

# UC Merced

## The Vernal Pool

**Title**

De Mi Mama

**Permalink**

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/68w8j6js>

**Journal**

The Vernal Pool, 5(2)

**Author**

Puente, Adrianna

**Publication Date**

2019

**DOI**

10.5070/V352043719

**Copyright Information**

Copyright 2019 by the author(s). This work is made available under the terms of a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivatives License, available at <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/4.0/>

Peer reviewed|Undergraduate

## Por Mi Mama

By Adrianna Puente

I come from  
hard earth and clay walls  
and early Sunday mornings-  
the smell of myrrh,  
frankincense clouding my eyes.

I come from  
the mango trees that did not belong to me,  
But still scaled up high to escape life.

I come from  
the rigid hand of my Tia,  
her belt a reminder that I was not hers to claim.  
Late nights spent with one ear pressed onto the radio,  
Wondering when you would return.

I come from  
plates filled with pupusas y tamales de elote,  
plates with only tree leaves con sal.

I come from  
sounds of gunshots  
cruel and bloody that grew  
closer to my bed each night.  
The dry gravel and rocky terrain stained with the hard stare of El Coyote.  
The sweat of my temple that got me by after the crossing.  
The lies of the men who hurt me;  
the embrace of the women who helped me.  
And  
the love of Lord, and his ever-present message that my life was still worth living.