

A Mexican Food Intervention

Maybe it's the way a certain scent or flavor can unlock a memory
Of all the stuffed faces waiting for the strike of midnight with tamales and jamaica
Or the frenzy that the sweetness of pan de muerto brings
Maybe it's the way that food has become a constant
Or the fact that I always have a plate at each interval of the day
That I forget the years my ancestors spent rationing for nutrition
How they counted their coins to find out if they could eat that day
Working everyday in order to provide
Maybe that is why my culture is so famous for oversharing
Because they now have something to share
Or if it is because they are so used to sharing what little they have
Either way
I am proud that I come from such a culture
And maybe, sometimes, I can forget how lucky I am
But I will never forget how we got here