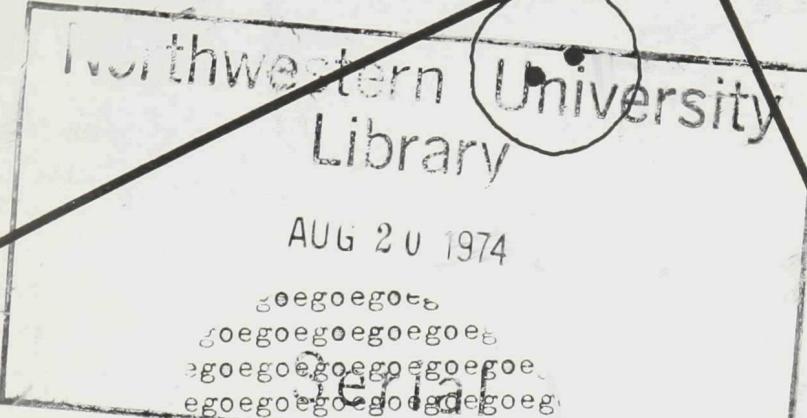


El Grito

La Voz Poética Del Chicano



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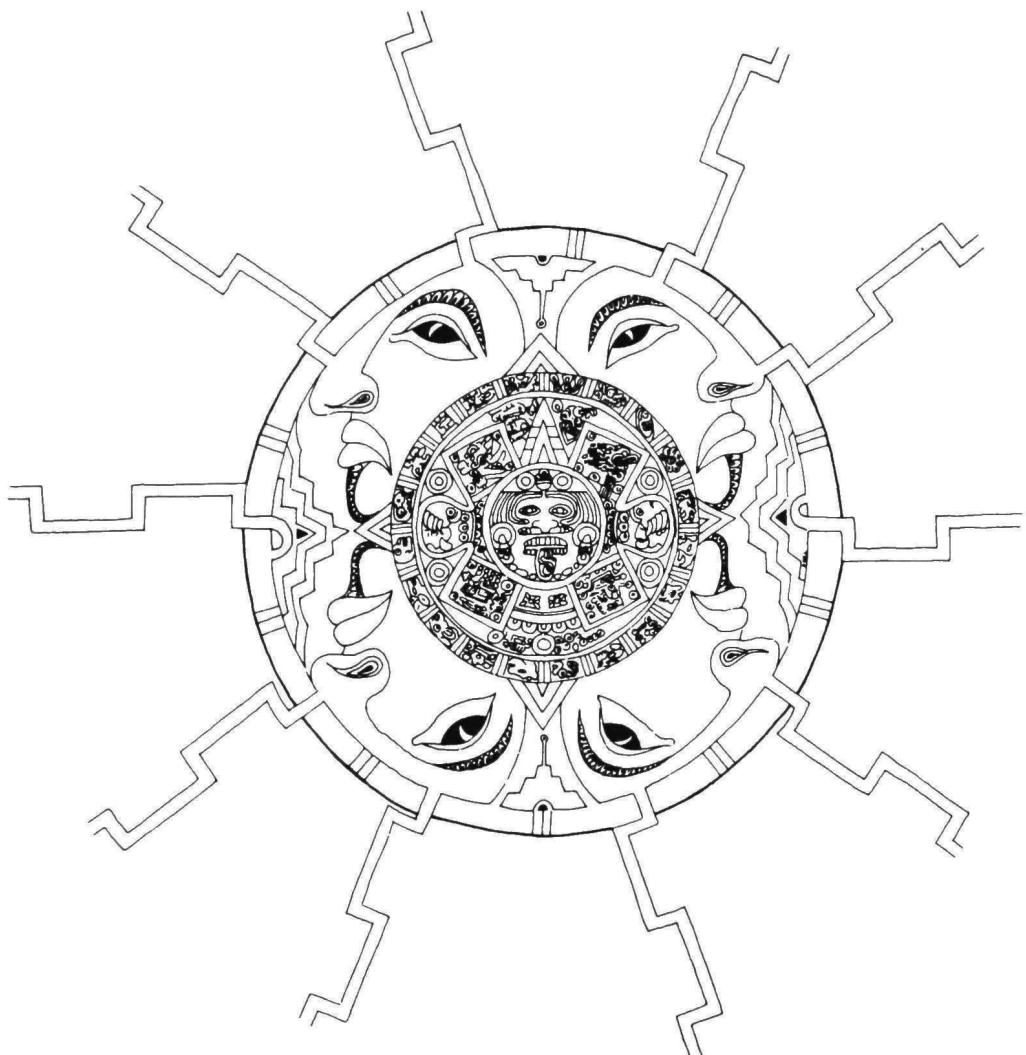
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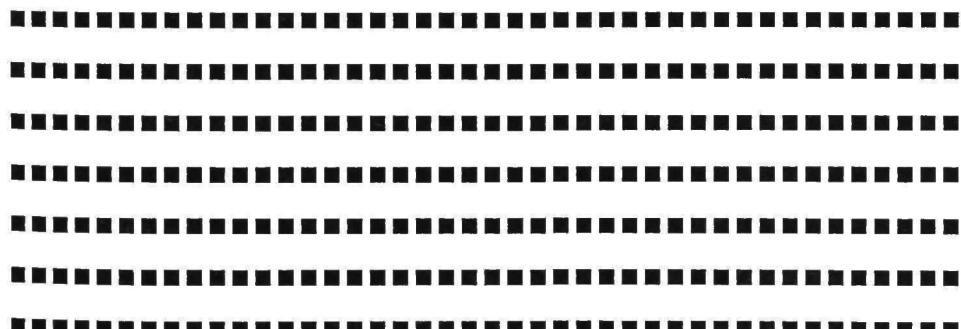
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Literature Division
Quinto Sol Publications

OCTAVIO I. ROMANO-V., Ph.D
Behavioral Sciences
University of California
Berkeley

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JOSE ANTONIO BURCIAGA

INTRODUCTION

The poetic voice of the Chicano is as diverse as the Chicano himself. It is diverse in aesthetic sensibility, themes, linguistic systems, style, and structure. To view Chicano poetry in its full diversity one must give it historical as well as linguistic perspective. Chicano poetry is not simply a product of the last few years, nor is it confined to one language. It is not a tenable position to present Chicano poetry in one language, and from a reduced period of time and claim it is a comprehensive overview of Chicano poetry. Many primary documents are readily available to give us a more balanced, and historically more accurate, picture of Chicano poetry (see the extensive bibliographies published in *El Grito*, Vol. IV:4; Vol. V:4).

In this introduction we wish only to present the broadest overview which will serve mainly to underline the enormous task before us of filling in the enormous gaps in our knowledge about Chicano poetry, and literature in general.

In reading the poetry of a mid-19th century writer, Juan B. Hijar y Jaro, who wrote in San Francisco, we find interesting contrast and similarities with Chicanos writing more than 100 years later. Juan B. Hijar y Jaro presents a view that may or may not have been shared by his contemporaries. Further research into the literature of that period is obviously needed. In 1864, Juan B. Hijar y Jaro, in romantic exaltation, writes about his painful departure from Mexico and his arrival in the United States. He readily embraces the flag of the United States, while still writing lovingly about his native soil. "Tremolé el pabellón de las estrellas."

¡Tierra! gritaron todos, y al instante
Tronó el cañón, que saludaba el puerto,
Y el espléndido sol, en el levante,
Alumbró de concierto
La ciudad, las montañas y el desierto.
Tremolé el pabellón de las estrellas,
Entre cien banderolas,
Que empavesaron, con belleza suma
Al gigante vapor, entre las olas,
Sobre los campos de plateadas espumas.
¡Allí dejé los dilatados mares!
Y dije adiós a mis benditos lares!

From the romantic pose of Juan B. Hijar y Jaro, we view a more somber judgment in 1974. Reyes Cárdenas, presented in this issue of *El Grito*, writes:

Quetzalcóatl, ¿te digo un secreto?
Tu gente ya no es azteca, ya no
es mejicana, ahora es chicana.

And in a more severe tone Reyes Cárdenas continues:

Bandera blanca, verde, águila, y víbora,
ya no eres nada mío.
Tú vives para el sur, en las montañas.
El aire te acaricia con las manos de
soldado
Lástima que nunca fuiste libre, lástima que
tu cara es tan fea.

If for one poet it is painful to tear himself away from Mexico, and his soul remains in its Mexican cradle, “y dije adiós a mis benditos lares,” the Chicano of 1974 openly declares his independence. And if Juan B. Hijar y Jaro was to wave “el pabellón de las estrellas,” his Chicano descendants would not necessarily embrace it 100 years later. For many Chicanos, their spiritual loyalty is bound to Chicano symbols. In *Perros y Antiperros*, Sergio Elizondo writes:

Tengo una bandera Apá,
Colorada sin rayitas,
ni estrellas, ni tiritas
de oro robado, por acá.
Tiene una águila negra,
alas iguales
hecha de puro algodón.

Within this same period, mid-19th century—1974, we not only find diversity in attitudes, but also in aesthetic sensibilities. We also find areas of continuity. The romantic plaint of Juan B. Hijar y Jaro echoes the theme of “el destierro,” the escape of the romantic.

Más allá de los mares me dijeron:
Parte a lejanas tierras,
En busca de otro asilo,
Como las tiernas aves que partieron
Su adiós cantando con valor tranquilo
Así yo triste atravesé los mares
Y dije adiós a mis benditos lares.

