

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Sarah Ochoa Rodriguez: Two Poems

Sarah Ochoa Rodriguez · Friday, May 17th, 2024

My body is made of Maza

My skin is clay

I'm molded into place so that every curve can be something I soon will want to erase

Clay sets and my waist is shaped

These new people shape my taste

The top plate of my mouth burns to the sensation of pineapple repeatedly being broken by my tongue

Carve my legs with scoring

Let my face be the symbol of what you broke and tried to put back together after I had been baked

Let me be the symbol of the champurrado that burned my lip on Christmas

Let me be the symbol of what I see as a waste of good clay

My eyes are laced with the hue of wood that still will rust easily if you let water rest on my polished eyes.

I was made of clay and I no longer wanted to be scorned. I wanted to be remade.

I remember the little girl who enjoyed how her mother formed her hands

Molding them together as though they were clay

A squeeze on each finger

Weaving my hands together to the center of my palm,

It was like kneading maza on my hands

I was not made of clay

I was made up of Maza

Maza is malleable and even when it has been cooked into a warm sope

It can still be reformed

My body is made of maza

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At Ease

I stand at your gates

English: I have learned your Latin and Greek

I've learned your suffixes, grammar, vowels, and nouns

But I still won't sing your pledged banner of vows

I cannot recite your declaration but you always know how to give me a clarification
Soft chiming hearts/
Dust spun into a storm/
Fingers crossed for a promise/
Words whispered of hope
Hope that you turned into fear
I learn your laws
Justice, truth, and/ firearms/
You tell me to dream
But it seems that they are too far reached
For a girl who's not even free

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