



Mujer Sembrada, José Ángel Rodríguez

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What was I growing?
You know.
Sticks? Cactus?
I planted turtles in their husks,
gave them cane to breathe.
What grows is my belly
and you within it.

My eyes
see you outside—you,
with your hips
as round as the sun. But
the earth says otherwise—
As much as I would bathe in light,
your dark skin bathes in mine.

What was I growing?
A crop without shells.
A fence that will fall down.
As naked as your breath
I sow my seed for you.