Doña Delfina / Mother Justice

Doña Delfina,
They say your tears fall on hostile ground, but I know better!
A roll of fat escapes the band of your scalloped apron
You pinch my flesh and twist, calling me by a true name in a barked whisper: “Big-little One”
Mothering me in your mother tongue; I pass the she-icon hung alongside dead sons and unfaithful husband
You rest before her framed in gray wisps of hair and smoke, swaddling an aching knee in goat hide
Suffering, as all Big-little Ones do
Yet here you are barefoot in sooted triumph, raising up the little to speak out Big
Tell me what you have passed through this side of the mountain
That I might cry out for antidote and strengthen my forearms in good-doing
You labored long for the wisdom in your gut
Pressing righteous anger into bread
The matriarch quietly ushering in justice as the *pila* gushes living water
We are sure this is not the way things have to be
Your tears seed tenderness into the hurting ground, testament to the fact that you—you know better.