Grandma and an Indian Man Named Tom Senjikenny

Memories of California roll out across mother’s mind

Just like the map her daddy would have opened on the hood of their car

If he had made it north of his youth: tall, dark, and gone

Road trips end

Mama’s hair pulled back in curlers, midnight locks

Of perms given every two weeks to the three little vagabonds

In the lone bathroom of the house Roy bought mama

To prove he loved her

Mary knew mama loved dancing with Tom

Gallop, New Mexico had always been her home

Daddy, Roy, Tom, and imagining the feeling of realizing

The names meant nothing to her

Made a trip to the grave to reminisce grandpa’s blue eyes

Poking out from under that dusty army green

I never met him, but his portrait sits on the armoire

Handsome and haunting

Marriage certificates that read much like lies, but

The red brick outside our house reads gallop

*---Christina Martinez*