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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Briana Muñoz: Three Poems

Briana Munoz · Tuesday, March 22nd, 2022

### “La Basilica / Body of the Femme”

Holy is the skin of a woman’s breast.  
Holy is the crease where leg meets hip.  
Holy are her hands that dance as she speaks and grasp and tie and create.  
Holy are her truth telling lips, (unapologetic, powerful mujer).

### “La Basílica / Cuerpo de la Dama”

Bendita es la piel del seno de una mujer. Bendito el pliegue donde la pierna encuentra la cadera.  
Benditas sus manos que danzan mientras habla y atrapan y amarran y crean.  
Benditos sus labios que dicen la verdad, (sin disculpas, mujer poderosa).

\*

### This Body

This body,  
my body,  
that moves in routine  
every day for me,  
that rarely complains  
how I praise you.

Heart beat  
like the hue?hue?tl of  
the Indigenous peoples,  
held with one hand  
banged on by the other.

Toes that feel the earth  
and vibrate with her  
and like an empath,  
they cry, releasing her sorrow.

Skin that changes  
with the seasons

and through every  
orbit around the sun,  
how I praise you.

This body  
who acts as home  
for others  
and with gratitude  
they tend to every inch of it.

Lips to lobe,  
lips to inner thigh,  
lips to the freckle  
of my left breast,  
how they praise you, too.

\*

### **For my Mother, a life of the party woman**

I am a wild woman,  
greñuda woman,  
shut your lips type of woman,  
dance on table tops kind of woman.  
I am made from my grandmother's stubborn rib  
and my great grandmother's had-too-much-to-drink liver,  
made from the dirt on the faces of children at play,  
and from the sweat of my father  
working underneath a summer sun.  
I am a wild woman,  
uncensored kind of woman,  
a "You don't like me? You can leave" sort of woman,  
don't need your permission kind of woman,  
as a matter of fact, I make the rules type woman.  
I am a warrior doll woman  
but a treat others with kindness woman.  
I am a "Loose Lipped" woman,  
word vomit woman,  
Hair flying  
Wild With The Wind woman,  
scares the men away woman,  
made from the hands that patty-cake masa into tamales  
made from hooves of horses  
and my mother's soles dancing, tap tap, for the universe.  
I am  
a wild woman.

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Purchase *Everything is Returning to the Soil/ Todo vuelve a la tierra* by Briana Muñoz

*Photo credit: Dizzy Clarke*

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