

Sample Poetry

Three selected poems titled:

1. *I'm queer like*..... page 1
2. *A poem's resistance*.....page 4
3. *Marigolds always lead me to you*...page 5

I'm queer like

I'm queer like little green aliens
Smoking hookah and partying in Mars.

I'm queer like abolish the police
The border patrol and abolish
Darth Vader's Galactic Empire.

I'm queer like burning these systems to the ground
to build a new world and a destiny not bound by fate.

I'm queer like a beaming spaceship
Traversing galaxies
Breaking the rules of gravity and space and time.

I'm queer like demands for land back
Black reparations and class warfare
And the rainbow colors
Of the Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers.

I'm queer like Free the Moon and Mars
From neo-colonizer billionaires like Bezos or Musk
Like Free Palestine, Puerto Rico, and the Galactic Republic.

I'm queer like October 6th
in Back to the Future
June 28th Stonewall nights
Of trans queens throwing bricks
At police windshields.
Queer like black EZLN ski masks
on New Year's Eve 1994.

I am queer like the historic memory
Of emancipatory internationalism
That defended Black fugitives
From the slave patrols invading Mexico
After Vicente Guerrero declared

An end to slavery
way before the United States
Of Amerika.

I am queer like self-defense
From below
From the refugees of racial-climate-cartel capitalism.
From and for the oppressed.

I am queer like the right to migrate
The right to remain
The right to return.
The right to exist.
The right to resist
 Invasion, queerphobia, and illegal occupations.

Queer like the Rebel Alliance
Launching wolfpack-guerrilla warfare
against the Imperial Fleet
in a galaxy far, far away
and all the way down to Planet Earth
because we can't just root for the rebels
only in the movies.

I am queer like the birth
Of a new star
And the Big Bang 2
That would turn recurring dreams
Of freedom
Into what I wake up to
After a newly formed universe
has rippled through the fabric
of the cosmos.

Queer like the Mexican mother
of 43 Ayotzinapa students
wailing in hope and despair
with a declaration of
intergalactic proportions:
"They tried to bury us,
but they didn't know

that

we

were

seeds!”

A poem's resistance

A poem lives in a refugee camp
The poem is bombarded
It survives and flees
Hides from war tanks and sniper attacks.
The poem is stopped at checkpoint after checkpoint
Censored and humiliated
The poem rises up
In fists, in stones, in arms.
The poem is imprisoned, a run-on
Sentenced without a trial
And shocked by the terror of war and surveillance
It shivers and does not sleep
Its similes are restricted by barbed-wire
And a border wall concrete watchtower
The poem waits in the rubble on the verge of famine.
The poem is unseen during a blackout, it is not edited, it goes unpublished.
The poem swallows its words and metaphors and curses the world that abandons it.

To save the poem,
are calls for peace and a ceasefire
enough or futile,
to save poetry?

Marigolds always lead me to you

(for my grandparents, on Día de los muertos)

Part I. Don Raúl

It's carved / In my memory / Su rostro / Voz / Manos trabajadoras / Que forjaron / Nuevos mundos / De este lado / Brown martian / Landing from the other side / His disabled ears / Wounded gradually / From the loudness / of the logging / saw machines / The disposable labor / Filled USA lumber mill fábricas / While withstanding / 1960's white supremacist / rural California.

Part II. Doña Esther

Recuerdo las batas / Floreadas de mi abuelita / Her reading glasses / But don't let her TV Notas / And TV y Novelas magazines fool you / She could school you / On the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo / And how it came to be / That we were foreigners / In lands that weren't foreign / To us / That long ago / She lamented that / And the latest Middle Eastern war / Or genocide / She knew it was the same thing / With different people / in different times / I have yet to taste again / Your refried beans con longaniza / And the perfect / Freshly-squeezed orange juice / You had ready every morning /

Part III. Don Arnoldo

“¡Quiero!” / I'd hear a child customer / Yell at my abuelito / As she'd go up the steps / To get the groceries for her mom / Don Arnoldo / Would use the scooper / And weigh the beans / En su tienda de abarrotes / And jot down / how much her mom owed him / He was the town's first entrepreneur / And sold fresh milk / Ordeñada de sus vacas / 100% organic and pasture-raised / Before any pretentious certifications / And way before machines / neo-liberalism and NAFTA / Invaded our farms and fields / I was a toddler / En el rancho / With messy black curls / When he'd sit me atop a cow / And gave me a white mustache / From the chocomil / Con alcohol (Para matar a los microbios, of course) /

Part IV. Doña Catalina

My grandmother / was an early riser / She'd make us queso fresco / And the smell / Of her corn tortillas / Was a surviving nod / to our genetic memory / Ella siempre portaba un mandil / a veces de color azul / y barría el pueblo chico / infierno grande / Until one day / She collapsed / en la vereda / on Cinco de Mayo / During her daily routine / May 5th / 1862 / An outnumbered rag-tag / Army of Mexican resistance / Sent shivers / Down the spines / Of Maximiliano y Carlota and Napoleon / We defeated six-thousand French troops / Deported them / Back to Europe / Where

they came from / But diabetes and the heart / Were a battle my grandma did not win / She'd tell us stories / Of hearing la Llorona / Some nights / Woman hollering / from a nearby creek / I dreamt of them / Holding their rosaries / While chanting / Weeping and dancing / In eternity / Together / En el río / Donde ví a una señora / Catrina / Flotando / Bajando / al lado del Puente / Disappearing into the river / Under a full moon /

Part V. Prologue or Reflexiones sobre Mictlán

Fleeting memories / of real-life / magical realism / A part of my heart / Migrated with each / Of my abuelitos / You took segments of my past / To Mictlán / Or somewhere / Flying as a cloud / Or a beaming spaceship / Hovering / Waiting / To capture / a future version of me / Sus fotos / En mi ofrenda / De día de Muertos / No faltan / The atheist in me / Still believes / In your prayers / To la Virgen de Guadalupe / And in your presence / Despite your absence / Despite the blackness / Of the night / The light / Of different realms / clashes / Like soft / Pacific Ocean waves / Greeting my feet / Mis pies hundidos / En la arena Jaliscience / Con una raíz invisible / Aunque de pronto / la memoria falle / El detalle de su rostro / Y sus susurros / Reach me / Across space / And time / Through their pale and bronze / Double chin / Through la mirada / De sus ojos cafés / manos arrugadas / y temblorosas / I am sustained / On your shoulders / Until the end of me / And beyond / I close my eyes / Extend my hands / In front of me / Like if I believed / In a Catholic God / or in Mexica deities / And the wind / Caresses the / Scorching fire / of the petals / Guiding the way /

Your whispers /

Eco across dimensions /

And the marigolds always /

Lead me /

to you /