

Tía rebuilds her house as she snores

You stand from the crumbling rooftop as she scours
adobe, surveying the conquistadors' stamp

on the land – a disheveling mountain

here, sliced aqueduct there, a cathedral

of grass cloaking bricks now host
to ladybugs & mantis. Somewhere

she sees ghosts of those broken

by land – San Juan, San Antonio, Espada, San

Soledad. As new mission, Tía strokes her rib, hair,

ankle – extinguishing memory in the cellular

with a reclamation of contact,

with a reclamation of relation,

with a resistance to restless resistance,

with embrace of easeful & tender revolution –

with beloved body slumbering to repair.