That romantic song finds echo today among Chicano poets such as Juan Guevara.

Yo sé de una canción conmovedora,
y es por ella que mi alma tanto implora
.....
Es la canción de Bequer y Darió,
que al oírla produce escalofrío
Con sus notas que vuelan tiernamente.

If we see glimpses of romantic sensibilities in Chicano poetry, we also see reflections of surrealism in Richard García’s poetry in which the poet speaks from the twilight world between sleep and wakefulness.

Awake I see myself dreaming
Climbing the stairways of my throat

Entering my head
 Always the half-light stains me
 Always I hear blue doors
 Opening and closing in my body.

We also find a poetry that does not pretend to capture delicate images in romantic exaltation or from the surrealist world of dreams, but rather from a socialist realist perspective of class struggle. Jorge Alvarez writes:

I am fighting a war
 I did not make,
 Became its soldier
 By design:
 A Mexican and his wife crossed a line
 Drawn by Hearst from San Simeon;
 Rockefeller spread oil carpets;
 Tampico was bleeding
 While my father
 Followed the artery:

Linguistically, Chicano poetry ranges from the strictest adherence to “standard Spanish” and “standard English” to the most sensitive code switching. Code switching in Chicano poetry is not simply a device to create an atmosphere, which is probably the case in the poetry of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound in which they employ German, Latin, Greek, or, specifically in the case of Pound, Chinese ideographs. Code switching in Chicano poetry is a reflection of every day speech in which the social situation determines, to a large extent, the frequency and the location within the sentence where the changes from one system to another will occur. Code switching can achieve great poetic force. This force is created by the juxtaposition of two linguistic systems. Psychologically the reader expects linguistic continuity in one system. The violent switch into another system gives power to the poetic expression. In “Aquellos Vatos,” by Tino Villaneuva, we see:

La Chiva de McAllen who never let himself down;
 Always had a movida chueca somewhere uptown.
 Then there was la Polla de San Anto—lived
 Across the creek, y tenía un ranfle sentao
 P’tras, ¿me entiendes?

From José Montoya’s “La Jefita”:

When I remember the campos
 y las noches and the sounds
 Of those nights en carpas o
 Vagones I remember my jefita’s
 palote

A device that serves a similar function in Spanish poetry is the “desplazamiento de calificativo.” But whereas the “desplazamiento de calificativo” is simply that, a modifier displaced from one word class to another, in Chicano poetry we find a language system displaced by another at junctures which may vary according to context or social situation. From Federico García Lorca’s poem, “La Guitarra,” we

see a very effective use of the “desplazamiento de calificativo” in which an adjectival form serves an adverbial function.

La guitarra llora callada.

The power resides in the fact that psychologically we are prepared for an adverbial form, “calladamente” which would modify “llora,” but we are given the adjectival form as the modifier of the verb.

Along with the juxtaposition of linguistic systems we also find the juxtaposition of images within a historical context. In the poem “Grietos paredes,” by Alurista we see the contemporary image of a dying city in which the buildings become “calaveras urbanas” and the cracks on the walls are the fissures on the “calaveras urbanas.” This contemporary image is juxtaposed to a Precolumbian setting of “selvas de fruta fresca” in which one feels the breeze of the “ecuariano Ehécatl.” But, in a contemporary reality this Precolumbian setting can only be an illusion, a “mango ilusión.”

Grietos paredes
—calaveras urbanas
.....
Selvas de fruta fresca
—mango ilusion
Y la brisa de dios
—el ecuariano Ehécatl.

It is by such juxtaposition of images that Alurista actualizes our Precolumbian archetypal experiences. It is the process of actualization that renders great poetic force.

The structural diversity in Chicano poetry manifests itself in many forms. It may be the rigid, English style, sonnet structure with its five foot iambic verses, such as in Angélica Inda’s “Sonnet I”

Poor kite, unlucky banner caught on high
By branches swaying to and fro in light.

The structure may be the equally rigid Spanish sonnet of Tino Villaneuve with its 14 hyndecasyllable verses, and well measured internal beats on syllables 4-6-10; 2-6-10

	4	6	10
Detrás se asienta el polvo con certeza			
y barre toda huella que has dejado	2	6	10
un eco vago vibra del pasado	2	6	10

Of course, we also find poetry without a fixed metric structure, obeying only the psychological state of the poet.

One suspects that a study of the rhythmic patterns of Chicano poetry would be very productive, for one can speculate that in a poetry which reflects two linguistic systems, the rhythmic patterns of English and Spanish may come into great tension.

Another structural pattern found in some Chicano poetry is what Carlos Bousoño and Dámaso Alonso call “pluralidades bimembres, trimembres, etc.” In “Mo-

saico Mexicano," Octavio Romano presents a complex, but well orchestrated structure which is modulated by the entry, build up, withdrawal, and reentry of parallelistic structures. An excerpt will illustrate the structural composition. Identical letters identify parallel triads. The subindex identifies each member of the triad.

MAN— where are you from? A
 Woman— where are you from? A₁
 CHILD— where are you from? A₂

SPEAK B

Unveil the polished sun C
 Unwind the shawl's black thread C₁
 Strike augmented chords on the guitar C₂
 Are you— D
 from sky reaching yellow cactus flower D'
 rooted deep in dusty arid land? D"
 Are you— D₁
 from winter's trickling Aztec mantle D₁'
 a silver shroud for a slumbering mountain? D₁"
 Are you— D₂
 from rigid blade of blue maguey D₂'
 from cinnamon stick and viridian mint D₂"
 progeny of white and amber flame's dance? D₂'''

A structural formula would be this:

A	B	C	D	D'	D"
A ₁		C ₁	D ₁	D ₁ '	D ₁ "
A ₂		C ₂	D ₂	D ₂ '	D ₂ "

We thus present this issue of *El Grito*, not as a comprehensive overview of Chicano poetry, but as a meaningful contribution to the growing corpus of Chicano poetry, which should be viewed historically and linguistically, and should be analyzed from different critical perspectives: historical, biographical, formalistic, archetypal, humanistic, Marxist, and stylistic.

Herminio Ríos
 Editor

LA AUTOBIOGRAFIA DE REYES CARDENAS

1

The Texas poet is a Mexican who breaks
horses for William Wordsworth.

The New York poet is an Iroquois who
seeks a girl named Marie Sandoz.

The Oregon poet is a Scottish lass with
Susan B. Anthony love.

The Pennsylvania poet is a Beat poet who
makes windows shaped like New Orleans.

The Wyoming poet is Benjamin Franklin,
the best known surrealist doctor.

2

The Civil War was a shoe-maker displaying
red and purple banners for Herbert Hoover.

The Spanish-American War was Napoleon
landing on the shores of Rhode Island.

The Korean War was Charlemagne
killing King Kong in Crete.

The Crimean War was President Eisenhower
smiling with Emporer Jerry Lewis.

The Vietnam War was Alexander the Great
looking for a horse throughout Maine.



3

Isn't it fun thinking of what Lord Byron did
to Betty Boop?

He clung to her breasts until Audie Murphy
told him of the War of 1812.

Lord Byron became sad-faced. Eventually the
public laughed him out of business, and out
of Poland.

But the Polish blue jean market set up his
factory in the Philippines.

It is true that his mistakes have caused
him sorrow, but he has recovered, and his
tables and chairs are always being bought
by Grover Cleveland, my eccentric barber.

4

It's interesting how George Washington
finally settled in Iowa.

I picture him in Miami Beach. Or in
Indonesia, sunning himself and his
mistress.

I picture him wearing pajamas along the
coast of Algeria with a banjo and
a friend.

I picture him in Texas bathing in the Rhine,
but I can never picture him in Iowa.
No matter how hard I try



5

I would just be thinking of you when you would come.

I relished your visits because you would always relate to me tales of Buffalo Bill.

You would tell me how he bought California from the Dutch for only two-thousand dollars.

Buffalo Bill drove a 1962 Chevrolet, he was Irish and his wife was from Ohio.

His enemies were from Finland; they wore grass skirts.

You would tell me that without Buffalo Bill there would be no modern Mexico.

I believed you, and I'd ask:

When will you visit again?

6

With my American hands I fashion basketballs for Manila.

I build houses for Randolph Scott, the San Francisco T.V. repairman.

I go to college to study under Sam Houston, the poet laureate of New Jersey. . .

My mother, Davy Crockett, makes hamburgers. She's waiting for me at the door.

I play guitar and I write songs for Sacco and Vanzetti; I thank them for making Texas independent.
I thank them for designing the Texas flag.

7

I like to pretend I am Jefferson Davis exploring
the ruins of Thailand, or John Berryman
making guitars to help the Mohawks.

I like to pretend I am Currier and Ives
climbing the Matterhorn until I reach the
face of Millard Fillmore, or until I touch
noses with General Custer.

I like to pretend I am a poet named Columbus,
or a Puerto Rican singer named Boss Tweed.

I like to pretend I am Wilfred Owen the Okie.

8

Edward Taylor is a Mormon plumber.

Sidney Lanier is a Boston policeman.

Edgar Allan Poe is La Llorona.

Robert Service is a fireman.

Amerigo Vespucci is a poet.

9

Arthur Rimbaud is the best dentist I've been to.

