

## Maria by Natalia Treviño

Maria: plural of mare,  
Latin for seas.

Mar, me mareas.  
The ocean seas.

Dark spots on the moon,  
were once thought lunar oceans.

As a girl, marinera, marinera,  
I floated en el mar every day, on a hot, rubbery inner tube,

my mother next to me, in her tube,  
holding my hand as the sea stung our sunburnt eyes,

healed our mosquito-bitten backs  
lifted us over her white lips and cliffs.

If we let go of each other on time,  
trusted we would not be swallowed,

she rushed us, our tumbling bodies  
powerless to shore.

This sea, seawater, maria on Earth,  
liquid solution, the saline in our blood,

in our nostrils, in our eyes, a living water,  
a hearing water, scientists say,

who fills Earth's deepest wombs and wounds  
who holds us for a time, floats us in her

dark body of bodies, seals us in thick muscle  
when we can breathe her pure liquid in

before it rises to a lip  
before it rushes

our tumbling bodies  
powerless to shore.

If Maria's name is an accident  
of etymology,

I am only more mariada.

Babies point to the moon,  
say *ma*.

Source: "Maria" from the chapbook *VirginX* (Finishing Line Press, 2019) is reprinted with permission of the author.