

Calaveras

Calaveras are skulls,
Eye-less, nose-less,
Grinning
 skinless
 head bones.

We make sugar ones
 and decorate them like cakes.

They sit with marigolds,
And sweet pan de muerte,
On altars with crosses
And little candles glowing
 With memories and hopes.

The skeletal remains of lives,
Survives in picture frames,
And favorite things, recalled
With a smile, for Baby, grandma,
 Marguerite and Uncle Cliff.

El Dia de los muertos,
The day of our dead,
Is filled, not with fear,
 But with those who are dear
 And come visit again.