

## ***Kuwanlelenta-* To make beautiful surroundings...**

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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

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Villanueva, A. "*Kuwanlelenta-* To make beautiful surroundings..." *Camino Real. Estudios de las Hispanidades Norteamericanas*. Alcalá de Henares: Instituto Franklin- UAH, 1:2, (2010): 145-146.

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