Mexican Bingo

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MEXICAN BINGO

by

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Old Dominion University in Partial Fulfillment of the
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ABSTRACT

MEXICAN BINGO

Amanda Michelle Galvan Huynh
Old Dominion University, 2017
Director: Tim Seibles

This collection of poetry is an elegy for what I have lost and what I have left behind in order to reach this point in my education. These poems attempt to be a witness to the Latinx community who migrated across Texas for field work, for a better future, and for their children. The collection is meant to communicate the loss of culture, generational differences, familial struggles, assimilation, health, womanhood, and trauma. While these poems are not all encompassing, they are a beginning and a way for me to better understand my role as a poet.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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The day I saw Catrina was the day my mother and I were in a car accident. She stood on the sidewalk with a crown of red blossoms on her skull. Her dress gold, her clavicles exposed and reflecting the firetruck’s lights. Beside her a woman with blonde hair, penciled eyebrows, gray bags under her eyes, and a thin mouth. The taste of quarters was in my mouth, a busted lip — you’re lucky your little body didn’t go through the window – someone grabbed me, held me on their hip while my mother talked to the police. Catrina and the blonde woman left between the cracks in the sidewalk. I never saw Catrina again but I found the blonde woman in my mother’s jewelry box: her thin mouth smiling, a crease through her eye, a tear climbing her arm. My mother doesn’t talk about the blonde woman. She doesn’t tell me why she keeps her picture in her jewelry box. She doesn’t talk about the day of the accident or if she saw her too. She doesn’t talk about her Mamá. So, her Mamá visits me, tells me stories of their days working in the sun.
EL SOL
El Sol

La cobija de los pobres.

He always watched our backs
as we pulled our way

from one end of the field
to the other. In the middle

of the day, we felt like onions
frying in the pan, sizzling

with each absent cloud. Our sol,
however brutal, put money

in our empty pockets,
covered us with his rays,

and let us survive.
Hunger

The whole trip we had them—
small white pills
in our pockets. We knew
we were female,
we knew

how long the trip would take,
and we knew
the stories of La Bestia: a metal freight,
who claims
the limbs of men

at her feet. We, unsure
of the hands pulling us
onto the boxcar, prayed
for her blessing, to keep

our own hands
as other limbs lay
fallen
by the tracks, flies suckling
on rotting flesh. We wished

to be like La Bestia,
but we had them
in our bags while los coyotes broke
into the dust, etching us
through the space between Saltillo

and Tejas— one hundred and ninety-five miles.
Their boots familiar with every rock,
every burr
gathering on our cuffs.
Each day,
we checked

to make sure we had them
while our guides hovered
over us—half shepherd,
but full coyote

in the evening’s sun. Eight days of travel
and they began to pant,
sniffing heat. Exhaustion
would turn into steam fading
from their last warm meal. Searching
for the next,
their pants become hunger

as they’d pick us with their eyes:
an arm attached to a shoulder,
shoulder becoming a breast. One night
a thigh, a hard-on, another night

of waiting—for a mother to ask them to slow down
waiting—for the moment to offer help
in exchange
for her daughter. Other nights,

there’d be no offerings
as they’d take
a fourteen-year-old girl. Her body

ten feet away flailing
in the night’s
dirt, her sister
pinned
by other paws. Each night,
we checked to make sure
we had them:
small white pills.

For the morning after.
Elegy for The Migrant Worker’s Hands

*These workers, they have chosen this way of life
and if they were not happy they would not be here.*
– Jack Pandol, Delano Grower

they are born
soft as cotton
small but able
to wrap around a vine

they learn to grow
with each season
and drift like pollen
they learn to callous

along the edges
learn to live with dirt
under the nails
they learn to birth

onions from the earth
cradle peppers away
from the vine
break cucumbers free

hands moving
from Robstown to Mathis
to el Valle to Floydada
never finding a place

to rest
they long to rest
beside a local girl
to make a home

they dream of words
they can’t read
for a pencil to shape
their name

they dream of afternoons
empty of fields
of onions
of soil
Before I Was Born

my dad died in an accident except it wasn’t an accident at least that’s what my brother says he was twelve at the time but he said my dad was shot in the fields while working maybe over drugs or something but they shot him then they turned his tractor on let it run over his body brother said there were a lot of gashes on my dad’s face too you could see them at the funeral service that’s what he says I wasn’t there I wasn’t born yet but there are nights I dream those gashes feel like the fields I work in every day
Fray

Some fray in a field
of onions, a horizon
of green stalks flanked

by brown bags & some
start to fray after one
season in the Texas

summer when the clouds
turn away & some start
to fray after six days.

