ABUELITA’S LAP

Pat Mora

I know a place where I can sit

and tell about my day,

tell every color that I saw

from green to cactus gray.

I know a place where I can sit

and hear a favorite beat,

her heart and stories from the past,

the rhythms honey-sweet.

I know a place where I can sit

and listen to a star,

listen to its silent song

gliding from afar.

I know a place where I can sit

and hear the wind go by,

hearing it spinning round my house,

my whirling lullaby.