Ezra Pound is the best swimmer I know.

Boris Pasternak is the best Spanish writer.

Sylvia Plath is the worst California waitress.

Richard Brautigan is the worst Victorian
lady

The Beatles are the worst Greeks.



10

At Christmas I write songs for the Armenian flag, as is customary of Moslem guitarists.

At Eastertide I wear yellow dresses and holler Hari Krishna.

On the Fourth of July I celebrate because it's Viva Panama Week.

On Thanksgiving Day I stand around Times Square thinking of Marco Polo.

On my birthday I smile like my favorite novel written by either Burt Lancaster or Thomas Edison.

REYES CARDENAS

11

In England trees are always four feet tall. It is what the poets say, and who would know better? Not the Queen.

In England the red fox wears a German glove. Because German gloves are blue, and then green.

In England the mice invade Paris. They are not afraid of the Turks anymore. They do not even fear the Mexican Armada.

The Industrial Revolution has really changed things—Oh to be in England now that Browning's dead!

The England of today is the only modern country with enough guts to call Nebraska dirty names.



12

There are smiles that belong to Chester A.
Arthur, the poet.

There are smiles that belong to Mademoiselle
from Armentieres, the leader of Israel.

There are smiles that belong to Zen, the
industrialist.

There are smiles that belong to no one, the
bank-robber Abe Lincoln.

There are smiles that belong to Alabama,
home of the Statue of Liberty.

There are smiles that belong to America,
the shoeless England.

REYES CARDENAS

13

William Jennings Bryan of Colorado was
a lumberjack whose real name
was Paul Bunyan.

Stephen F. Austin was a cartoonist whose
real name was Walt Disney

Emiliano Zapata was a steam-boat captain
whose real name was Pat Garret.



BOOK TWO**14 noche para rosa**

Querida,pareces una guitarra en la cama vieja.

En la noche la cama es tan ruidosa como la guitarra.

Amorsito,la vida es redonda como mi sombrero.

En la noche mi sombrero bostecea pero no duerme——

El cariño es el dueño de la noche.

15

En la mañana el aire es como tu rostro.

El sol rueda por la tierra todo el día.

Tus besos de anoche quedaron como rosas en mis hombros.

Me hicieron dulce,y la cama es azucar.

échala en el té,después vamos a bailar por los árboles flotantes.

Tu vestido rociado suspira en mis manos.

Mujer,sin ti ¿para qué quiero ser hombre?

16

Cuando te rasures las piernas no te cortes,
una cicatriz más y jamás te quiero.

Una cicatriz más y no esperes que te
acaricie.

¿Hacemos un trato? Tú me rasuras mi barba,
yo te rasuro tus piernas.

Una precaución. ¿Está bien?

17

Si no fueras parte de mi vida, estos poemas
no existieran.

Tampoco esta tristeza, pero es mejor haber
conocido tus labios

que pasar
la vida sin tocar, siquiera brevemente,
una de las cosas más bellas del mundo.

REYES CARDENAS

18 poema suizo

En un banco suizo el dinero crece como el
tiempo—

Por las calles de California muere mi fe
en ayer.

Sin tu cara, o sin tus brazos este poema fuera
otro dolor—

Por las calles de Texas muere mi fe en
mañana. ~

Los americanos quieren todo.



19 la muerte de zapata

El arte de los zapatistas era simple,
tierra.

Pero el arte de los generales era más simple,
sangre.

Ese día salió Zapata de los árboles,
blanco y negro.

Para la tarde ya era colorado.

20

El aire caliente de Chihuahua deja los números
de las señoritas en los ojos de los hombres,y en
las noches la única floresita de Chihuahua
sale por más calles que las que hay en todo
Méjico.

El vestido envuelto en la cabeza,sin zapatos
sin cejas,pobre la madre de la niña,solamente
el hombre del caballo blanco sonríe en la noche
prieta

“Prieta,prieta,te quiero con mis ojos
prietas,mis ojos sin estrellas y sin luna.”



21 poema para joaquín murrieta

Tu corazón florea en las calles
de alemania.

Tu sangre es un río como el Mississippi
de Viet Nam.

Tu tierra no es la tierra de Pancho Villa
pero la revolución es igual.

Reies López Tijerina es tu hermano.

Con carabinas se cumplen muchas cosas.

Con dedicación,con justicia,con amor
se cumple todo.

Tú eres el bandido de California.

Tú eres la Virgen de Guadalupe,tú
eres mi vida.

22

Este adiós es para Rubén Salazar.

Este adiós es para todas las cosas
tristes que pasan en Los Angeles.

Este “ ¡Ajúa!” es un poema——

Ya no vamos a cantar lo que no sea canción.

Desde este día en adelante
nuestras canciones van a volverse hombres.



23 the americans

A veces los trenes son para pasajeros
nuevos.

Pero esta mañana me quieren a mí, con
su humo.

Y con las tierras mejicanas que atravesaron
anoche.

Tristemente admito que se acabó la guerra
buena.

BOOK THREE

24

El último tolteca corre por el Paseo de la Reforma.

Tolteca, ¿quién crees que eres? ¿Cantinflas?
¿Dónde dejaste tu corbata?

¿Dónde está tu traje blanco? ¿En tu mapa
no hay una estrella en Tula?

¿Conociste a los clásicos? ¿Conociste a los apaches?

25

Azteca, son muy lagañosos tus hijos y
muy pervertidas tus hijas.

Aquí están en los Estados Unidos.

Aquí están hablando inglés y español.

Sacrifican zapatos, es todo; sacrifican
botellas de Coca Cola, es todo.

En California andan en las uvas como coyotes.

26

Quetzalcóatl, ¿te digo un secreto?

Tu gente ya no es azteca, ya no es
mejicana, ahora es chicana.

Pues esta canción es dedicada a ti.

Aquí en tejas todos quieren bailar contigo.

27

Zapata era mi hermano, mi bigotón.

El único hombre en Méjico. Pero tú eres un
bastardo.

Lo mataste. Las rosas cambian de color todavía.

Méjico, ni por Acapulco te perdonó.

REYES CARDENAS

28

A Pershing le gustaban las mujeres, por eso
nunca alcanzó a Villa.

Y a Carranza le gustaban los hombres por
eso nunca tuvo hijos.

A Benito Juárez le gustaba la justicia
por eso es el padre de los comunistas.

Así es la vida, igual que el amor.



29

Bandera blanca,verde,áquila,y víbora,ya no eres
nada mío.

Tú vives para el sur,en las montañas.

Yo soy delgadito y poeta iconoclastico.

El aire te acaricia con las manos de
soldado.

Lástima que nunca fuiste libre,lástima que
tu cara es tan fea.

30

Estas son las palabras de mi abuelita:

Este burro era una guitarra muy hermosa.

Pero la revolución cambió los guitarristas.

Mira cómo están viejos como yo.

Mira como ni la marijuana los hace caminar.

Por eso es que me dan gusto tus canciones,
porque me hacen burla hasta a mí.

31

Pancho Villa montó su caballo y dijo a sus
amigos:

Vamos a los Estados Unidos,vamos a ver a
las gringas chulas.

Vamos a Ciudad Juárez,a acostarnos en la
plaza,bajo los árboles.

Es el verano más bonito de mi vida.

32

Los españoles con calzones prietos como la noche,
conquistaron a Tenochtitlán.

Cortez sonreía arriba de su caballo dormido.

Por la mañana se peinaba el pelo largo y
brilloso.

Y los Aztecas se sentaban alrededor de Cortez
y no había vida en ningún ojo.

Pero los pájaros cantaban algo en las pirámides.

REYES CARDENAS

33

Alamo, ¿te acuerdas de Méjico?

Alamo, ¿te acuerdas de Davy Crockett? Sí, el
de los pies grandes.

Alamo, ¿te acuerdas de la película?

Santa Anna, no seas cabrón, ¿dónde está la
navaja de Bowie?

¿Dónde están los labios de la historia?

Alamo, te manda saludes mamá.



34

Dios dice que al Río Grande lo hizo para
que hubiera mojados.

A San Antonio nada más para mejicanos.

Dios dice que a las señoras las hizo para que
destendieran las tortillas.

35

Cuauhtémoc, si no me das a tu hija voy a llorar.

Inmediatamente hulló Cuauhtémoc, jamás puso
sus pies en Méjico.

Así son los héroes de ayer.

Y la hija está en mis brazos, el perfume de
sus ojos es más dulce que los senos.

Así son las hijas de héroes.

Solamente los poetas son peor.



BOOK FOUR

36

No que sea importante, pero los poetas de España
son manzanas.

Después de la guerra hasta García-Lorca parecía
pan francés.

En Portugal los toros brincan al mar
Baudelaire.

Los tres caballos de Granada duermen en mi poema,
sin alemanes.

37

San Francisco sin tranvías o sin puente de oro,
termina.

Queda descolorido el azul pacífico, lomas
abiertas.

Las niñas de San Francisco me quebran los
dedos.

Toco un bolero chistoso en la guitarra.



Es mejor vivir en San José.





JOSE ANTONIO BURCIAGA



EL BARRIO

Un ambiente de acción
y el aire con el olor de tortillas
calientitas.

Los chavalitos descalsos corriendo
por donde quiera.

El Nacho abajo del carro,
Virgie arriba oyendo su radio.

En la esquina un bonche de
chavalas en chorts.