Most begin to fray
at the bottom cuff
of their jeans, where

an ankle rubs against denim
in the quiet of a boot. Some
begin to fray in the gap

between wooden crates
& sweaty palms, where blood
blisters soak into the handles

& stain shirts. Some fray
at the collar, where the neck’s
grime rings a harness

of the work-day’s clock. Some fray
at the waistline where

a buckle can burn its way
into the stomach. Some fray the hem of an old slip,

yellowed by vaqueros
dipping in for the harvest.
My mother frays

along the inseam
of her long legs
barely covered. Her legs
scissor through Tejano
inging crowds,
ready to clip

a ripe one: a man
missing the warmth
of his wife. A man

wanting a body
without ties. Each night
I listen to her harvest

in hot sweat
& I know some fray
better than others.
When the Weather Changes

my family moves. From Mathis to Lubbock, the sunrise waits for the car. Clothes bundled into boxes and trash bags. No room for my First Communion dress. From Lubbock to Amarillo, Mamá’s voice rattles through the hallway, strips the mattress. Our breaths fog the car windows until it blurs the moon. From Amarillo to Corpus, my notebooks crumple as Mamá stuffs blankets into my backpack. She throws bags into the trunk and replaces my doll with a bag of pans. From Corpus to Mathis, the cops invite themselves in. I hold my baby brother’s bruised body as the thin flesh of our apartment tears. Only four pairs of clean underwear. It never matters if it’s in the middle of the night or early in the morning, or if we are pulled out of school around noon. We get used to taking what we can —
When I Ask My Brother About Our Dad

Like I told you

I don’t remember much. Our dad
was just a mean man.
If he wasn’t working,
he was drinking. The cerveza
became his left hand.

One time I tripped over his boots
and as I stood up he hit me
against the wall,
brushed his boots
off.
I lost my first tooth then.

When mom found out
he had another family—

she kicked him out
and when he asked if I wanted to go
with him
or stay,

I stayed.
Abandon

Mamá bleaches the Mexicana out of her hair: a blonde waitress with too many men, too many children to add in her head. Every man’s tongue carves an exit and leaves her belly swollen, her insides rusty. Her mix-matched sons become burros, pulling the cart full of hungry children.

Before each skeleton meal, they sink their little heads and give thanks for brothers who work in sweat-filled fields, who miss school, who put rice and beans on the table. Those who are little are little mouths with stomachs.

From each breakup, each odd job, Mamá herds all six children out of haunted houses in search of cheap rent, unleveled driveways, twelve hour shifts, and new leathered men. At thirty-two, her body caves in on itself and disappears.
When I Visit Floydada, Texas

I remember how to fall
in the cotton fields. The weight

of the sun burning,
burning my brown skin

until I blend into the earth.
Down in the ground, my hands

throb, I am unsure if the pain
comes from picking or the fall.

My brothers tell me
Levántese or else I will

find trouble. There is no
time to pick the dirt embedded

in my fleshy knees, to nurse
the cuts interrupting the life

line of my palm.
Each fist-sized cloud

blushes in my crusty hands.
If I cry, the salt

will make my hands sting
louder than my brothers’ taunts.

But I remember Mamá most:
She doesn’t look back,

too busy picking nickels
off the bushes. Nickels to

drop into our chapped mouths.
She can’t look back.
There’s Only One Picture of My Mamá—

it is creased through her right eye
and water-stained from the left
corner. She’s in her mid-twenties.

Hair curly, short, but blonde.
Her smile looks like my daughter’s.
There are no pictures of my mother

as a child or if there are, I don’t know
about them. All I know is she died
at thirty-two, in a Houston hospital.

