



6-15-2008

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Recommended Citation

Fire, Maria (2008) "Alejandra Dreams," *Westview*: Vol. 28 : Iss. 1 , Article 14.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol28/iss1/14>

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Alejandra Dreams

by Maria Fire

—*In semi-arid country outside San Miguel, Mexico,
6,600 feet above sea level*

The *Gringa* is too tall, is too thin, flaps
her hands, picks up my clay fish, clicks it
with her fingernails, is laughing, puts
my sea monster to her lips, is thinking
to buy, perhaps, to sit him on the table
where she takes her meals in *Estados Unidos*;
or, is for a friend, my fish a present, to teach
wisdom of water to creatures stuck on land.

She is pointing at me. I look down
at rows of beings I make from respect
of clay hardened in mesquite fires. Grandfather
says bowls come later for me, a girl
with fifteen years. Am still hearing more from
clay, in making of creatures and creatures.

This *Gringa* is all white-haired and smells,
is sweetness strange, crawls in my nose.
How much for my fish the guide asks.
Thinking to show the fine strong fins and body
bent for swimming. She is saying *yes* to my
50 pesos. Is possible—should have asked more.

Now *Gringa* is wanting picture of me
with monster fish. I press him to my belly,
look in the eyes burnt green
with no smiling. Is taking my fish
into her hands and wanting my hand
to squeeze, so okay, this thing last,
and is gone with fish wrapped in newspaper,
my fish to her home. Is possible she lives
in a big house with wood floors
and windows in walls painted blue like water
I've never seen—for a fish I dreamed.

