

Have You Tried My Enchiladas?

By Lyndsey Lefebvre

We shred the hard way
dominating the rusted silver
box grater with spiked sides
shaving orange curls.
Cool corn discs bubbling
the hat dance on
the pool of fat
tamed by wooden spoon.
Abuela rolled and twisted
missed a pit and
tucked black truth
under crispy edges,
tooth breaking pebbles doused
in eerie La Victoria red
sauce and secrets,
sopped and sweated
the cheese I grated.
She melted me instead,
raining roughly chopped scallions
onto my boiling skin.