

## **Ribbons and Rags** / Sabrina Ramos-Wood

Isabel's ribbons weave her  
smooth brown hair as she  
carefully measures la azucar  
and watches silently as her  
mother molds the special  
pie crust. She ignores me,  
her little Cuban sugar slave.  
My hands and back bleed.  
And she in company of Nobles,  
receives an affectionate  
hug while tasting her sweet pie.

Filthy rags cover my chopped  
black braids, while I cut away  
tall canes; the machete  
concentrates its attack. Under  
the sun's yellow hair, my sweat  
bath begins. Blistered bare feet  
long towards the mansion for new  
life, while at night, in a dark wet  
shed, I carefully wash my sores  
and cry to see mother, whose breath  
lives with Yoruba Gods.