Mother Wail

The mother-beast is scorched,
I will not follow my daughter into hell.
Systematically, I remove the guitar
strings, destroy the case
that once held her wood,
her life form, in the cradles
of my elbows.
The corpse of her shadow
is a mourning coat I must wear.
It allows the ghosts of all mothers
to walk right through me.
It's dark black leather
smell, magnifies the fear
tattooed on the softest skin
beneath my left breast.
La Llorona asks why I don't
continue to search for her?
I preserve her memory in blue
enameled butterflies
and the possibility
of cherry blossoms in winter.
She wails welts on my ribs,
until my insides look
like a pock scarred moon.

Hasta Siempre

For Carlos Mariano García
by Lisha Adela Garcia

Twenty years walking on glass
to learn the ocean cannot
be nailed to the shore.
Lakes are ideal in their enclosure.
Children cannot be contained by goodness
or right intention. Their eyes
see through a blinding fog
to a road where I cannot name the trees.

I let go of my son the way an ocean
gives up a whole sand dollar to the beach,
and then retreats to noise and froth
against the rocks. He is now on his own
tarmac of grief and joy, each decision
framed by the doors I placed around his body
when he could not walk alone.

The mother conch is empty;
sand fills the center-pink vulva.
When he returns, I want him
to find home again in the grey
of my hair and the lines of my face.