Migrant Butterfly. By Guadalupe

My mother.

A birth in *California dreaming,*

a memory trailing to 32th St.

launched by hostile winds,

no jobs for Mexicans they said,

relief not to be granted for browns,

but a free train ticket to a foreign home.

It was 1930 in LA.

You, a butterfly who knew no borders,

just an instinct to survive,

in a land of roaming immigrants,

rooted and present.

You borrowed thoughts from the wind,

on roads many times crossed

shadowed by the moon.

In darkness you witnessed an echo of your thoughts,

as you dared not speak for fear of being heard.

No explanation to leave your childhood behind

your memories packed in a suitcase, you asked?

Is all the family I know on a journey,

in shadows of despair?

Thousands of broken winds migrated South,

to crossroads of mining dust.

Your father sheltered your dreams,

fixed in granite, as his migrant father

a Celtic rock miner,

one sacrificed by fire to save his miners,

a hero, with no history.

A father he never knew,

and you only heard his name.

You settled your fluttering feelings,

tamed your feet to walk a dry ocean,

in the mist of iguanas’ fantasies,

to relive delusions of your ancestors,

absent and translated in genetic footprints.

Ghosts in legends of lore

your mother’s myths of grandeur

married you off to the prize.

And the wheels of history spinned.