

Mama's Prayers

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Inside Mama's home, clocks are ticking,
every fifteen minutes a bell chimes, the TV
blares news, Mexican novellas and talk shows.

At ninety-three Mama needs her walker. Before I bathe
her, she lets me know exactly what she wants to wear
that day. In fact, she knows what's happening with everyone.

Family, neighbors, friends visit and bring her presents; they ask
her to pray for them. Next to her recliner, a stand supports
a statue of Baby Jesus and a picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

My sister calls her from Florida every day so that Mama can join
the nuns on TV to say the rosary. Whenever I wander in,
she's praying; she's always praying.