

THE PETALS LEAD THEM HOME

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If you listen, you can hear their steps
their feet touching the cempasuchil petals
as they follow the light.
The wind blowing at night
is not wind at all.
Ese aire, ese olor a perfume,
that flickering flame,
from the candle you see,
are how we know they are presente.
As real as the pan dulce we offer are
my abuela, her abuela, their tatarabuelas
and all the almas of those
who have gone before us.
On these nights we celebrate their life
and their journey back
to the hearth and familia.
They will dance to Cuco Sanchez.
They will sip coca-cola.
They will dine on mole y arroz.
They will play their bajo sextos.
And we will feel them with us,
as though they've never gone
These recuerdos will be with us always
En este, el dia de los muertos.