

Estancada*

by [Lisa Marie Sandoval](#) in the [October 19, 2004](#) issue

The air in my *barrio*
bulges with ash, the remains
of dead poets, dried-out painters,
and sick-sounding musicians. Skeletons
of *talento* that never found breath.

I sit, *estancada*, in this hole,
condemnation filling me.
My dying *ideas* crinkle and shuffle
but no one, not even the flea
on a cat's hairy back, wants them.

Dreams peak in my mind as dusty dirges,
polvo floating down Figueroa to settle,
abandoned. In a one-room apartment
the homeless grow and light fires for the warmth
of words I will never write and they will never hear.

**estancada*—stuck, bogged down, stagnating