Lupus. A broken heart. I was sixteen.
I remember my three older brothers
fingering the coin holes at the arcade

and at the Laundromat. On my walk
to school, I checked the gas station
payphones and pavement. Two thousand

short. No father to help pay for the funeral.
No family willing to help. Each of us searched
the cushions of the couch until we knew

how many seams kept us together.
La Luna

_El farol de enamorados._

She’d be the brightest on Saturday nights
   for a quince, a wedding, or some other reason
   to celebrate—to fill a dance hall:
   tías refilling plates with barbeque

and gossip. Beer bottles humming
   around mouths. Children playing tag
   under tables until drunk abuelos trap them
   into norteña-ing their boots along to the breath

of el acordeón. When cumbia whisked her way
   through the speakers, the women would line
   the floor to sway in rhythm to _Baila Esta Cumbia._ An invitation to mueve

to the music in their blood. These were the songs
   of brujería and this was where the women
   in my family practiced. These were the nights
   my mother would take me onto the dance floor

with her long black hair cumbia-ing to its own beat.
   She would teach me how to listen to the magic
   found in those nights—
   more important than breathing.
Who La Llorona Cries For

I imagine my mother saw the two blue lines

as handcuffs made from rivers.

Twenty-one and pregnant.

The two blue lines clapping, announcing to her
in-laws that she had made their son

a father.  

Finally.

Did she think of her mother?

Throughout the next nine months, did she wonder

if her mother sat outside on the porch
eating sardines and craving the salt of the ocean?

Did she want to ask her how she carried ponds in her belly?

What death felt like at thirty-two?

In the delivery room, I can hear my mother

¡Ay, mi Mamá —
calling over

and over

— mi Mamá!  

Every contraction,
a protest, a reason

not to deliver:

not to become her mother,
a single mother,

a mother who would leave
her sixteen-year-old daughter.

In those first seconds I came up for breath

my mother was already calling to the dead.
Where My Umbilical is Buried

Abilene, circa 1989 - 1995

my mother waited two weeks
for my umbilical to dry

like a rose stem
she preened it, wrapped

the curled flesh in cloth,
tucked it beside her dead

Mamá’s necklace, and waited
for our own home with roots

Our first house was on a corner
and if I stood under the corner’s tree
I could see the gas station, H.E.B.,
and my uncle’s pickup truck walking
towards us – my cousins waving
from the truck bed, ready to come in
through the sliding door.
I can’t remember the street name.
If my parents die
the street dies.

the backyard fence
made of cinderblocks

my secret garden
with patchy grass

a metal swing set
a clothesline
one tree

A Sunday afternoon,
my father bags cut grass
and my mother kneels
under the corner’s tree,
her hand moves
down the tree’s flare,
rests between two roots.

She unearths the earth
to tuck my flesh in—
hoping
I learn to dig
into the soil
and hold on.
I found a baby
bird, its wings covered
in dirt.
I helped my mother—
cradled its unopened
eyes in the nest
of my hands—
returned the tiny wings.

my father promised
he’d build a tree-
house
with a hook
for piñatas

I bit my little cousin on the stomach
for her piñata candy.

My time out corner was in the dining room.
Under the table’s belly I drew my name in pink crayon, a heart in purple.

I’d add to my Sistine table whenever adult legs lined the chairs, when they jumped and fiddled. I learned “cut the deck” could not be done with a karate chop. Ugly beans were for Loteria. Tornadoes of laughter could not break down our walls.

*Where is that table?*

*Is my name*

*still waxed*

*in pink?*
I’d twist mother’s lipstick until the pink was the tallest, press my lips into it the way I thought she did, cover my mouth and chin, then squish the beauty back into the tube.

My ruins:
- Pink Parfait
- Rubellite
- Bois de Rose
- Maple Sugar
- Rosa Rosa

Time out corner was in the dining room—
on impatient days I’d be belted.
My Beauty & the Beast sheets were always being washed.
I’d wet the bed. I’d wake up. I’d wet the bed. I’d wake up.
I’d wet the bed. I’d be belted. I’d wet the bed. I’d be belted.
I’d wet the bed. I’d wake up crying.

I’d wake up
to the hallway light.

Once I woke in the middle of the hallway light’s hum.
By chance my father came to check on me. He tucked me back into pan dulce dreams.

