Kuwanlelenta- To make beautiful surroundings...

© Alma Luz Villanueva

Even when I was very poor as a child of eight, when I finally went to the store to steal food for my grandmother and me, curling my hands into fists, to fight, I always brought back a small flower for her altar, and we'd laugh as we ate the stolen Spam, bread, jam, milk. My grandmother’s altars were always beautiful, finding small stones, seashells, flowers on the way, her favorite red roses, so when I found a flowering bush I picked four quickly, bleeding from shy thorns, she praised me for


their beauty— and when I lived with my children, we always had flowers at the center of our table, as well as food,

the poetry my grandmother taught me, the beauty of red roses, the beauty of singing words, she taught me always to create beauty as I go, and if you bleed, don’t cry, laugh, at the sheer luck of finding perfect red roses for free, watch beauty disappearing over flowers, *Siyamtiwa*, it will return soon, kissing your open hand.

*Siyamtiwa*- Object disappearing over flowers...

Alma Luz Villanueva
San Miguel de Allende, Mexico- October 2009