

Tapestries: Interwoven voices of local and global identities

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Latina

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Latina

By: Jocelyne Cardona

Yellow becomes a river seeping out of the open wound of the tortilla. Sizzling on the pan. Hardening. Don't be shy. Days of brown dirt becoming a waterfall in my esophagus. Horchata. Here is a little of this and some more of that. Fire on my tongue. The protein that never fails. Frijoles. White becomes orange. Squeezing sour onto every plate. Salt has no limit. Eat faster. Pancakes, hashbrowns, sausage, mc donald's. Fruit at breakfast. The crunching sound of cilantro as the knife slits the cutting board. Pop. Pop. Pop. Butter. Eat slower. Half a can of beer onto red meat. It adds more flavor. Who needs forks when you have fingers? Milk makes bones stronger. Ha-ha, Hee-Hee, you eat so much more than me. A giant spoon fills the bowl with steaming red bean soup. Camarones. Just add lemon, Mexican white cheese, and sour cream. Stop eating. Cut the watermelon in half. Dig with your shovel until the plane turns into a white crevice. Tomatoes in the refrigerator. Carne asada con chimol. You look fatter to me. The smell of grass tastes like grass. Reheat the leftovers from yesterday. The house smells like grandma's affair with the stove. My grandpa's dead so it's okay. Grinding corn at the market to take home to make fresh tamales. Stomachs howling at midnight. Exercise rewarded with a treat from the kitchen. Chocolate. Indulging in chicken covered with mountains of potatoes and orange sauce. Grabbing extra platefuls to take home. The red and greens of peppers. Ensalada con pepinos, sal, y limón.

Put that back, can't you see there's a lot more people that have to eat

I have to stop eating so much

Anxiety attack

I'm not fat