Al otro lado,

Los chavalos con los pitos parados.
Jefitos afuera en sus T-Shirts
Abuelitas cuidando sus matitas

El ice-cream man con su misma
musiquita.

Mamá hablando con la comadre
y
Al mismo tiempo peliando con
los moscos.

El teléfono sonando
Perros ladrrando
Sol cayéndose

Moción y emoción
ruido y música
todos juntos, formando
la tarde en el barrio.



EL JALE

ROBERTO PASTOR

Humo,
 máquinas,
 hard hats,
 sol caliente,
 sed,
 polvo,
 ampollas,
 agua fría,
 el mayordomo,
 el lambión,
 trabajo,
 sol caliente,
 más trabajo,
 cemento duro,
 palas,
 arena,
 cemento awado,
 sudor,
 calor,
 dolor,
 Que Chinga.

DESTRUCCION

Lloran las moscas
 se murió el mosco.
 ¿Qué pasó mosco?
 Llegó el Shell Strip.

Lloran las ratas
 se fue el ratón.
 ¿A dónde?
 Se lo llevó el Raid.

Lloran los hombres.
 Porque
 Se juntó, Shell, Raid, Gulf.



**CECILIO
GARCIA-CAMARILLO**

espíritu

se acostó
y el pelo se ganchó en las piedras.

y como espuma
que brota de la nariz de un áquila,
gorgoreo el espíritu
y se despegó
como arcoíris
como suspiro
como poema cristalino
como lo más rígido de un eco.

cuentista

como lo hacía siempre
en el tiempo de aztlán

salía del agua
su cuerpo verdeazul

acobijados por la luna
la raza aztlantina
se sentaba a oír sus cuentos

perlas bronceadas
resbalando en un vaso de luz

lo central del espíritu
sorbió la inmensidad
de los planetas
pero se sintió vacío
como los huesos de un cadáver.

entonces el espíritu
de la diosa de aztlán
cayó como una luz que alumbra
un lago de ojos
al cuerpo.

los carnales de aztlán le trajeron
jugo de naranja y elotes
pidiendo la definición del espíritu.

hablando como por entre caracoles
la diosa dijo
el espíritu está en la carne.

en ese momento un árbol magenta
se fragmentó en 30 mil mariposas.



el embrujo del frijol

en los comienzos
 en aztlán
 en aztlán
 el frijol se recogía entero
 como corazones
 y se guardaba para consumir.

una tarde
 manchada de gris
 como enfermedad
 el príncipe mayor
 después de varias horas de pesadía
 donde 20 veces se arrancaba
 el pie derecho
 se levantó.

bambaleó
 al sótano donde estaba el frijol
 y lo quebró
 a patadas.

desde entonces
 cuando los ciudadanos de aztlán
 se miran en espejos
 las caras se bañan de telarañas.

y un balazo de electricidad
 chispea de las células mentales
 y no para hasta colocarse en el estómago.

se dice que este embrujo paralítico
 es eterno.



correr

en aztlán
en sus comienzos

el andar era como una sonrisa
de niño
era calmado
como la conciencia
del mapa de toda la carne

se andaba desde el centro
se andaba para que los músculos
se hicieran amuletas
regalos respirados al sol

el sol que tostaba
pieles cafeces chicanas
con la suavidez
de un sueño de uvas

pero de la conquista gringa acá
sólo andamos para correr

corremos porque todavía sentimos
el hormiguero
de las balas gringas
en nuestros pies

página

pinche imagen
se evaporó.

poema:jueguito de descubrir.

(Goldmund's eyes
son peyotes)

(la vida wrestles
en la página)

(jefita,
open your womb).

abuelo

abuelo circular:
gigante azul
con bigotes de emiliano zapata

arrebata mi mano
y la serrucha

dolor gancha
cienes de fotografías
de mi mano
como araña seca

y como nube
de tachuelas
explota silencio hirviente
de la sombra
del abuelo

pájaro de arena aletea en mi garganta tijereteando resuello	corro en el chorro de sangre que convulsa
--	--

sangre derrite el parálisis	porque cielo is riveting la tierra un agujero nomás y es agua
-----------------------------------	--

mi espejo
donde me esconde
y mi sangre
le escribe al abuelo

mano

mano encerrada
en las horas

que dibujan flores como triángulos
de pasiones minuteras

es la sangre estancada
en el cráneo

en un espacio rubio

en una estrella como ojo de gato

en un ombligo ilusorio

ser asno pa rebuznar
mi biología rajada

pa reír
este suicidio catatónico de imágenes

la boca
necesita baterías eléctricas

necesito un paquete de mechas
entre las piernas

amarla

pero no puede ser

estoy enmohecido
en la soledad de un sueño
lleno de agua
y como un reloj me ahogo



dientes de la noche

los dientes de la noche
sonríen ironicamente

los árboles escurren puñaladas

el humo de cigarro
es una oreja de gigante
donde tú y yo depositamos ecos
como piranas gordas

los ojos del gato de la señora zamarripa
son lámparas japonesas azules

el gato es gordo y escandaloso
porque a los huevos roza el miedo

antes estábamos tejidos
como el canto del sinsontli
como la raíz de una nube amarilla

yo le buscaba estómagos a las metáforas
los frijoles eran la lluvia
que ahogaban los aullidos del hambre
los frijoles como pedazos de chapopote
se pegaban pa dibujar palabras

mañana sapos rojos
tomarán café
las bocas escupirán
cuchillos plásticos

querida
la luna es una niña leona
preñada con odio
como los pozos del corazón

las imágenes
no son ni tú ni yo
son ese insecto idiota
que parece automóvil

crimen

la piedra
detiene el agua
con su redondez

en una botella de tinta
gritos se despegajan

una ristra de agujeros
se traga una gota de sangre

las costillas de una flor
son gusanos

el sol
es un nudo de grillos

el egoísmo de la escena
es un barco
que se hace ojo de aguja

calles

las calles están vacillas
y son negras

las conversaciones son un liacho
de vidrios quebrados en las patas

no se mueve ningún deseo
en el espejo pálido

la luz de mi cuarto
es la ceniza de mariposas muertas

como flores amarillas
pariendo flores amarillas
fueron mis ilusiones
entre risa y llanto

sangre angustiada
y perros destripados ahora son mis sueños

recordar es meterme en un humo sordo

sentado y solo
el universo es lodo y yo me hundo

fingersliquid

fingersliquid
autistic as tree.

plague.

undone.
nocolor
in selfswallow.

killedmonday
as criminal.

hangednirvana.

like off,
like hunger.

blocked, nonnerve.

only waterjerks.

cabeza

de tu cabeza mediacomida
por cáncer palabras
gorgorean
gusanos grises
a mis huaraches
de tu cara blanca como pantalla
de tus ojos de hueso blanco.

eres olor negro
del muerto.

tarde es color a toro,
me rodea un silencio
como madera pa una silla.

sentado en la tarde:
eres insecto seco
pa mi comida.

poco a poco
mis ojos
unos desarmadores
te aflojan.



CECILIO GARCIA-CAMARILLO

domingo

tarde.
retorciéndose.
se mete en tus uñas.

tu brocha.
como sirena.
nada en tu sangremorada.

your rawmuscles.
como resortes se arremangan.

sirena escupe.
garrapatas.

campanean en los sobacos del aire.
la caída del sol las chupa.

como un remolino.
garabateas una vasca natural.

ojos.
dos ventanas telarañosos
dos sofás reventados.
te tienen en focus.

tu cara.
de perraenrabiada.
se sacude.
se hace bola.

también la arrebata.
el rechinido del poema.



haikus
like wildcrows:
they don't let me sleep.

in livingroom mirror
the sandía mt. and i:
kuiuuuu.

otli otli;
meltingsnow
blackboots very wet.

footprints
swim by hut on riverbed:
winterend.

like caribou
antlers
los caminos que he correteado

mu mu mu
vaca
se pierde en el camino.

blue
like heron's egg
la tarde.

goatherd
scrambles
through lifeline of my hand.

milkyway
drinks water
from my solitary dream

i'm looking
for the manzano mts
cactus.

factory smokes
pull over llanos:
cuernos de toro.

parrot
cállate:
sunset.

