

radioactive eugenics

they chose our land
because nobody
 lived here
so now
the bomb
 is in our blood

uranium wells
hexavalent chromium
plumes atop aquifers
under the adobe and
sienna brown
bodies of pueblo
homes

we're always dying
long nuclear deaths

our fight is invisible

atoms resting sleepless still
beneath san ildefonso

reservations for buried
native bones and poison
drums

una fantasma

i was born from the dark
imagination of a blind man

emerging pale
human shaped
& penitent

he heard *fair*
 & thought
 good
 beautiful

the smokey white contours
of a long haired doña
praying in black mantilla
her course gathered skirt
smelling of tortillas
 & childbirth

la madre buena

i lived in his head
with abuela's ghost
& a grand piano

playing los alabados

the slow choking suspense
 of my gestation

freedom a rejection
exploding his mind
wide open

surviving

his little girl
turned apocalypse
turned liberation

he turns & turns
beneath the red clay
of my chest bone