

Teaching your Homegirl about the Root Chakra*

By: Sabrina San Miguel

I gotta tell you, girl. Sounds like your Root chakra is blocked. I say this to Natalia from my office chair. She emptied trash bins in the building. Natalia with red tattoos on her face, her boyfriend's name. He tried to kill her twice but cried when he called from prison. Asked for money for Snickers bars. Said he found god in the gutters. She used to call me a boss even though I wasn't. Not really. *Girl, you could run this company. I would work for you if you did. You always be dressing so nice. They should give you a raise. They should give you the world because you would share it, right? With me? I could tell. My kids are driving me crazy. This motherfucker stays acting up. Girl, guess what.* Natalia my homegirl. Baby sister I checked on. Fed tacos to on Fridays. Cackled with in cafeteria. Myself ten years ago, cleaning toilets. Daily reminder of my essence in this new space where they put my name on the door in silver and I scowled at it every morning. My boss disapproved but that didn't stop me from loving her. I gotta tell you, Nat, this chakra business is real. Real like the vomit in that trash bin. Like the corner store in our hood that always has the winning scratch-offs. You don't buy lottery tickets anywhere else. You ain't gonna heal yourself anywhere else. Real like the Louis bag I got on Canal street when I went to New York last November. These bitches at the office don't need to know I got it on Canal street in New York last November. I'm telling you, girl. My body was preparing me for months. Did not realize till I named it. Gave in to its craving. Beets. *Beets? Bitch, whaaaat?* Yes girl. Root vegetables. Saw red everywhere. Crayon scribbles on wall. Crimson postcard. Your red tattoos. Blood splatters in dreams. Another sign of blockage. Another sign I was both fury and frightened. Could not find my footing. Trembled in my own home. Rattling of the wishbone. *Damn that sounds like me.* Then I took down the notes. A surrendering. Stood barefoot in backyard. Bitch, I prayed. I cried. Planted my feet so deep in the earth I became pecan tree. Felt myself root into the soil. Lifted my arms towards the sky. Watched them do something different. They bloomed. Gave bedrock back to earth. Back to myself. Root Chakra, girl. I'm telling you. Root. *Yo, you think this would work on my dude from prison?*

I don't know, Nat. It might. *That's what's up.*

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