

Breaking Ground

Caravan East sign says, Breathe
in this moment. We break
ground in this place where we
cumbia'd to Al Hurricane,
two-stepped to Glen Campbell. Breathe in

this moment, when we stand together
by standing apart, holding our touch
for another time. We break ground
in this place of ghosts, strong souls
spiriting us across oceans, whispering

stories in wind. This ground
of sawdust-covered floors. This ground—
alluvial plain off Sandias, where roots
of corn, bean, squash compact under asphalt, converge
on Route 66—journey's beginning or end
or just passing through. We break ground

to say, *Stay with me. Sit. Tell your story.*
Journeys across states, over continents,
through cloud and ocean se encuentran
aquí en la mesa made of books. We breathe
in this moment, break ground,

break bread—
phô and fufu, fry bread, fideo
ashak and arroz con pollo.
In this moment, we stand together
by standing apart. My mask is

your shield. Your mask is mine.
It won't always be this way.
We break ground to grow
something new, build from seeds
planted before we were born.

We water shoots pushing through concrete.
We are geraniums in a coffee can, all colors
of sunrise over Sandias, welcoming
us home.

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