In the town of frijoles, 
men eat their meals without 
washing their hands, wanting 
to bless their mothers’ food 
with soil from the fields.

In the town of frijoles, 
boys beat on hollow pots, 
the last wiping of their sides 
with a piece of tortilla as 
 holy a moment as taking 
the wafer in church.

In the town of frijoles, 
women undress to keep 
their babies warm, stories 
whispered into bald heads 
revealed as poems decades 
later, when it is early.

In the town of frijoles, 
old men cry for their 
fathers and mothers, 
tombstone ranches dotting 
the night moon where 
the pinto aromas extend 
beyond the bowl of the sun.

Source: Poetry (March 2019)