**object study**

ringlets ebb toward   
cloth. covered by  
dust and beige-silk   
stains, eyes projecting   
story-scapes. undo  
the purple wall. a  
body fed is oil, scrubbed   
clean. I crave this.

**time traveler**

this is how I remember july:

an old man’s chipped

metal cart

boasting ice cream bins of guava

and piloncillo, that distinct

vanilla bean of yellow

whipped with flecks of black

cough sweetness and I’m thrown to

dirt clouds tending abuelo’s land

playing ten-body futbol

me and the

cousins in

a matching

row of overheating

gap sweaters

and we were all afraid of the

granja’s empty hole, a mythical

orifice plagued by endless

superstition

somewhere, a donkey brayed then

I was grown and the granja

was sold back

to airports, seated

up and away ears plugged and heavy

quick adjust to

california gravel and sun

far from this kinship

a yearly confusion

melting any trace of tenacity

that may have been left

in my bones

**colima**

a child sees volcano sputter and clouds

of grey-black ash

globular whole

to capture the sky would be nice

 the child thinks

a child thought to have

staring at cotton eruption threats as the car shoots forward

over a bridge lined

with yellow poles the child counts the gaps

thirty pipes blurring

like calcified striations

fused together in the flash

little does she know

this image will linger in her memory arsenal

decades later little does she know that soon

the highway will become a

forbidden space

absent bodies and siren echoes

etched into the mountain walls

**prophecy**

*i. christening*

the oath of a

daughter is

signed in the

womb and

the lamb is

placed neatly

in the crook

of your elbow.

her child

stomach quickly

learns the

sensation of a

knot.

a counterfeit

foot-cleanse,

bogged down by

the altarpiece

script reciting

its wants into

the soft parts of

her tendons. this

is an aqueduct

of miracles, an

endless flow of roses.

this feels like

forced emotion

coaxed into

singing

shoveled by a

golden spoon.

*ii. epiphany*

it is inevitable:

for a landscape

to be cracked up

close. for a wave of

overthinking to

arrive and refract

the given

meanings. she

will hold the

crystal

mouthpiece

in her hand

and declare a

truth: *I like who*

*I am and who I*

*have become.*

a wild product

of anthills

and oak trees,

sad songs in

the abdomen

and cola

afternoons. an

unknown

creature in the

blue-black night,

she averts the

judging gaze

and howls keenly

at the moon.

**cosmovisión**

*for leilah*

the aja moment tugs     my chest to the south       bound to

a knowledge       that we have built       this is the cosmovisión       of two

sisters       an urge that        rises from skittish        premonition like the ache

of a specific album      we both heard at once though       miles apart

or the ache of       overlapping lucid dreams       staining the gold-brown

iris       that we share       this cosmovisión is a       spiritual thing more

powerful       than the offerings       we used to make on sundays puncturing space       such as   the distance from       la to san diego coasting       on the amtrak surfliner       with the smell of tangerine and        ocean       our black lashes bat       at the aja moment and like divine intervention it cannot be explained       a belief system belonging only to us as tongues translate spurts of words into wandering tales         a merciless history       we both know the punch line to         how can I explain     this linked condition only by saying  that the feeling of your absence is the feeling       of loss

the loss of something tender       and true it is an honor to be disappointments together not quite as polished as the elders had planned       I am grateful         for the distance bridged by mutual lack        of faith        and

for this   multilingual spirit     that keeps our beings close