montaña
esposa:
double profile

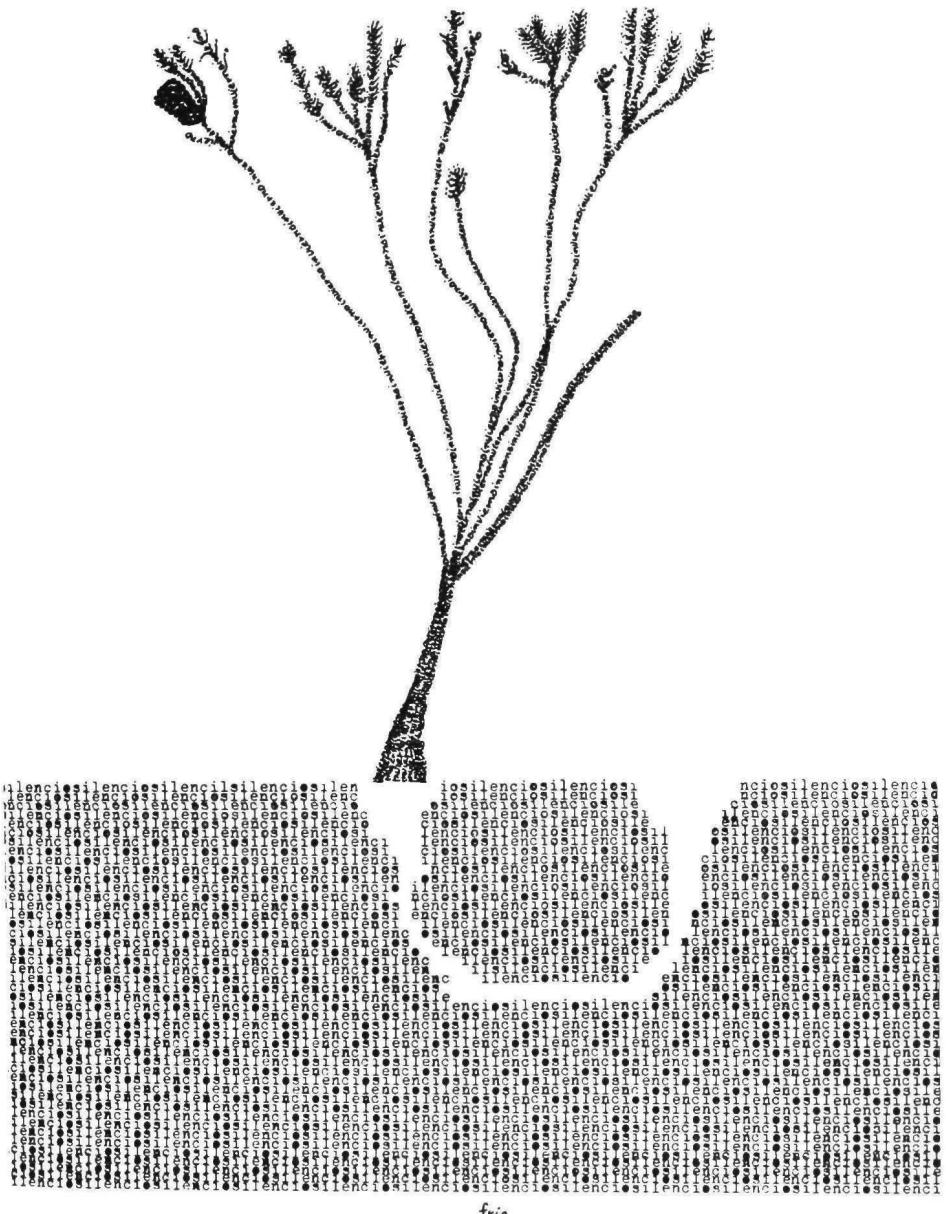
crow
hair
and in-between: omen

CECILIO GARCIA-CAMARILLO



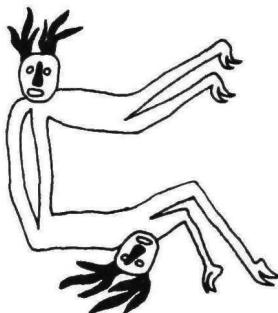
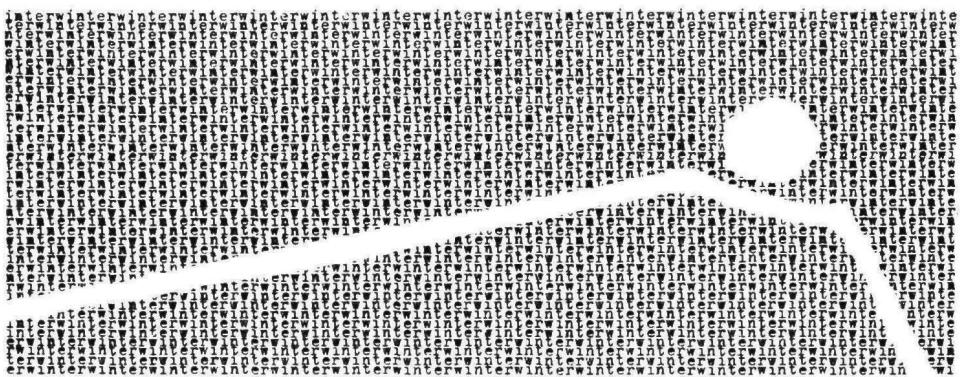
LLUVIA MARXISTA

