

La Calle Rastro in Cd. Acuña, Coahuila, MX

The street of my childhood summers.
Littered with jagged rocks and broken glass,
dusty, potholed roads baked beneath the sun.
Sidewalks buckled, cracked—
chunks of concrete missing like pulled teeth.
Daily parades of flatbed trucks
sputtering, coughing, rattling by,
announcements for la reina de la feria and los
políticos
echoing between the steady

stomp
stomp
stomp

of lecheros, paleteros, y vendedores de

chicharrón—

interrupted only by yeeps, kikirikis,

and “oye güerita, ¿a dónde vas?”

The air—thick with fresh pan dulce,

warm tortillas,

and the sharp bite of unburned gasoline

riding invisible currents past my face.

Donde soy alguien.

La hija de la Vivis y el Chapulín,

nieta de Don Juan y Doña Lupe.

El lugar donde no soy invisible.

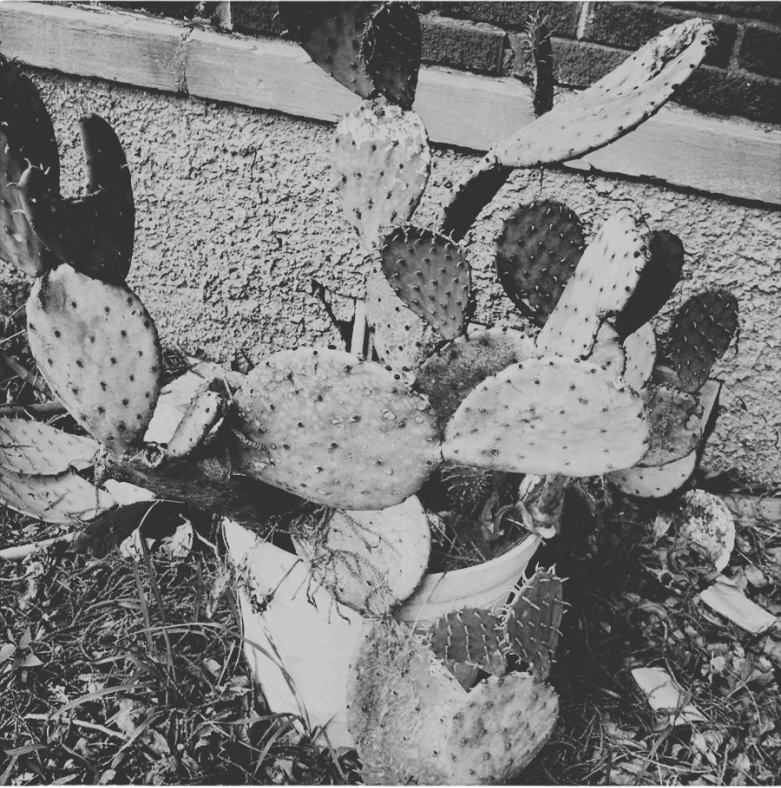
Where I belong—

just another Mexican street

that always felt more like home

than Dawes Drive in Dallas, Texas, U.S.A.

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Nepantla Notes

Dirt-Filled Fingernails & Sun-Kissed Skin

I come from the Earth,

the great Granddaughter of Mexican farmers

who lived humbly on the land.

Gente rooted in Nature,

born working communal plots,

with a reverence for our Mother.

A natural born, urban farming Granola Mexmama

with feet planted firmly in the circle.

ancestral memories ricocheting through neurons

while spirits dance around whispering in my ear,

“Respeto, vienes de Blla.”

Oregano dreams calling me to find a patch not

covered with asphalt or concrete scabs.

Yearning to dig in the same living, breathing soil

my familia has played in,

survived off of since our Clan’s creation.

Called to be a healer for,

to be healed by,

our first Mother.

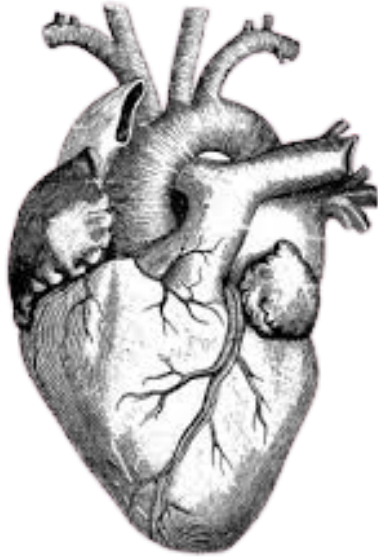
Our beginning and our end.

Understanding nature remains, and

I, we, have to be on her side, have to stand with

her.

Created by
Ofelia
“MexMama”
Faz-Garza



March, 2025



Conjuncto on the mind...

Squeezebox jamming

Fingers moving up and down the keys

The way I like a man to caress my backbone

Rough but gentle.

Como relampago it hits me

And my body starts to move

Feet tapping, head bobbing,

Hips and shoulders swaying

I remember quickly though

That Xicano, Tejano is low class,

Rough and vulgar

And no soy una de ellas.

