You call it spa
I call it blessing

House creaks as it whispers
Her history
And the history of what came before her
On this rich soil
Acknowledging the land of whom it once belonged to
So that I too can continue to bring honor to this space

She is thrilled to be filled with warmth once again
Promises to shield us from day that is too much for us to bear
Too much rain
Too much cold
Too much heat
Too much pain

Casita tells me there will be days that are so difficult
that I will
Come to her feeling broken

So she will open up her doors
Welcome us with open arms
And we will turn that brokenness into magic in the kitchen

Smell of abuela’s cooking dancing its way to our nostrils like
her favorite bolero

The warmth of a bed that hugs like the embrace of a parent
reminding you that
Although today was almost unbearable
Tomorrow will be a new opportunity to begin again

We are the dandelions that grow from concrete
Made to think that we are nothing more than weeds
We do more than survive
WE
Thrive
We are healing
Generations • • •