CECILIO GARCIA-CAMARILLO



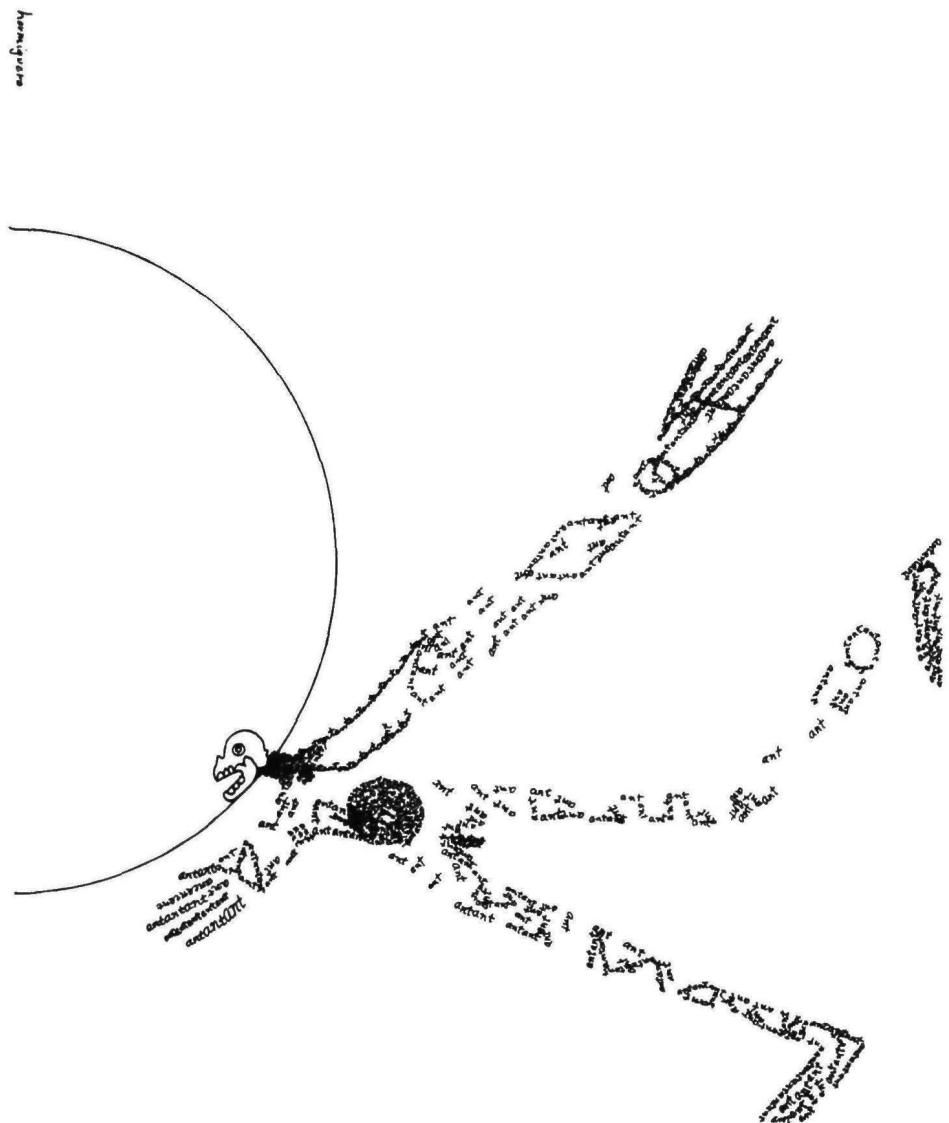
CECILIO GARCIA-CAMARILLO





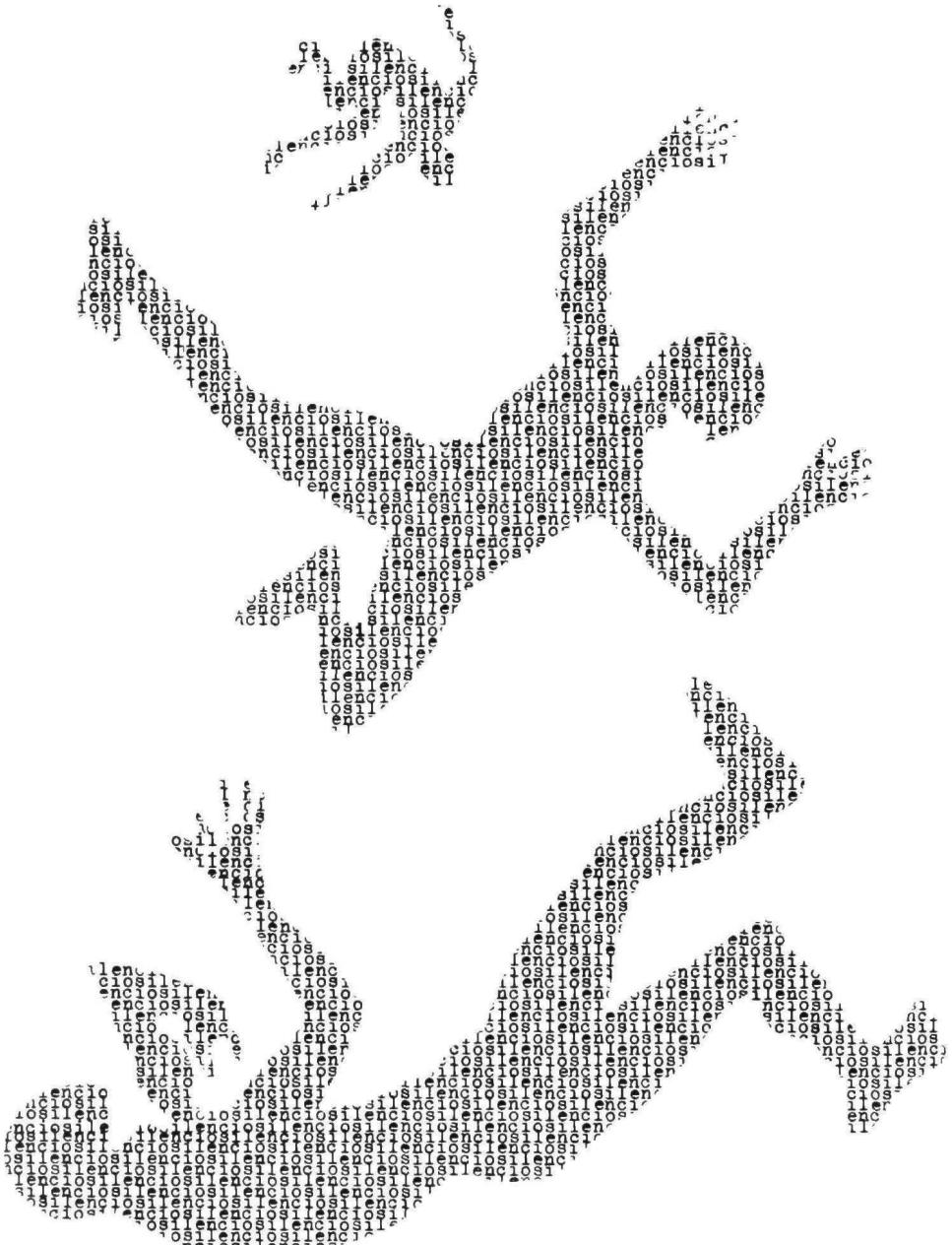
the same time, the number of intermarriages between Negroes and whites has increased from 1,000 in 1900 to 10,000 in 1920. The Negro population of the United States is now 10,000,000.

CECILIO GARCIA-CAMARILLO



CECILIO GARCIA-CAMARILLO

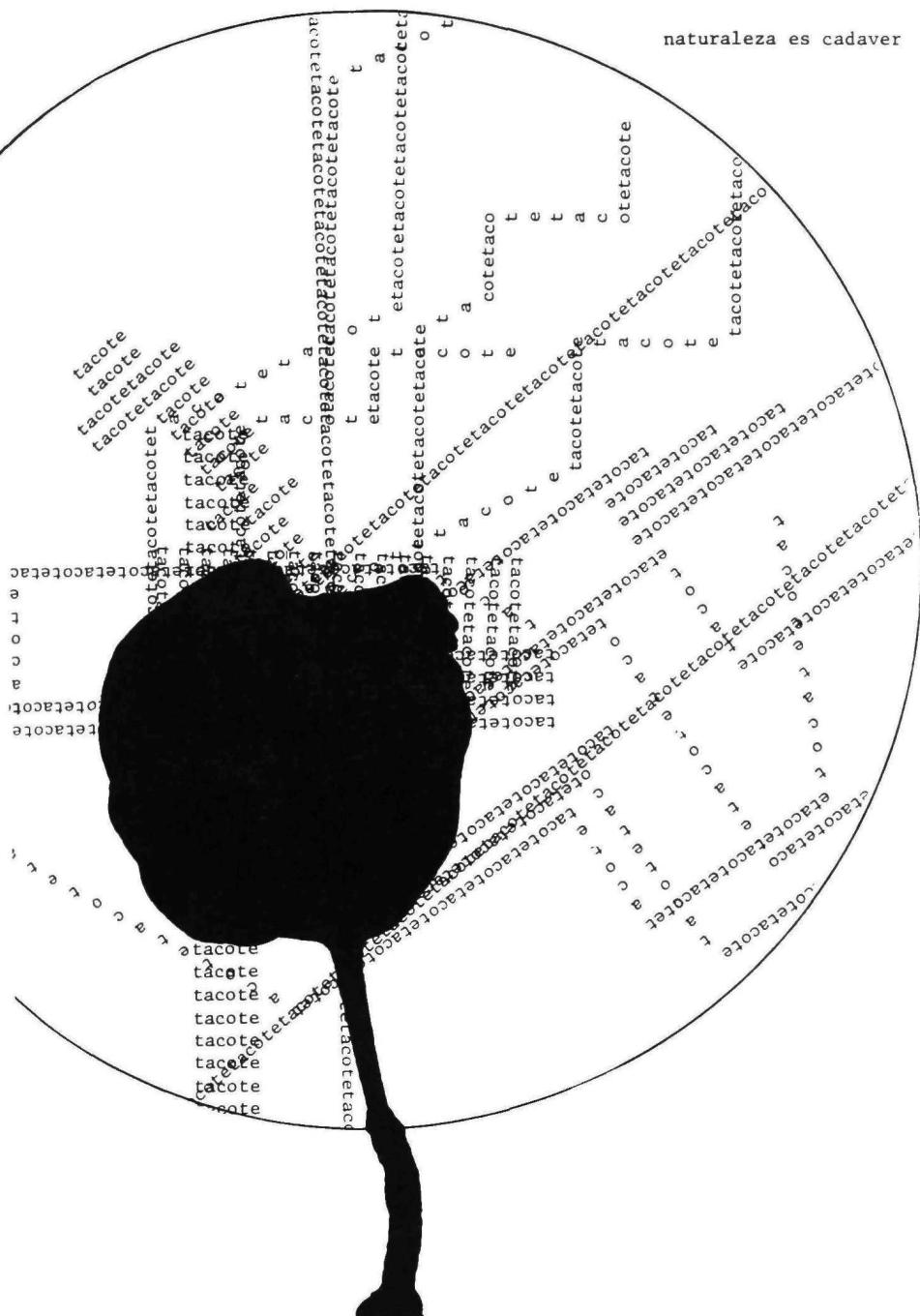




aire triste

CECILIO GARCIA-CAMARILLO





CECILIO GARCIA-CAMARILLO

RUBEN RODRIGUEZ

priests
are
human
beings
in
disguise

some
people
take
off
their
masks
when
they
are
recognized
others
keep
them
on
only
to
fool
themselves

keep
a
mask
close
to
your
bedside
for
a
stranger
might
knock
on
your
door
this
weekend

if
you
wear
a
mask
to
strangers
you
probably
disguise
yourself
to
friends

your
eyes
sometimes
say
to
me
what
your
heart
has
not
the
courage
to
believe

when
I
learn
to
walk
straight
my
shadow
will
not
be
crooked

take
off
your
mask
before
entering
my
house
for
I
don't
want
a
stranger
in
my
room

take
off
your
mask
once
in
a
while
for
the
wrinkles
in
your
face
will
become
the
dark
crevices
in
your
heart

everyone
has
an
extra
mask
in
the
foyer
of
their
soul

many
live
only
to
please
that's
why
by
others
they
are
never
released



many
people
know
themselves
by
words
spoken
by
others
that
is
why
they
are
always
faceless
within
themselves

RUBEN RODRIGUEZ

you
have
been
someone
else
too
long
now
that
you
are
yourself
people
call
you
a
stranger



artificial
flowers
are
for
artificial
lovers



you
are
not
the
girl
that
I
used
to
think
you
were
yesterday
when
I
saw
you
today

do
not
worry
about
what
your
next
door
neighbor
will
say
because
your
front
door
one
probably
thinks
the
opposite
of
what
he
believes
in

RUBEN RODRIGUEZ

do
not
worry
about
what
people
say
behind
your
back
for
they
are
probably
whispering
something
about
you
in
front
too

you
wanted
to
be
yourself
to
you
that
day
but
your
other
self
kept
you
from
being
the
real
you

RUBEN RODRIGUEZ



RUBEN RODRIGUEZ

do
not
live
to
please
others
always
for
you
will
be
like
the
slave
who
turned
down
his
chance
to
be
free

try
to
be
yourself
in
spite
of
what
they
might
say
when
you
don't
talk
to
them

if
you
ever
receive
a
letter
from
my
heart
read
it
to
the
public
or
else
keep
it
closed





JOSE ANTONIO BURCIAGA

**EL SOL
THE SUN**

The Sun beats down
on the earth
On the plants and trees
on the sea.

The sun smiles
upon
you and me.

OCTAVIANO "Chico" ROMANO

THINK OF LIFE AS A GUITAR

The guitar
played
happy notes
and I was joyful

The guitar
played sad notes
and I cried
The guitar plays on forever.



some of
the Earth is
soft

some of
the Earth
is hard

Some of the Earth is pleasant and quiet
some of it is not

The Earth is beautiful in many ways

and you and I walk with the Earth
through space and time.

THE CITRUS FRUIT

My heart is a citrus fruit

which life gently flows upon
as it grows.

LIFE IS A LIGHT BULB

Life is a light bulb
that goes out
after many years

*** *** ***



THE SPIKE

Death is a spike,
which
you trip over, fall upon
or deliberately run into.

