

Ode to my Mojo

by Dulce Maria Menendez

Hey Mojo!
Where'd you go?
I didn't realize you were gone
until I noticed I had lost the spring
in my step.

I was knocking myself against walls.
I was tripping over the dog.
I was petting myself.
I was alone in a room
with no music and only a Picasso
painting staring back at me.

What a trip.

I was an L.A. woman stuck in the Midwest.
I was a Cuban woman without angry oranges.
I was a poet watching my words escape me.
I was a painter without cerulean.
I was a photographer without Kodachrome.

Mojo you left me when I walked out the door
on my second husband as my cocker spaniel barked
in the back yard, my two older children at their father's house
carrying only my baby and a diaper bag.

Hey police!
You have reached the Miami police department.
I left my husband. He was violent.
Where are you?
I walked ten blocks to the nearest grocery store.
I am waiting here and not sure what to do.

We are sending a car over.

Hey Mojo!
Where'd you go?
I want you in my *pollo*.
I want you in my *tostones*.
I want you in my *frijoles*.
I want to pour my mojo into a bottle
and take you wherever I go.

Hey Mojo!
You eat it.
You eat everything.
Hey Mojo!
You like it!
You really like it!

Life is a cereal Mojo.
Don't you know that?
Packaged nicely in a rectangular box
with sometimes a surprise inside.

