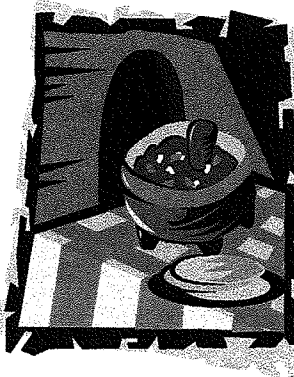
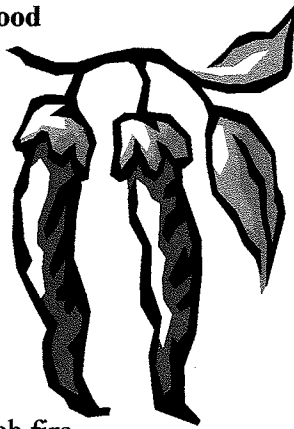


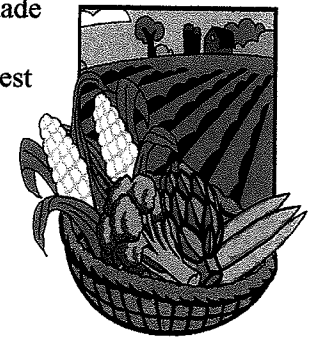
## Mexican Food

I want to forget  
The ranch in Mexico;  
the adobe kitchen  
where my grandmother  
cooked her food.  
I want to forget  
the walls covered  
in decades, and decades  
and decades  
of wood fire; dried corn cob fire  
under old metal plates chipped  
of their porcelain  
rusted in places.  
I want to forget  
the food that sustained  
farmers and dreamers  
illegal aliens  
resident aliens  
horseback riders, saddle makers  
adobe makers, master masons.  
I want to forget  
the food that sustained  
corn and bean harvesters  
moon planters  
early dawn risers.  
I want to forget  
the red mole  
the enchiladas  
the frijoles  
the pipian  
I want to forget the  
smell of tamales cooking  
in the huge metal tub.  
Tamales that sustained me  
as I rode into that  
majestic dawn  
toward the morning star  
singing a traditional Mexican song.  
Watching my breath rise  
and dissipate in the  
early morning light  
horses grunting and  
sneezing themselves awake.  
There was magic ahead  
with brujos shape shifting  
into man sized ravens  
and cattle to drive down  
from the mountain  
Cerro de la Campana



I want to forget  
the sound of my boots  
kicking rocks from  
the narrow path  
on my way to the dances  
in La Sala Grande.  
I want to forget  
the smell of  
fresh made tortillas  
on my grandmothers  
wood burning grill.  
The steady beat of  
her hands molding  
that soft corn dough  
into thin round  
ancient Indian food.  
I want to forget  
so I can remember  
the evening's golden glow  
from narrow low doorways  
where wide brimmed  
charros drink beer, laugh  
tell jokes, eat pinones and  
forget that their  
sons and daughters are  
in the U.S. working  
where they to are forgetting.

They send money  
They get money  
They get rich  
They get stuck  
Where they are  
and they begin to forget  
the sound of the four-mule team  
hooked up to a farmer made  
wood and metal cart  
hauling in the years harvest  
down that long dirt road  
to feed more memories.  
I want to forget  
so I can remember.



Andres Monreal