

El Posole de Abuela

From the dirt roads in Ameca, Jalisco to the border town of Tijuana, Baja California
All the way to the cafes in Paris, France
Maria's posole, a fiery color like that of molten hot lava
With hominy, soft to the bite as a white cookie.
Stir longing in others, but me.
The postcards came from all over the world.

Family and friends who had long dispersed, following their own journeys
Always wrote back about Maria's posole.

She sat with her cracked hands, her gray-veins popping out like high ways
Stirring a pot of her infamous concoction
And I sat across from her with take out, ignoring what others across the world so desired.

"Tia, I wish I was having a plate of yours. Love, all the way from Paris,"
The latest post card read, with a glossy photo of the Eiffel Tower mocking me.
I kept on oblivious to the warm wonder that sat inches away from me, burger in hand.

I sit with the very same post card, in the same blue-tiled table
Wishing grandma were here sitting across from me
Postcards arriving about.
But grandma is gone.
And the postcards mock me still.

--Karla Enriquez