Once I woke in the middle of the hallway light’s hum and waited for him
and waited
and waited and

on cold nights, we’d leave the stove on
a halo of blue flames in the dark
I was never lost
On the kitchen counter I learned:
numbers in English
    in Spanish
flour didn’t taste like sugar
tortillas couldn’t be cooked without being flattened
onions could make you cry if you were jealous

During the day my mother took care of white children. I pretended the little boy was my brother. I would ask her why
    I didn’t have blonde hair like him or
    Cinderella
    Smurfette
    Sleeping Beauty
    Alice
    the girl across the street
    whose mother didn’t like her
    playing with me

I never noticed that we

were just getting by.
I wasn’t allowed to get my clothes dirty. I’d lay my clean clothes on the driveway / run through the backyard / in my underwear. / I learned / to compromise. / After a few scrapes, / dirt behind my ear, / sweat around my belly button / I’d be caught – / Why are you naked? /

No one else to get in trouble with
I played by myself

Pretending I had

  a brother
  a sister
  a baby

on the way
  faded away

on the way
  faded away
  faded away

The last trip to the hospital—
  we carried nothing
  home.

He was supposed to be
  born in April.
April
    moving required no movement.
I sat with boxes
    in the hallway – staying out
of the way – I played
    with fireplace matches.
I was scared
    when I lit one. Blew it out.
Tucked it back in
    with the others.

*My father never built a treehouse.*

I stood at the gate
    the swings waved
    with a creak
    brown grass
    naked tree
    yard empty
    of me
the street has changed

the front yard is empty of dirt bushes hold no prickly leaves the door does not sit unlocked carpet lays unworn from couch legs the bathroom is not tight enough perfumes are not crowded on the dresser the window does not frame jeans on a line the back door does not know how to slide open trees do not play tag the neighbor across the street is not a girl bikes cannot trip on the sidewalk the park owns no fading blue swings the grocery store bakes no pan dulce church offers no Nuestro Padre the mother quiets Spanish in the house the kitchen does not smell like sweating onions the mother stops flattening tortillas the father does not come home for lunch the dining table forgets to play Lotería the hallways resist laughter the daughter does not celebrate her cumpleaños with cousins the garage does not hang piñatas the city is not full of tíos the mother loses her smile the daughter cannot remember
Returning to the Moment I Learned To Count

my imperfections: in our small house
   in Houston, my two hands swollen
and puffy from rips of skin,
   my six-year-old fingernails bitten.

Each time my fingers seek the comfort
   of my mouth, you slap them,
rub jalapeño pepper juice into the cuts
   then cover them with gloves. Seven

brings new glasses: you hand me
   the pretty bronze frame and I jump
from the clearer vision of the parking lot.
   I smile until you introduce me
to the word four-eyes. At ten I struggle
   to fix my short hair, smooth the dark mess
into a half ponytail before school. But it’s ugly:
   you pull the chongo out. You call attention
to the smell of my puberty, twelve grams
   of red spots on a pad needing a change
because I smell like vagina. Fifteen: I run
   around the pool with cousins until you say
my stomach pouch makes me look
   pregnant. I wrap myself in a pale yellow
beach towel. At seventeen, I need
   to wax my eyebrows. At twenty-two, I still
don’t wear makeup. At twenty-four, I need
   more exercise. At twenty-six, I understand
how life has maimed you.
The Nurse

My mother lied to me at twelve when I asked about her mother:
What did your mom do?
   *She was a nurse.*
And I saw her blonde hair tucked into scrubs, working double shifts to place rice and beans on the table. She was strong, intelligent, and a myth.

Ten years gives way to specific questions: What kind of nurse was she?
   *She was never a nurse.*
   *She had a profession we're not proud of.*
My mother doesn’t make eye-contact with me as she cannot bring her mouth to say:
   *prostitute.*
The scrubs are replaced with hand-me-down clothes. My grandmother, a single mother, working as an attendant at a carnival, saving old candy apples from the trash to bring home to her children as a field worker, bringing her children into the sun to pick onions for nickels as a clerk at a panadería, shoveling stale pan into a bag as penance.

