

# 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.

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\**estancada*—stuck, bogged down, stagnating