

Ominous Light

Walking down hill
dirt path
a little shack by the road
rusty metal roof.
Mami drags us there
my brothers and I.
“will she do bruja?”
but mami refuses to call it that
“los van a cura.”
She will heal them.
We watch
as she rubs medicine into
her weathered hands.
They are like aloe vera,
skin hard and thorny.
Mourning lines
between the creases of
her palm and fingers.
Calluses tracing the tales of
lost and fallen souls,
of handguns hidden
underneath her dress,
surviving cross fires.
And when you look
deeper inside,
there are centuries of
healing power.
The oil lantern illuminating
the single room home
fingers spread,
she places them on
my brothers bare chest.
All eyes closed
We bow our heads together,
Orando.