

New Poetry by Jess Avelno Flores:



FREEZING IN THE RANCHO / image by
Amalie Flynn

this year

i heard it's freezing in the rancho
saw the fog in the pictures
i'm on the wrong side of the border this year
for dia de los muertos
trying to channel my grief
into arranging vivid orange cempasuchil
homemade móle on a hand embroidered Mexican cloth
for my bedroom ofrenda
this time it's personal that i'm so far away
now i know first hand there's nothing therapeutic
about sending money to buy velas flores alcohol

everyone is bundled against the cold
huddled around the fire
i mouth the words of the rosario
along with the video call
as i sip my cafe de olla
they pass around a bottle of homemade mezcal
not enough room for all the flowers in the family plot
it's one person fuller este año
our departed are much beloved

i'm warm inside
pero pagaría con mi alma para estar alla
como el año pasado wrapped up in a blanket
stumbling home on numb feet as the sun rises
are there seasons

where you are Tío
is it raining tonight in Mictlan?