Buelita Lupe

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'Buelita Lupe

A woman with hands, puffed as chilled, risen bread dough

humming a tune from her days on the stage

when the swell of her breasts held a note

that would cover six mariachis in gold braided suits

a face like cake batter fallen, as she handcranks the wringer

bleach scented rains from sheets then hung to arch and snap back

teasing and whiter than virgins, church lace, fish battered before frying

she favors the arm with the bruise blue as agave flowers
bloomed by a fist
she's lived with
fifty years

in the mottled maize
kitchen she serves
grand and great-grandkids

tortillas bearing her
fingerprints, like fossils
of lard and flour

sacred as infant
yawns, buttered
and warm