

## 2023 Adult Winning Poems

### Because the infinitive verb 'dar' is nestled in her name

In the radical gospel according to Jovita Idar, the humble pantry—  
from an old word for a place to store pan, our daily bread—must be  
stocked with provisions for the bellies of our children. How can they,  
whose eagerness belies their hunger, learn when the stomach's rumble  
contests the textbook's lessons? Señorita Idar, they cannot see  
the glorious possibilities of letters and numbers and dreams you hold  
so dear, namely justice and equality. This hutch, made to fit in a comedor's  
cramped corners, made for the proud exhibition of the porcelain fruit of hard  
labor and the curios of good taste, is now filled with canned peas, dried beans,  
spooled fideo, and an ample supply of hope. Some day, this almacén  
of our gente's goodness will be on unassuming display, interpreted,  
in a museum whose climate is controlled, whose perimeter is guarded  
every hour. But now, its shelves bowed by the simple gifts of those  
with little to spare, it houses sweet aspirations. Estimada Maestra, watch  
over our precious object, totem of better times, this pantry, plain and bold.

- *Pablo Miguel Martínez*

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### "Donations Here / Donaciones Aquí / Thanx!!"

this "little library and pantry" on            Duct Tape Boulevard  
and Rusty Nail Street is            Narnia on crooked hinges—  
a hotel for leaflets and libros and abandoned tea bags

it is a monolith with    such potential for    healing

someone's tío constructed this piece of furniture, featuring  
segments like ventricles and holes out the back  
in case            a soul needed to            escape

before i even reach for            intricate handles of the wooden  
pane, i imagine this cabinet as a            safe shelter para la  
comunidad—  
playing your abuela's lullabies, leaving  
behind what you can, moving your family karma along

- *Violeta Garza*

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## **Community Cabinet**

*Comida y libros gratis,*  
neighbors feeding neighbors.  
Behind the cabinet doors  
*fideo, frijoles, fiction,*  
nourishment plus knowledge.  
Take what you need.  
Donate what you can.  
Ease insecurity.  
Free food or a free book,  
open the door, and satisfy  
your need for human connection,  
*compasión y corazon.*

- *Diane Gonzales Bertrand*