—Violeta Garza

## SPARKLEBZZZ (en San Antonio)

I want to feel like I'm  
being held by  
the sun of my Ancestors,  
meciéndonos, así despacito,  
con la música de La Santa Cecilia  
on my speakers. Órale.

Under the silk of bouncy clouds—  
a susurrus of West Side honeybees  
and wildflowers.

—Violeta Garza

She would go to the mail box several times a day to check for an answer from the convent. But, none came. Time went by and no letter. Weeks and then months. No answer. Dolores was so crushed and unhappy when she realized that they didn't want her back! That they didn't bother to let her know the reason why. She so wanted to hear from Mother Superior why she couldn't come back. To her, failure to receive an answer was a form of rejection.

Five years later, she heard a knock on the door and saw a mailman at the door who asked, “Are you Dolores?” She said yes—and he replied: “Apologies from the US Post Office, but we are moving from our present location and among a lot of other things, we found this letter with your return address on it. We would have mailed it, but it has no postage nor a complete address.”

Dolores took the letter and read: Mother Superior,

## La Vida Es Agua, Amor, Y Fe (Cuando Te Fuiste, El Sol Se Puso Frío, Frío)

Te fuiste, y me tuve que cobijar con mis propios brazos míos, míos.  
Te había comprado comida y medicina. Todita se me echó a perder.

Cama ligera, tierra cálida, yo se que no te pudiste quedar.

Yo, llorando—y eso, que estaba sanando de otras penas.

Y apenitas aprendí. Del dolor, no hay descanso.

Pero la vida sigue, y no es la última vez que volvamos a amar.

—Violeta Garza



La Santa Cecilia band



## Violeta Garza

*A multilingual poet and storyteller, Violeta Garza is the middle child in a family of Mexican immigrants. Her work has been published in Anti-Hero in Chic, Foglifter and Acentos Review, plus others. Violeta has performed for Texas Public Radio, The Alamo Chapter for Human Rights, The Center for Refugee Services and others. A member of Macondo Writers Workshop, they live in Yanawana (San Antonio, Texas), with her partner.*

Monterrey Mexico.

Tears welled up in her eyes, and soon the tears were running down her cheeks.

## Mildred Hilbrich

*Mildred De Long was born on the Westside of San Antonio, Texas in 1940. She was educated in San Antonio and Del Rio, Tx. She has five adult children and is married to her husband of 39 years, Lawrence Hilbrich. She became interested in writing when she was asked to write about her family for a project, Still Here, Homenaje al Westside de San Antonio, sponsored by the Esperanza Peace and Justice Center in 2017-18. She has written poems, stories and monologues and is now writing her third book.*