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Latina, Blooming // Waning Crescent

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Latina, Blooming

I sit in a television *Mamá* is in the kitchen making dinner. my hair curls. dry patch on my forehead a nearing winter

I fell

in sleep dreaming on a carpet

We pay a toll
in trains
we walk,
we work,
we rarely drink
our curves are strong
like rum,
my uncle's drunk,
we climb,
we bleed and
start again

. Mamá y Papá say the world is not a place for girls like me

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CAROLINA FERNANDEZ

Waning Crescent

Drink ...

long night in a desert dreaming tank

gulpgulpgulpgulpgulp

spilled water excess

we are sitting still in a mist

this rushed summer:

slab of rusting iron

we are in between

love, I fell in

mossy gravestones, slow warm rain

swinging on your porch

naked blouse

soft breath

here his neck, yes, here