



Diálogo

Volume 17 | Number 2

Article 52

2014

Conqueror; Her Words

Sylvia Riojas Vaughn

Follow this and additional works at: <https://via.library.depaul.edu/dialogo>



Part of the [Latin American Languages and Societies Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Riojas Vaughn, Sylvia (2014) "Conqueror; Her Words," *Diálogo*: Vol. 17 : No. 2 , Article 52.

Available at: <https://via.library.depaul.edu/dialogo/vol17/iss2/52>

This Rincón Creativo is brought to you for free and open access by the Center for Latino Research at Via Sapientiae. It has been accepted for inclusion in *Diálogo* by an authorized editor of Via Sapientiae. For more information, please contact digitalservices@depaul.edu.

Sylvia Riojas Vaughn

UNITED STATES

Conqueror

In Laredo the radio blares *if the rain comes they run and hide their heads*. But when thunder rumbles we race to the parched yard only to miss drops spattering the dust. All night in front of a whirring fan, Tía and I suck ice cubes, anoint mosquito bites with garlic until our skin smells like supper. This dawn, Tía's face is a mask of flour, sweat. She pulls a lemony disc from the oven, no, she lassos the sun! The eagle arrives. His wing beats pulse against our thighs as we fly south. Outside a great city, raindrops bounce off our whirling braids.

Her Words

I spoon rice

into her mouth.

I ask what

I should do.

Her malady renders

her words

a vapor,

hushed flurries.

But she makes her point—

spoon against a pot,

palms patting out a tortilla.

Her tap reminds me

the beans are getting cold.