When there were no jobs, she gave the rest she had; her body for a portion of the rent.
Notes on Absence

If I went by the memory of photographs, my mother’s life
began only at sixteen—there is one of her posing
with co-workers in fur coats at Sear’s; and one
of her in high waist jeans, up against a car; a glamour shot
with black leather held up against her left cheek. I can see
myself one Saturday afternoon in the hallway,
too hot outside, the closet open, the plastic tub full of albums
unlidded. Worn albums spill and scatter on the floor
like stepping stones smoothed over by glossy currents
older than me. I see the studio print of my father as a baby—
a blue onesie— the same one framed on the wall
at my grandmother’s, along with others. I sit
on the floor, looking into these windows of stillness.
But was I only curious about my father’s baby pictures?
Did I even ask once about her? Or worse,
did she walk away and cry the day I asked Where are you?
Why don’t you have baby pictures? Did she answer me
and I just forgot? Only when my mother was forty-eight
and my cousin uploaded a photograph did I see: my mother
on the far left in her baby dress, her sister beside her,
her three older brothers with matching checkered shirts,
their soles exposed. There is no time stamp, no cursive to examine
on the back. I know her family moved too much—a single
mother with five children would have to move
too much, and pictures were a luxury left behind for blankets
and pans. But now there’s this one— a 4x6, black and white,
and I can see myself in her outstretched fingers.
Letter To My Aunt with Down Syndrome

I hated the way your mouth stayed open:
your tongue turning crumbs soft. I hated
when you’d come to visit us, how mom
always let you run out first into the backyard
to hunt for Easter eggs. I hated the way
your shirts were too big and your bra always showed,
how annoying you could be asking for help
with the ceiling fan, a container, the shower
faucet, medicine, the damned dog

who wouldn’t stop following you. I hated
the way people looked at us in public—
a little boy’s frown, a woman’s stare,
a man’s pity smile. I hated the way
my friends looked at me. How I
had to explain who you were.

I could be cruel. I was. I learned
how to avoid you by closing
my bedroom door, by hiding

in my closet or by telling you to look
for my sister, telling you to go ask mom
when all you wanted was a Diet Coke.

I think I was the cruelest when you’d call
the house. Six hours away in an assisted living
home, you’d call because you were lonely,

and I’d find something to do to avoid mom
passing the phone to me because you always asked
Where’s Manda? The one thing I would hate the most

was my name coming from your mouth
as if you’d say it so much that I would be
infected—I would wake up like you.
I Was Supposed to be a Down Syndrome Baby

My mother found out
too late for an abortion.

An error in data.
I don’t have to ask
why, or if she didn’t want me—
I pull threads from the stories,

these shadows of her in my hands:
my mother was in detention three times a week.
Fist fights, some kids making fun of her
sister. Some kids stealing money.

Her sister was hit by a car at ten,
and I see the body on the street, change
in her hand because she was running
to the gas station for a Dr. Pepper.

My mother’s brothers would laugh
at the way her sister ate with her tongue
out, even now in their mid-fifties they still
do. When their Mamá died, my mother signed

papers to become her guardian, took her
to assisted-living housing, dealt
with clinics overcharging procedures,
lists of medications—her day

timed by AM and PM doses.
Her sister got visitors when it was convenient
for them. Everyone left her in Abilene.
There were clothes stolen, underwear smeared

with feces, half-cooked meals. The molestation
reports started coming when she turned twenty-two.
My mother was always reminded
that people like her sister never lived

past eighteen. Now, she’s fifty-two years-old.
EL CORAZÓN
El Corazón

No me extrañes corazón, que regreso en el camión.

My mother only let me play Lotería with the imperfect beans. The ones broken in half, oddly shaped, or discolored. I would fill the corazón card with them. Squeeze their broken bodies together until all the red disappeared. The arrow tip would be the only thing left. These were the days when I had no one to play with, but myself.
A Tongue Untethered

My Spanish spoons the crescent of my dreams, seeps in wearing a navy dress and bare feet.

She untethers my tongue, leads me into the dark reflection of the sky and we run among the words sprouting: camino, luna, estrella, casa, calle – until cities overgrow my mouth.

People and places I cried to hear are clear as ice melting. My Spanish braids long summers of field work – moving back and forth her old fingers through my Mexican hair. My Spanish tells me how beautiful my name sounds when I say it in Spanish: Amanda! Those “A”s shaken free, open their arms to envelop the Bidi Bidi Bom Bom my familia sways to. My Spanish turns over shriveled memories.

She helps me collect abuelo’s words into a jar – they flicker like cans in a junkyard. My Spanish cups a handful to press my ear against, to hear the worn leather in ¿Qué pa-ho mija?

My Spanish stays until dawn, asks for me to say my name— she loves hearing her name.
Querida Mother Nature & Co.

Querida Mother Nature, I’m like the hot vapors rising from the black summer roads as if those Texas streets would never cool.

