

## Tortillas de Harina

The stir and sound of rattling pans.  
Mother is up,  
and soon she'll tell the rooster, it's time to wake.

Even when paychecks were lean  
and few in between,  
when a roof over our heads  
ruled the day,  
'cause hunger fares better, in-from the rain.

But if there was flour,  
tortillas de harina, would answer  
the cry for  
food in the belly  
and all would be good, for the day.

A pinch of salt, a dab of lard  
a splash of water,  
and let there be masa.

Soon neatly formed pillows of dough  
would line the table,  
counted out  
like soldiers in formation.

Her rolling pin ready  
to round them thin to perfection.

Up and down, up and down, side to side  
all around,  
the rolling pin ever in bounds,  
the rhythm commands to flatten and round.

One by one  
she drapes the soft pieces across her kind hands  
and lays them to rest, on the heat of the comal,  
they brown and rise!  
a skillful flip, they brown and rise!  
are born a new creation!  
Tortillas de harina  
warm, pliable and soft.

The smell of freshness  
causes our blankets to fly, and we rise!  
to be fed by her love, su cariño, su ternura.  
¡Tortillas de harina, no pido más!