Musica de cantina

que huele a cerveza vieja

and cigarras

where only a mujer que le gusta el pedo would be.

I can see my mom’s disapproving eyes

Staring at me in my mind’s eye

Like when I pierced my nose

And she publicly shunned me.

No camines con mijó; no eres mi hija!”

Classy words for a proper lady.

No grudeges though

Old school Mexican mamas

Boho the words of the past

Yo las tiro al león

Think I’ll grab a cheve

Gulp it de un trago

And head out to the dance floor

Because a mi si me gusta el pedo.



Everything I create—every poem, altar, zine, and
gathering—is a way of reaching back to the little girl
I once was. The one who whispered more than she
spoke, who found comfort in books and blank pages,
who dreamed in two languages and sometimes felt
like she belonged to neither

This work is for her.

It’s for the mujeres holding too much.
For the elders with stories still blooming inside
them. For the children learning they are sacred,
just as they are.

As I move through this world as an artist, mama,
and cultural worker, I hold tight to the truth that
art can be a home, a mirror, and a bridge. And I
know now—every time I show up in these spaces, I
am returning to that little girl inside me and telling
her:

You made it, mija. We’re here. And we’re free.

SELF (DECONSTRUCTED)

WHO AM I? WHERE DO I FIT IN? FEEL LIKE I’M GOING CHAY-ZEE...

TEJANA, XICANA, MEXICANA, LATINA

ROCKERA, BLURS-LOVING, NORTHERN GROWING

JACK IN THE BOX TACOS EATING AND MOSCOW MULE DRINKING

TOO MANY DAMN BOXES TO BE CONTAINED IN, TOO MANY...

THREE HUGGING, GRANOLA MAMA LIFE-LONG DEMOCRAT

QUESTIONING WHETHER SHE SHOULD FLIP, FLIP TO THE DARK SIDE OF

WHERE CAPITALISM IS THE ENEMY AND COMMUNITY CARE IS THE LIGHT

POLITICAL IDEOLOGIES

RE-APPROPRIATOR AND ANTI-GENTRIFIER BORN IN THE WRONG SIDE OF

TOWN,

NOW THE RIGHT PLACE TO BE THANKS TO PLEASANT NEW NEIGHBORHOOD

NAMES AND STICKERS;

THERE ARE ALWAYS STICKERS WHEN THEY REBRAND THE SABOR AND

COLOR RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER US

ZIPPING BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN WHO I SHOULD BE...WHO I WANT TO BE...

WHO I AM...

VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE FANATIC, SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSE CHANNELING

CAPE WEARING, PINTERESTING MARTYR MOMMY BY DAY,

COCK-LOVING, TETAS CRAVING, TALK DIRTY TO ME BROUX BY NIGHT

AM I A WALKING CONTRADICTION OR THE EMBODIMENT OF DUALITY?

I AM A WOKE SISTER, A BOUGIE SISTER, A BOLD SISTER, A VENDIDA SISTER

I AM A SCHRAMMING WOMYN, A HOLLERING WOMYN, A FUCKING EXHAUSTED

WOMYN

I AM...

I AM...

I AM...

ME

ES TODO Y CON PINCHES SAFOS

Self (Reconstructed)

I am O-fe-lia, with an ‘f’;
not Ophelia with a ‘ph’.

‘f’ as in familia that’s bold like mole. A 50-ingredient mole that
mixes sweet chocolate and spicy dried chiles with toasted ajonjolí
and almendras alongside chunks of pan francés and plantano
macho. That simmers slowly over hours, days, years to birth
comfort and complexity.

‘f’ as in frijoles aguaditos sizzling in fresh rendered manteca,
ready to be sopped up with tortillas de harina that have been
paloteadas on counters, cooked on hot comales, and turned by
calloused fingertips or unapologetically flipped by spatulas since
both ways are acceptable.

‘f’ as in a fideo de conchitas patiently doraditas then slow-cooked
in a tomato broth con ajo and lots of comino that tastes like
childhood and end of the month, stretch that dollar cooking.

‘f’ as in flautas or taquitos or whatever name you use for those
crunchy rolled bundles of fried masa that cocoon fillings the way
a heavy San Marcos colcha envelops couples cuddling on cold
Texas nights or the way a soft rebozo cradles baby bodies.

‘f’ as in fleshy, fat, and flabby like my thighs and hips and belly.
Place where I welcome lovers to rest their weary heads, place
where life springs forth from, and place where shame lives
because earth goddess genes and bodies that eat two or three
helpings are not considered sexy.

‘f’ as in fuck those who talk about making this country and our
neighborhoods great again; those gentle gentrifiers and
whitewashing, gas lighting version 2.0 colonizers whose mouth
drools over my suegra’s recipes, who conjure spells with my
abuela’s remedies, who hire brown hands to tend to their
children and lawns and crops, who daydream of melanated bodies
rubbing against their pasty skin, who think rolling r’s sounds
exotic, and who ask us where we’re from, where we’re really
from.

I am O-fe-lia, with an ‘f’.