

**Maitl**  
*(Hand)*

*no maitl otl*  
my hand is a road  
ancients have traveled  
their prints are engraved  
over the ridges of my flesh  
*no naca*

history speaks  
through these  
bronzed fists

&

I trace the their tears  
on my wet palms

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*no maitl otl* – in the Aztec Nahuatl, my hand is a road  
*no naca* – my flesh