

SONRISAS

By Pat Mora

I live in a doorway
between two rooms, I hear
quiet clicks, cups of black
coffee, *click, click* like facts
 budgets, tenure, curriculum
from careful women in crisp beige
suits, quick beige smiles
that seldom sneak into their eyes.

I peek
in the other room senoras
in faded dresses stir sweet
milk coffee, laughter whirls
with steam from fresh tamales
 sh, sh, mucho ruido,
they scold one another,
press their lips, trap smiles
in their dark, Mexican eyes.