And Then There Was Un Fin

Instead
where there is nothing to believe in,
when I am desperate
and see no future for me,
then my life
is a lover’s breathing
on embers of a dream
for a better life.
—Jimmy Santiago Baca

Había una vez
Two sisters
Que twistaban yarn de colores
Twisting and twisting colors and bumps
For their hair, thicker and shinier
Than rodeo horse tails
Rojos y azules
Blancos y amarillos
All colors
And when they went to school
The old faded teachers would
Murmur in angry bee tones

And gringo escuincles would yank
Them to shreds.

Había una vez
Un hombre
Chiflado
Who walked around brown
Sand
Gospelizing to tarantulas and scorpions
And one día bien cansado
He remembered old warrior days
Planted himself on a dark road
And stopped “The poison truck!”
Que no more poison on women
And children!
No more poison on sweet
Fruit for sale

They packed him away
In a white walled cell

Había una vez
Una señora
Aguitada
Whose legs were
Rotting on cold chrome
Chair
Y sus neighbors ni
Con fresh thick menudo
Y long sweaty prayer
Podían crecer milagros
Even so she talked of
Cumbia nights
And sexy accordion rhythms
Nalgadas y tamborazos

Steel sharp medical teeth
Ate her legs

Había una vez
Un niño de cuatro años
Four years
And full of Norte dreams
Where dollars and democracy
Are for everyone
Running running running
Como en día de santos  
Where children scramble for  
Whirly sparkling fire crackers

He died a dry desert dream  
Before reaching INS bullets

With rattle snake patience  
Everything dies  
Un fin sin cielo y fierno  
Un cuento Mexicano