I SAW A BIRD

I saw a bird
above my head
then
the bird flew straight down at me
and I was engulfed by the sea

and I knew nothing more.

The city is a stone
in which nothing moves.

The forest is a quiet thing
in which
everything is alive
and comfortable

Always alive and moving
slowly

and in a pleasant way.

=====

=====

ARBORETUM ARBITRATIONS**ROY
CASTILLO**

Before me I see rails of rhyme,
A greying sky, a brighter time.
I see the man that I should be
And let the poet out in me.
I think around the call of birds
And piece together modest words.
A stone I cast and in its path
A creature scurries off in rathe.
The city's roar I still can hear
But sense it being nowhere near.
A poet's words no longer stale
Increase in depth from rail to rail.
Each board I'll use to represent
A memory of time well spent.
Each littered can along the way

Shall be regrets of yesterday.
I turn and see a bending track
And years of life as I look back.
I see the many things I've done—
The battles lost, the battles won.
I cannot see beyond that bend
And that's where my reflections end—
I cannot question binding nails
That set the pattern for these rails,
And I must look ahead to find
The way to say what's in my mind.
So towards that sky I now will walk
and towards that brighter time.
A cane of words I'll use to stalk
those endless rails of rhyme.

PONDERINGS

An oily rainbow stared at me
 And drowned a dying leaf.
 I cried and crossed a broken twig
 To lighten nature's grief.
 A tree reached high behind me—
 Its fingers needing sun—
 A frantic gasp aimed at the sky
 Was hopeless— There was none.
 A wind gave cadence to the stream,
 The rainbow neared my feet.
 My face became a dark mirage
 Cemented on the street.
 The sad reflection rippled by,
 A soundless wave it caught.
 I saw myself in silence
 And lost myself in thought.

ROY CASTILLO

BIENVENIDOS

A house stands stark
 with floors of dirt,
 A hungry baby
 cries in hurt,
 A lawyer hustles fifty bills
 and promises to cure the ills.
 Pregnant and worn
 the wife appears
 And smiles about
 the things she hears.
 Her naive husband,
 blind to thieves,
 Pays the sum
 and still believes
 That's all it takes
 to keep him "here"

That this amount
 will make it "clear."
 He signs a paper
 he can't read
 And proudly thinks
 that's all he needs.
 The lawyer leaves—
 his work is done.
 No food to eat. . .



ROY CASTILLO

PHILOSOPHY WITH HOMINY

Life is like a bowl of menudo—
At times delicious, at others terrible.
It's easy to find on weekends
But not generally thought about on Mondays.
Some love it,
Some hate it,
Some are too afraid to try it.
Recipes for it are rarely alike—
Some are totally secret.
It's beer's best cure at three in the morning.
It's part of a culture made up of very special
ingredients—
Foreign to some,
Familiar to me.
It's something you have to taste to appreciate.



JOSE ANTONIO BURCIAGA



JOSE
BARRIGA

POST-DATUM 1325-1521

Tenoch sabio guerrero llegaste
A tu valle
Aquí el mono ágil llegó
A su cumbre
De las arboledas jade
Panorama de torres
Oro y plata
Alta luna rayaba su lago
El Alba.
Sol fértil regó
El calor rojo
En cumbres de jade.

Estruendo
Metálico
Marcha
Marcial

Águila sin alas asió
El alto vuelo fugaz
Plomo y ceniza
En el pecho
De rosas verdes

Sol jadeante
Harto
Sin
Luz.



Fragment of a day dream

En el bar la cantina
 Sin gringos sin soft drinks
 La música es grave y alegre
 Me apuro con el
 Mexican tequila
 Mixto con cerveza coors

(la diosa piel canela sirve su té)
 y el T.V
 un latin singer from a
 Texas slum

Director del opportunity career center
 pide un "Scotch on the Rocks"

My friends look the opposite way.

JOSE BARRIGA

DREAM

Siento que me dejan trenes.
 Noche tras noche me
 Arrebata una rama
 Filo de cangrejo
 Y al llegar al Término
 Un viejo cejudo
 (que vende churros)
 Me grita con un
 Reloj en la mano

Siento que me dejan trenes.
 Sombra tras sombra me
 baña una lluvia gris
 Aguas de plomo
 Y al estornudar al paño
 Una señora vestida de luto
 Me dice:
 No sufras más hijo mío.
 Duerme.

Siento que me dejan trenes.
 Sueño tras sueño me
 Arroja a un precipicio
 Cumbre que no veo
 Y al llegar al abismo
 Un niño me habla
 Con sus dedos
 en la boca.

Siento que me dejan trenes.
 Vuelo tras vuelo me
 Deja un aeroplano
 (el piloto está ciego)
 Y al aterrizar me
 Manosea las bujías
 Fosforecentes.



**ARMANDO
ESTRELLA**

DREAM

I live in a world of fantasies
I live in a world of dreams
 Here I can love and laugh
 Here I can weep my tears
Here I am king
 I can fight an army
 And I win alone
In this world I can sing and dance
 And shout for joy
I can fly through the sky
 And laugh with glee
The sky is my space
And the stars are my friends
 Blue is my friend
 And red is my friend
Pink is my love
 And dark is my night
Here I have peace of mind
 Here the sea is blue and
 clear and free
 The sky is rich and bright
 The fields are green
 And the wheat is yellow
The girl is gentle, kind
 And sweet
She's young and firm and good
Someday when my life is done
I'll stay here with my friends
Until then, say farewell
Till again I sleep the night
Wait for me. . .
I'll be back.



MY WORLD

I am from a Different World,
Yet I am from the Same World.
I laugh,
Yet I am sad.
I am proud,
Yet I am disgusted.
I love,
Yet I have pride,
Though I have Pride
As yet I still Desire.
I am accepted,
Yet I am Rejected.
I am respected,
Yet I am scorned!
I am from a Different World—
I am from the cool Rainy Mist.
I am from the sand dunes in the morning,
From the tunnels of a wave.
I am here,
Yet I am there.
I am from a Shang-Gri-La,
On a cloudy summer day.
I am of the Sea,
The Sky,
The Rain,
My plains,
LISTEN! Listen, listen to the rain,
The whispering wind,
The rolling surf,
The sea gulls call.
Faces all around me,
Yet I am all alone.



OCCUPATION OF THE BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS BLDG
6 NOVEMBER 1972

JOSE ANTONIO BURCIAGA

QUESTION TO A FATHER

to my beloved father

“Where was I before you first saw me?”
queried his eldest son.

Moved deeply, the father knelt on his knee
and said, “Listen, my son.

You were in my developing mind,
in my toys, and in my infancy.

You were in all that I could find,
even in all that I could see.

Years passed, and I grew older
and could handle a job,

**JOSEPH
FRANCIS
MORALES**

You kept me warm when I held her
and consoled me when I sobbed.

Your tender softness increased,
and in my young body

My hardships soon decreased,
even when my feet were muddy.

As memories passed by,
and the years sped,

Even when the time was nigh
for your Mother and I to wed,

You, like the sun rises in the East,
flew from the River of Life

And finally appeared as if to a great feast,
For there you were. .full of life!”



JOSEPH FRANCIS MORALES**THE PRINCE OF DAWN**

Indeed it was a very dark night.
Again to earth it showed its horrible sight.
Slaughtered five men times four;
Bloodless bodies found lying sea-shore.
Upon hearing the public-destruction,
The King of Dawn, sadden, gave instruction
To hunt the evil-creature or beast
To South, North, West, and East.
They went on their respective search
Meditating first at the nearby church,
To find the evil-one and to destroy,
To reverently protect them and to the kingdom, joy.
Went over hills, valleys, onward the spree,
Until they reached the giant-sea.
Day and night they searched in vain.
Each was tired by the sea-shore lain.
Came the sixth night; the moon was full,
And fog almost dense covered all.
The brave-four came together in place,
Two bright red eyeballs staring and a horrible old face.
It had a man's shape and mighty.
It knew the night well, now little before Friday.
Silence was broken, the King's son appeared.
Surprised the beast, now it laughed and sneered.
“To defeat you, I have come.
My Father's Will must be done!”
The man-beast was ever so glad
Seeing triumph upon the Prince, a lad.
First to him he challenged the fight.

“Please, Lord, Sir, please no!”
Shouted the troubled-four.
But each began with all his might,
And the four remain to witness
A battle no man can ever guess.
Such excellent swordplay! But the lad knew well
That the evil-it must return to Hell
For the infelic night was going
And the blessed-blazing day acoming.
Exhausted with swords the Prince fell.
The evil-it had done well.
Now for the execution but nought
For the brave-four came and fought
Another yet more bitter struggle
Told to me by an old-gentle sea-gull.
The swordless lad grasped a sea-shell hard.
Came upon the evil-it and stuck it into its heart.
The angels sang and the sun rose mightily into its sky.
The beast is dead, the beast is dead, now the sea-gulls fly
And there in the sand the beastly-body soon decayed
Then nothing, nothing there laid.

