



by Maria Miranda Maloney

## Calavera to Ana Santa

Such easy sleep, such breeze  
Clamoring at your window  
You stretched out, light shreds  
Dances on your toes

My black dress, polyester and proper,  
Hanging sadly from my closet  
Yours, sequined and laced,  
Awaiting your departure

You were a happy girl  
A woman acquainted with herself  
Despite the cows you milked, the  
Hens you killed, the bread you baked

The manual work of clearing land  
Raising a brood of rambunctious girls  
A litter of little boys  
Who asked for cookies and more

Now, the casket is in the living room  
The candles' flame dance  
You request one last song  
One last cup of joe

Stretch your weary bones, Ana Santa,  
Under this hearty light  
In your tombstone, we'll declare  
Here lies the grandest grandma  
Snug, finally at rest.

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<http://www.rinconbohemioep.blogspot.com>