Querida Puberty, I don’t care if you’re preparing me for childbirth. Distorting my body, sprouting pubic hairs to cover what will be coveted, plumping my breasts for men to measure and for babies to feed. As long as I can hold a pencil in my hand. Deafen my ears to gorda, comilona, and Hey, Mami. I confess, I should have paid more attention in that Health 101 class or cared for the way the female reproductive system worked. But I cared about who wrote the textbook and if it were a man or a woman. I cared if the illustrator had seen a real ovary or Googled it and drew an imitation.

Querida Mother Nature, I never want to have kids or to carry and push a little human being from my insides. I’ll leave that to my cousins. Two to three sway on their hips while they settle into the matriarch role—I do not care to have one with my eyes. Is that why my family says I’m bad? Leaving in the middle of a blind date when a Latino man tries to put his machismo down as law.

Querida Puberty, you have marked and categorized me. You have given me a list of expectations. You’ve even built a clock in the lining of my uterus as if all I should ever want in this world would be to answer the ticking.
You Have To Be Ready

when they are—
my mother hands me
dishes to wash—
even when you’re not.
I watch her turn

the faucet on,
my hands heat
under the water
and I wonder
who told her

she had to be open
twenty-four/seven.
How many times
did she lie, split
open, reviewing

a mental list of things
to be done tomorrow?
Did she learn
over the years:
where to kiss,

when to touch,
how to suck to help
her husband finish
quick—to end
the chore. To make

more time to be
the good wife, the one
who makes floorboards
reflect the moon
when it comes

through the window,
to make sure
he doesn’t drift into
another woman’s body—
to say yes.
Ortographobia: First Generation

I fear the words
my mother has trouble spelling

using \textit{t-h-e-i-r}
when she really means \textit{t-h-e-r-e}

or \textit{you’re} when she means \textit{your}.
I see her outline in the study

sounding out a word, typing
then retyping but never able

to make the red underline disappear.
I’m ten and she calls me

to read her words, to check
her spelling. She yells—

\textit{How do you spell...?}
She pronounces appreciate

\textit{ah-pre-key-ate} and I correct her,
but my mouth carries the hesitation

of her tongue. Before bed,
I repeated letter and leather

to teach my tongue the difference,
I practiced writing verses of the bible

to teach myself the difference
between myself versus her—

no matter how many words I gather,
I’ll never be smart enough.

I’m not allowed. My uncle cannot read
a menu. My cousins couldn’t get in to college.

They learn how to pronounce their labor,
how to turn junk into nickels

but are never able to collect enough
to send their kids to school.
When Applying for College

This form—

an excuse
to keep us separated from the rest,
to keep us on our side of the border—

because What is your race? does not include Hispanic or Latino.
Alien to the planet of the United States,
even the computer system can’t compute the selected Yes.

It prompts: Error: Please select a race.

Error: Why are you applying to school?

Error: You think you’re smart enough?

Error: You wetback.

You can’t speak English, you Spic. Error.

Go back to your shit country.
The First Language

*after Kimiko Hanh*

is not scientific
so the med student does not pronounce
but sings “for-mal-de-hi-de”
in staccato quarter notes.
In her mouth, her tongue
realigns to change her image.
To brush away the recollections
of her grandpa, a Spanish-English
dictionary by his bed.
You could cry for his mango tree
and his junkyard.
The other dry
cracked working hands
brought his wife soda cans
and metal scraps off the road.
The nickels
glistened in their palms.
He couldn’t speak to you
though he said *mi nieta*
and patted you on the cheek
as if you were five generations pulled away
saying *grandpa* instead of *abuelo*.
It occurs to you
that only in America
you will lose
*abuelo.*
What Are You?

They wait for the crosswalk signal
to give them permission.

A Nigerian man, nervous,
repeats his question.

He does not know how
many times she has heard this question.
She does not know how
to be his dark. The skin paired
with an accent that
can tell what he is.
Nigerian is a sufficient answer—
American is not.

She’s a blend
of something he can’t pin
down. He waits
as if her answer would help him
understand,
help him
be like the people who print
black
over his face.

