

RITUALS

Michelle Elizabeth Navarrete

I scroll through Netflix to find something to wind down to. I've been watching movies in Spanish lately, because I've been missing listening to it. I play the movie in hopes that the Spanish buried deep inside my mind will start to bloom again. Maybe if I water my mind with enough movies and music, the flowers will start to crecer en español. Es que extraño oír a mi mamá en el teléfono, contando chisme a mi tía. A veces el chisme era sobre mí, and I hated that my mom would tell my business to everyone all the time, but now I miss it. I miss having my mom in my business.

I miss waking up to *Despierta América* and listening to my mom's music on Saturday mornings. Her music signaled that it was time to clean. I looked at my clock as the resentment settled in. 8:00 am. She knows Saturday's are the only mornings I have to sleep in, and yet she plays her music as loud as she can. What I used to resent I now miss. I dream about la música until my alarm pierces through the imaginary sound. Where am I again?

I miss smelling huevos con chorizo on Sunday mornings. We never went to church because we weren't religious like that. But every Sunday morning was a ritual. Wake up, stir Nescafé instant coffee in hot tap water, and warm the tortillas for the huevos con chorizo. I dream about that smell until my alarm startles me awake, letting me know that I am running late for church. How my rituals on Sunday's have changed.

