

Ten-Years-Young (1728)

& if I were to walk in the direction of a breeze, would I become the wind? Would I connect with wherever the wind would go and wherever it has been, or do I remain like a second hand stuck in a swelling river?

I ask because I'd like to know the places I come from?
Or are we all simply places for others to be?

Ten-years-young and they've erected missions on my skin. Yanaguana became a county. They clothed me in barbed wire and bullets, blood and fences; a cross on my naked flesh. Hot winds still blow through what the Spanish named Balcones, and they sweat like I sweat. I am an old land, but they tell me I'm a young city. The people who would talk to me are becoming fewer and fewer. Buildings and people spring forth from me like baby teeth and fall away just as quickly.

They want to redirect my river towards new gods.
My **tongue** is being **bent** like **cacti** / too thorny for my own mouth to remember.
The people who would talk to me are becoming fewer and fewer. I don't know who would listen to my song anymore, or to which Gods I should cry out to?

I was here before ten-years- ago—before 300 years, before gold, before galleons, before the men and their armored war dogs, and the ends of blades. You found your blessings at the mouth of my song then, and after, and forever. I bury my magic deep so that I might recall what made me. At night, my shadows move in places people refuse to see as graves. Some nights, they dance. You cannot carbon date my skin against pitiful calendars. I know what lives here / below the missions and crosses, the buildings and boulevards; I am settled. I am the dirt. I am what you continue to build upon but can never crush. I am whatever comes before Alpha and after Omega.

Yo soy las ramas y raices—the branches and the roots.
Ten-years-young and the wind tells me, I will wake up when I'm ready to sing again. Perhaps, I never stopped and the city is only now noticing. Ten-years, 300, or a million, and I am still the river that will wash out the blood. I am still the river that never forgets. And everyone before, and everyone now will never die in my memory.