He fills the air with his question:
Enough

*after Gloria Anzaldúa*

My Latina friend confesses:

*I was afraid of you—*

*that you were one of those Latinas—*

*you know the ones.*

I know the ones standing under my high school’s stairwells cutting fifth period, who know

how to graffiti their notebooks in Chicano,

who yell at me in Spanish

because they know that I don't know

what they are saying, who call me white

washed, who know my tongue

is not Chicana enough

for their ears. Four years of high school

Spanish is not slang enough to understand

that *'stá bien mija* means *Está bien mi hija.*

It is not enough to have Spanish-speaking parents

who have left their tongues on the front porch

of their family’s small migrant houses

because those lives were not enough

for their own dreams—dreams that could not live

in a one bedroom house with too many bodies

turning the living room into a dining room

for dinner, and into the children’s room

in time for dreams—my parents’ dreams shed

the dirt, the callouses, the boots, the tongue

for the suburban life. The chalk outline of squared lawns, unbroken sidewalks, well-dressed kids,

and schools with white teachers. With white walls,

white students, whiteboards, white paper—white stairs

for me to hide underneath.
EL DIABLITO
El Diablito

*Pórtate bien cuatito, si no te lleva el coloradito.*

I saw him once. I sat on my abuelo’s lap, a telenovela on the television. He kicked back to laugh, and a red shimmer made me look down. At the bottom of his empty beer can El Diablito sat against the curve. He didn’t look at me, but at my abuelo, and I knew he looked at him at the end of every day.
Somewhere

there's a small town
  forgotten—
  on purpose
or by accident?

No one remembers. Maybe
  there's an empty
  highway,
shoulders speckled with cotton.

Maybe there's a tattered house
  with a rusty metal gate,
  a sinking floor
  with dusty pictures.

  Maybe the room is too dark
or the lamp by his bed too weak.
  Was it on the nightstand? Or
was it the sun from outside?

  Maybe she isn't
    allowed in
  there. A curtain to keep
her out—or was it a door?

  Maybe
she thinks
  he's sleeping, still
breathing as he lies there.

  A small hand inside his
    migrant palm, rough—no,
my hand resting inside
    his soft palm.

Maybe
  this hand
was all.
The Summer My Cousin Grew Taller than Me

The coats begin to fear the dark
heat of his breath. He wants to know
what a burning body tastes like

and my flame is the only one
within reach—a telenovela flickers
on the television. Dr. Pepper cans

are wet. Outside the dog’s chain runs along
the dirt. The house empty of adults.
I become a whisper of a match

as my cousin leaves me to my charred edges.
The closet door opens to breathe. Abuela’s shoes
are crooked, and a coat’s shoulder hangs off the hanger.
When Diabetes Comes to Your Abuela's House

it sends a yellow notice
    in the shape of a diet sheet
    taped to the refrigerator door.
    No one says diabetes

until two orange medicine bottles make their home
    on the dresser. No one cares to stop buying Dr. Pepper,
        2 for 1 Doritos, pan dulce, and tamales.
    Two orange bottles multiply into five over summers,

a blood pressure cuff becomes the centerpiece
    on the dining room table flowered by a glucometer.
    Each June you notice the new:
        there’s a red sharps container on the window

sill looking out into the backyard. There’s insulin
    next to the butter, doctors’ numbers by the phone,
        packages of needles by the teacup collection,
    and dialysis appointments fill Wednesdays,

take over Fridays. You spend every summer morning beside her
    watching the blood pressure machine flash numbers
        while papas fry in the kitchen. At first you asked
        if you could try but you didn’t like the way it made your arm

turn purple. You didn’t like picking her up from dialysis
    because she’d turn the car sour with vomit. You stopped counting
        the orange hills of bottles as the empty ones
    reminded you of tombs.
Cicada Shells

I try to regrow the cut tree next to the tornado shelter. The length, the bark, the weather worn spots. I try to grow its branches back, the ones that extended into the shape of a wish-bone, unbroken. For three summers, my only wish was to pull myself up into its mouth, to sit in the groove that my cousins would wave from—

their rocket popsicles in one hand and a blue-stained laugh on their faces.