JOSEPH
FRANCIS
MORALES



HOY

Hoy no he escrito un poema
 No porque mi alma no este desgarrada
 sino porque el llanto ya todo lo he vaciado

El sol fue más intenso que ayer
 La pena más larga
 El pensamiento más punzante

Hoy la queja mía se asusta
 El cuarto sigue solo
 Yo no soy más

El radio sigue chillando
 con sombras que perduran
 al compás de pensamientos locos

Mis ojos se hunden en el espejo
 No los quiero mirar más
 Boca de bourbon, llámame

Mi sombra ya no puede con su carga
 Mi espalda se quiebra
 Mi pensamiento está mutilado

Un tumulto de voces me siguen
 La tuya la cargo con una sonrisa
 al lamerme los labios buscando tus besos

Hoy he bebido leche
 Comido pan
 pero mis fuerzas se acaban al no masticar tu aliento

El frío me sigue por la sala, el comedor, la cocina
 La negra montaña me mira en silencio
 Soledad me abraza y besa

Llanto seco que no cesa
 Yo aquí con mi lápiz
 Tú allá con alguien

LETICIA ROSALES**BAR**

Cabellos bronceados en mi mente
Bar que se mueve
Circo llorante
Mi cuerpo se aprieta a otro
Tú, allá
Me and Bobby McGee, ¿recuerdas?
Humo
Cerveza, cognac, bourbon, margaritas. .
Senos inflamantes
Piernas que se mueven
Gotas de sudor
Sangre
Desprecio
Sueños
Pesadillas blancas
Amarguras rojas
Tú y yo nos desgarramos al compás de las arrugas
que nos miran
Velas
Siéntelas
El minuto de morir llega
Vivamos
Metamorfosis



My Grandfather Asks

Mundo
 my mind has been bent
 and judging by the water
 it may be melting.

Before it evaporates
 tell my why
 it is only in the States
 that I am expected to sit
 under a cactus and sleep.

REYMUNDO

GAMBOA

La palabra

El español palpita
 en mis entrañas,
 el silencio lo hace saltar
 tan fuerte que llega
 a mi garganta. Ya ahí,
 la lengua le ayuda
 por haberse atrevido
 Dado a la luz y al aire
 se purifica. Cuando hablo
 me eschucan y hay veces
 que escribo.

Chairing A Chingón

I will not be forced
 to abandon my jefito
 while still within his solitude.

I must maintain
 and not allow his sand
 to mix with dirt since
 I am created in his image.



REYMUNDO GAMBOA

**This Shears Is Not
for Pruning**

Eight cents per vine
does nothing for the pain
of a puncture made by a pruning shears
which I had left
in a preying position.

That it was time to find another job
was underlined by an octopus' red tentacles
which appeared spontaneously;
their presence propelled
to my vocal cords and forced
a tight rope act in God's name.

This happened months before
at a grapevine which has embalmed
my anger, but a glossy scar
has not let me forget or glorify
this necessary season
that suspended me in Mondays.

The scar has moved from the cup side of my thumb
to the dome side — into full view.

Though wanting to forget
I went to the porch, the shears hung there
on the wall of my room.



While observing it
 I felt my healing scar
 knowing that the shear's permanent nicks
 remained like those left on hard people.

I left
 passing up my whim to grip it
 to examine it closely.

* * *

This season I have realized its function.
 I can only hope
 that when my brother picks it up
 its job will be done on him
 while he can still react
 to the pain and the bleeding.

For History

Man, like the tadpole
 tries to rid himself
 of his tail.

Anuncio cósmico

Yo ofrezco
 mi libertad de poder pecar
 a algún ángel;

REYMUNDO GAMBOA



REYMUNDO GAMBOA

His Holistical Regard

My voice echoes
within the valley
but it is not heard
on the mountain.

I am listened to, like
the wind brushing by
the plants crying
the mules bellowing.

I must go to the top
of the highest; then
there will be one less reason
for not being heard.

Spring

Re-runs on tv;
Papá pickets field crops;
it is spring again.

Grooks

The truth corrects lies
that had been truths.

The plume of the quetzal
may be shown
til the sun takes its color.

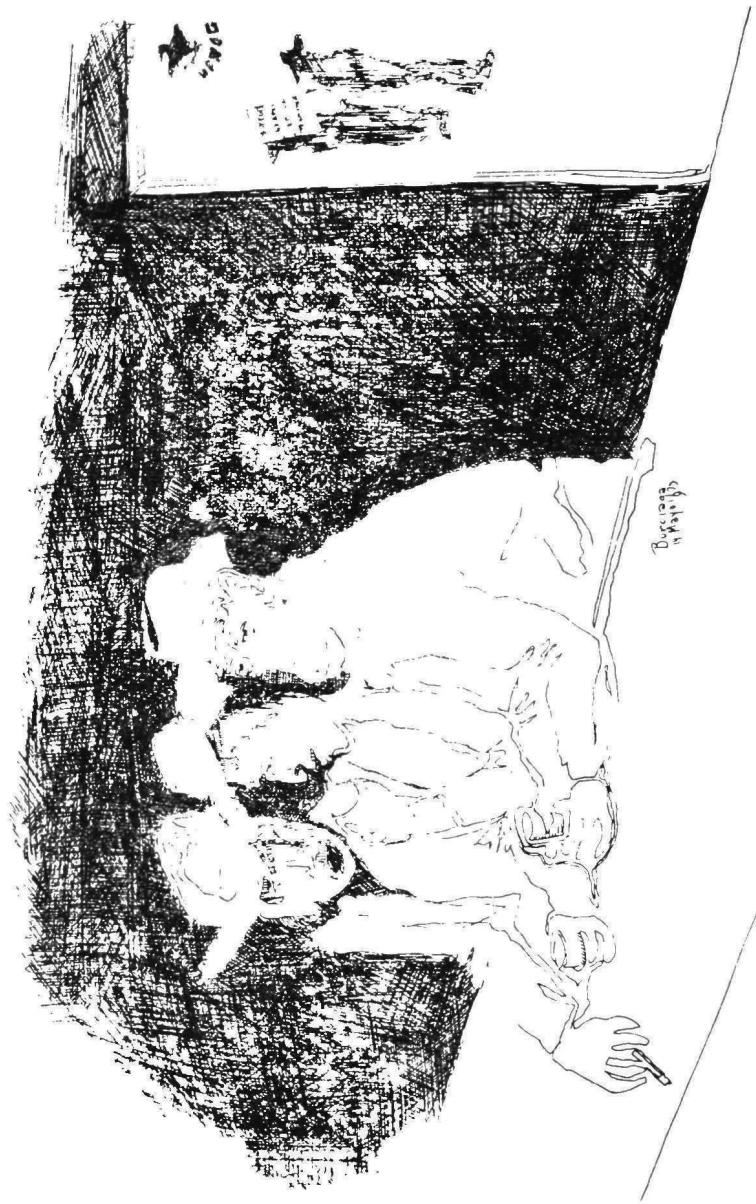
Though she was always on her back,
he was on his knees, being her equal.

Padres

As trees lose their leaves
they make less cool shade, and rain
falls through to the ground.



JOSE ANTONIO BURCIAGA



UN TORERO

Un toro salió del toril
 Embriagado de rosas
 Pintadas en sus cuernos

Un torero salió a la arena
 Embriagado de nervios
 Pintados en sus ojos

El toro falló,
 . . . arrastrando sus nervios
 El torero salió
 . . . arrastrando sus rosas

**JOSE
 ANTONIO
 BURCIAGA**

Sus nervios en los cuernos
 Sus rosas en sus ojos

Regresaron aquellos días pasados
 Yerma solitud. . . , píntalos resfriados

Paseando en la vereda
 Un viento, frío y lasio
 Rotó las hojas oxidadas
 Y volando, besaron mi rostro, cayendo en mi paso

Que verde se vistieron en su primavera
 También mis sueños se lucieron

Silencia mortandad
 Doblando corazones y mudando oraciones

Y todo calla sólo el frío desvistiendo ramas y retretes
 Y la gente ya no piensa, helados labios buscan flamas
 Y hojas secas susurrando y arrastrando. . .

Aquellos pensamientos. . .
 mi lecho frío,
 donde andaba hace un año
 donde iré mañana.



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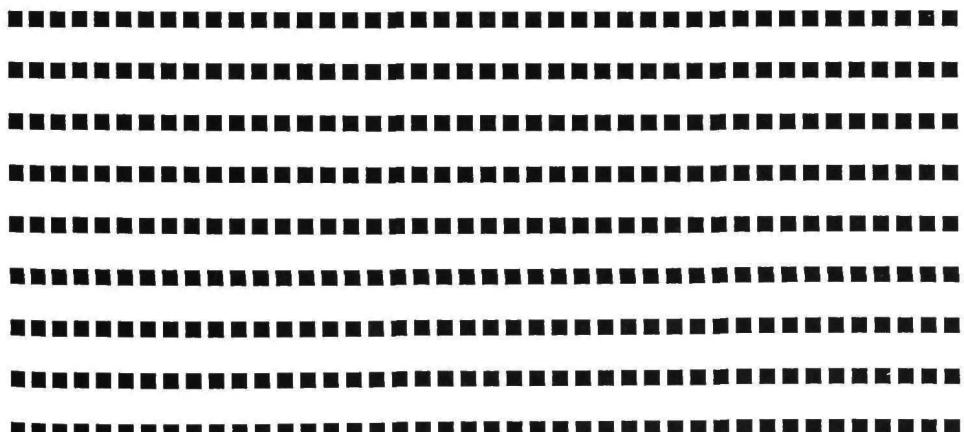
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