

Lisa Rua-Ware – Two Poems

My Mother

Skin gloss,
sweat of rain,
green grasses,
silk trees
that sway.

She feels only
the churning
sewing machine,
the waves of her belly,
swollen with the life of me.
When I was born,
she cut off her two braids
they fell like loose fabric.
She almost named me Maria,
but her hands,
rough as burlap
told her not to.

New Terrain

Everything my parents learned,
they learned from dirt,
their ancestors taught them
to shape the ground,
till the ground,
bury the dead in risen mounds.

I am the daughter
behind the mountains,
born from dirt
I don't understand,
sweaty dirt, charred dirt, dirt
plowed under in resignation.

It was decades before
they abandoned the fields,
set me on avenues
they never traveled
uncalloused and clean.

Lisa Rua-Ware works as a technical writer in the software industry. She graduated from the University of Massachusetts in Amherst with a bachelor's degree in English Literature and has earned a Master of Arts in English from Simmons College. She currently resides in the Boston area.