

Catrina 2

You'll find her on
Dia De Los Muertos
Face a sugar skull
For death and honoring
Flowers interwoven
Alongside cornstalk curls
For life and family.
She is both
Abuela y bruja.
With the old ways of the faith healer
She will draw you in
For cakes and ale.
She will stoke the fire
Casting rituals handed down
From ancestors passed
For strength and wisdom.
She doesn't appear
To step while walking.
She glides, no, hovers
Over the streets
Garb both frill with lace
For Sunday mass
And black dress mourning
For funerals.
Wrinkled old hands
Grasp the banner for
Familia paso por alto
Another honoring with
Ritual and prayer,
With reverence and strength
For angels passed
And angels yet to pass.
Street Smash 1
Sometimes a beautiful thing
Is destructive
And it makes your eyes
Seek harder.
Sifting through the neon waves

Of cotton candy
On the fairground streets
To the blackened crust pavement.
Waves of lights
Sending seismic disruption
To the frontal cortex.
An overwhelming cannon
To sift through
With eyelashes and fur
And claws
And teeth
Street Smash 2
Overwhelming and busy
Pink red spackled
Then bullets and bombs
And the outlines of men
Who direct them.
And with destruction
Comes the breath of life
Overwhelming like a birth,
Pink and red spackled
And the outlines of men
Who direct the rebirth
In front of the
Hidden
Malevolent
Beast

Allee Redfern

Inspiration: *Catrina II* by Sirena Sanchez