

Héroes

By Adriana E. Ramirez

El Fantastico Niño Volador/The Fantastic Flying Boy
Chapultepec

These stairs spill marrow like light beams.
He wraps himself, cradled, in a
~~country-soldier heart-anthem-cloth~~ flag,
climbs till stars become dome-strokes,
and prepares to fly.
He rises torch in hand,
memory bleeding, forgotten.

Mujeres Invisible/Invisible Women

Juarez

Dotted lines spring to life,
sprouting guard booths & machine gun bridges.
She dons vines and fruits,
ascends into moss and river water.
Her angels soak her smothered
screams in plastic rings and hang themselves
with halos.

Las Sombras/The Shadows

Arizona

We hold our breath for a minute, men
With guns raise dust clouds.
We fade into covers
like deathbed prayers.
Comforted,
we seek water and salvation. The desert
births us: we are now suns and scars.