

## PISCES HEART

It's true, there is an altar in my bedroom  
dedicated to every person I have loved.

I spend most days praying  
to mid-July makeouts by the car.

Hands stuck in hair, mouths greedy  
like slot machines. Each moment is

melted chocolate. Knot of gold necklaces  
in the throat. Yes, this all lives inside me

and it feels as if I do not have a choice.  
My heart is constantly at H-E-B, running into exes

down every aisle. In my dreams,  
I visit all my lovers. Wear red heels

caked in mud and a crown of white roses.  
Dance while the disco ball winks at me.

When I wake, my body feels heavy  
like telephone wire while I tuck away

all the details of my dreams like  
the leftover tortillas my grandmother

rolled up in her purse. She'd look at  
my mother and say, *Para más tarde.*

# PARACHUTE

*after Carrie Fountain*

I am done with always wishing things were different,  
laying in Sewell Park with a friend, our hangovers  
throbbing in sync. Done lying when someone asks me  
if I've listened to the album they're talking about.  
Done with trying to be cool when all I want to be  
is nice. Done with heartbreak cumbia circling  
through the edges of my body—the sort of dance  
that keeps all the neighbors up at night.  
Done with feeling ashamed of how I love.  
When I do feel ashamed, I remind myself of what  
my writer friend once told me, *Us Mexicans love  
violently*. I remind myself of what Sandra Cisneros  
wrote, *You bring out the Mexican in me*.  
*The hunkered thick dark spiral*.  
I remind myself of what Gloria Anzaldúa wrote,  
*Roses are the Mexican's favorite flower. I think,  
how symbolic—thorns and all*. I know  
exactly what they meant. I love like  
an ancient Mexican obsidian mirror, like metallic  
fringe at a car dealership, like a rainbow  
parachute on a schoolyard. How it's pitched upward  
and swells with air. The sky becomes a color  
wheel. The child's heart,  
a frenzy.

## UNRAVEL

When Donna asks Laura if she thinks  
she'd slow down or speed up in space,

Laura answers:  
*Speed up.*

*Faster and faster  
then you burst into fire forever—*

Laura stares at the ceiling.  
Her eyes are olive crystal balls.

She says, *The angels wouldn't help you,  
'cause they've all gone away.*

At night, Laura sprawls out  
on her bed, laced up in shiny polyester.

She kisses a stranger at the bar  
while her hair turns pink.

The beer glasses vibrate.  
She wants to see how far

this spiral of space will take her.  
She wants to touch the edges.

She wants to see it unravel.  
She wants to know what happens

when she gets to the bottom.