I’d be left on the ground looking up until my hands blistered. My arms realized one summer where I wanted to go, I climbed up, found cicada shells ghosting the branches. I brought one to my abuela sitting in her wheelchair. The one sitting empty by the back door – looking out.
Simon & Tony

In a loose corner of the house, they keep small family portraits, picture frames of children not of their own. All side by side, iced with dust. The ceiling’s belly dips down to match the sunken living room floor, the kitchen tiles are chipped, and there’s an oven older than both of them. Two old brothers living in a decaying house. *The mice have started running around.* Tony pushes his taped glasses up his nose. Simon talks about his garden outside because he can’t hear the conversation, he can’t afford to buy a hearing aid with his security checks. Tony smiles at me and there are teeth missing. *I miss working. But this Parkinson’s.* Simon scratches his head and walks back into the bedroom. In the living room, I stand with Tony as static flickers from their 1960’s television—a novella. Their window into a world beyond Floydada. *I’m still trying to sell my coin collection. To help with bills.* Tony looks at Simon watching the show. They’ve always lived together, worked together, Tony as Simon’s carpenter’s assistant. I notice Simon’s beanie on the fraying recliner and remember Abuela inviting them over for Thanksgiving. Simon with his beanie, two gifts for me in his hands: Christmas and birthday. He would never forget my birthday. The gifts would be dollar store dolls or a plastic beauty set. The same place he would buy all the picture frames. There’s a silver frame on the far right—a photo of me from twenty years ago, sitting in a rocking chair, dressed in pink.
DFW to LAX

I reach the gate
ten minutes before the plane departs.
A cramp in my side, the aisle
feels a little narrower
with all the seats filled.
I scan the overhead compartments
for space
to fill with my luggage.
There’s the awkward shuffle
of bodies. The mandatory motions
of safety procedures, the slow movement
towards the runway. As the wheels
let go of the pavement, the lady behind me
speaks to her daughter – her voice
sounds like the grind of a molcajete—
like my abuela’s voice.

Texas stretches beneath us
the way I molded dough into Texas-shaped tortillas
as a child. In the air
the smell of papas y huevos
with a pile of toasted tortillas. Only one,
sometimes two spoons of food
would fit in my state-shaped tortillas
but abuela always let me make them,
pack them up to take to abuelo
working at the junkyard. Migrant to his bones,
he would travel across Texas.

The man beside me coughs
and the ground has become smaller
stitches of color, farmland and roads harder
to outline. It blurs together.
and I wonder
if I can see Floydada from up here
or if we even fly near abuelo’s small town—
where abuelo sits at the dining room table
alone.
Mis Razones

My granduncles live in a concaving house
where the roof bends down
to reach the floor. Rooms are closed off
to keep the mice and memories
away.

My abuela’s face can only be seen through orange
medicine bottles. The smell of vomit
overpowered the tortillas we made
every summer morning.

No one wants to touch the lines
in the palms of the men in my family –
too migrant, too rough.

There are graves in Floydada with eighteen wheelers decorating
the headstones. My abuelo
has a tow truck engraved on his, a junkyard
entrepreneur no one will remember.

My uncle pretends he can read
a menu but he waits for someone to order first
so he can say I’ll have the same.

My parents did too well.

My cousins got pregnant in high school.
It could’ve been me.
It could’ve been.
It could’ve.
VITA

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PUBLICATIONS
2016: “the street has changed,” Front Porch Journal
2016: “Before I was Born,” The Boiler Journal
2016: “When I Ask My Brother About Our Dad,” The Boiler Journal
2016: “What Are You?” Tahoma Literary Review
2016: “Hunger,” Muzzle Magazine
2015: “Stainless,” Tinderbox Poetry Journal
2015: “Returning to the Moment I Learned to Count,” The Acentos Review
2015: “Dull Circles,” The Acentos Review
2015: “Follow Up,” 94 Creations
2015: “My Nervous System,” 94 Creations
2015: “No Time,” The Healing Muse

READINGS & PERFORMANCES
11/2016: Food From Thought: Foodbank Benefit Poetry Reading, Norfolk, VA
11/2016: Huizache’s Sixth Issue Release Reading, Austin, TX
9/2016: Old Dominion University’s 39th Annual Literary Festival, Norfolk, VA
6/2016: Wordspace/Pegasus Reading Series, Dallas, TX

AWARDS
2016: David Scott Sutelan Memorial Scholarship
2016: Joan Rorke-McClure Futures Scholarship
2016: AWP Intro Journal Award Winner, Poetry
2015: Gloria Anzaldúa Poetry Prize Finalist
2014: Perry Morgan Fellowship
2014: Skidmore College Scholarship for Summer Writer’s Institute