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Frida

Frida, you make me want to stop plucking my eyebrows
I can have a uni-brow like you Frida and still be Chicana
There's a boy up the street named Diego
and he can be my favorite mistake *también*
You make me want to paint my toenails red and take a bath
You make me want to play with monkeys and parrots
You make me want to buy a *tehuana* made of beautiful fabric
But Frida, I would never wear it as well as you do
You are my role model, my Chicana icon
I only wish I could dress up in men's clothes and smoke a *cigarro* the way you do
You are two rolled into one: *india y española*
We are both Malinche's daughters,
But we are not *chingada*, only some of the time
That's it Frida, I'm throwing away my damn tweezers
Forget this idealized beauty bullshit
You are beautiful Frida and so am I

La Virgen de Guadalupe

I am everywhere

Not just on the hill of Tepeyac

Or the *tilma* of Juan Diego

Or the Basilica in Mexico City

I am the *virgencita* on your dashboard

The mural on the hood of your '64 Impala

The tattoo on your right bicep

I am Sandra Cisneros's sexual icon

Gloria Anzaldúa's forgotten serpent

Carmen Tafolla will always bring me flowers

I am the image you pray to in the bark of a tree

The saint the Spaniards made you believe in

The *india* that the Chicanos believe in

I am the decal you buy for 50 cents at Wal-Mart

The garden statue that prays to geraniums and tulips

The relic your *abuela* crosses herself in front of as she steps into your house of sin.

But underneath my cloak of golden stars

I hide my curves in Victoria's Secret's

Seamless bra and matching undies

Yet you know that I giggle behind praying hands

As you pray for your pregnancy test to come out negative

... for your mother to visit you in your dreams

... for extra money to pay rent because you spent it on your *novio*

I am your sister,

Your cousin,

And your *tía* twice removed

I am the brown face that reminds you of yourself

La Malinche and La Llorona are my best friends

I am your mother

I have been waiting

Liberation of my Lips

"You have black people lips," the little white kids would say to me.

"Maybe black people have my lips," I would think to myself.

They made me hate my lips.

Big

Ugly

Hated

I avoided doing things that would attract attention to my lips.

no lipstick, no smiling, no living

Why?

Why did I let those little white kids have that power over me?

No more

No more would they tell me what is good

what is valued

what is sexy

I am good

I am valued

I am sexy!

I started loving my lips

Full

Beautiful

Loved

I wanted the whole world to know how much I loved my lips.

YES to lipstick, YES to smiling, YES to living!

Why?

Why should I be ashamed of this beautiful gift from my mother and father?

Shit, these are the kind of lips people pay for!