

CHRISTMAS

palm leaves pluck the winter air & café de canela smack
our lips as the boom box howls frank sinatra's: *let it snow!*
i savor these miracles cuz today a child is born under
a bethlehem star & tomorrow he prepares to live among
them. in the kitchen mom swears the pozoles gettin' cold.
i whisper *impossible*. the gas stove kickin' the blue flame &
a boilin' pot becomes a prayer. sprouts legs & becomes
a pilgrimage to bless a home built by the brick of too many
stories ending with *la migra chased us & we made it*.
i think damn blessed. i think of ways to put a bow on all
this holy cuz outside on 2nd street cardboard is a mattress
made to trick bones to warmth yet teeth still chatter
& no one listens. guilt is a song that calls to repair
the floorboards. a famished mouth. a bitter ghost.
& franky hits the high note: *oh the weather outside
is frightful! let is snow! let is snow! let is snow!*