Señora María De León

Señora María De León
con su noble hijita, Dora
se soñaba en el panteón
“ando nomás de turista,”
dijo la señora lista
“Lo que se da no se quita,”
dijo aguzada, -- nada loquita

“‘ta bien,” le dijo la mona
“te esperamos si te asomas”
le dieron su round-trip ticket
porque era la merca-mera
¡la mericita pelona!
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death, be mine

i want to sleep with you and keep the lights on,
to roll around, lay naked in bed next to you. i want to be able to steal you for a night so that you don’t have to get out of bed – no matter who calls. to wake up in the morning and not feel your side of the bed vacant.

i do not want secrets, i want a kiss as soon as you walk in the door, for you to be excited to see me and tell me how your day went, i want pillow talk, and for you to wear sexy outfits to bed sometimes. but this is not to join into your state – this is because i know you want to feel my warmth and, i will burn hot for you as long as possible.

i want to be seduced by truth.

dead, we can’t break up. there is always crying after you have left or when you are about to arrive. i will cry – cry at how happy you make me, how perfect we are together. this is not a plea to take me with you, but asking you to come with me.

have you felt the click wheel of an ipod, heard quick typing on an old computer keyboard, felt the pages of book straight out of a box? i want to take you swimming at an indoor pool, teach you to drive stick, and cook ramen (the only meal i can make) so you can get to know me, death.

lets go on dates that entail drinks and dinner, dancing at the club, showering off the smoke smell together, then cuddling for warmth.

death, listen, i don’t know if i can do this w/o you.
i know our fights will always end badly, but you will come back to me. i am the only one who doesn’t sob when you appear – only when you are gone. death, be mine.

let’s build a house in the suburbs put in a kickass home theater system and a fully networked wireless home office. let’s meet the neighbors and plant rose bushes and bugambilias in our front yard from clippings my parents gave me. we will have one dog and one cat. the cat will be black and the puppy white, but only out of irony.

if you wanted a family, we’d have to talk; but maybe, just for you, i’d consider.

-Lauren Espinoza

La Gloria de la esperanza
was rascándose la pansa
when a flaquita approached her
“I know that you like la danza,
I will want you for a show
just coming to let you know…”
“You mean as a prima donna?”
dijo Gloria all excited
(thinking of music and canto)
pero le dijo el espanto
“for a dance de calaveras
en el mero camposanto!”
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El Mundo Zurdo 2009

El día 15 de mayo
A Gloria se dedicó
En el Valle y en San Anto
Hubo gran celebración.

Entidades cooperaron
De South Tejas importantes
Kuetzpalín donó sus artes
Y las Cantú se aventaron.

De tres días fue el congreso
Que en el Valle comenzó
A Anzaldúa y su progreso
El pueblo le agradeció.

Allá habló Norma Alarcón
Y expuso ideas brillantes
De chicanas “sin nación”
Que nos creen como inmigrantes.

A San Anto regresamos
Ese viernes con pasión
Y al otro día empezamos
Discursos y afirmación.

Como era internacional
Vino muchísima gente
Lo queer y lo espiritual
Estuvieron muy presentes.

En el Centro de Esperanza
El arte visual se exhibió
Con festejo y alabanza
We Esperanza

Culminamos el domingo
Con despedida poética
Pero por todas ahí mismo
Vino Doña Esquelética.

“—Gloria conmigo aquí viene
A invitarlas a una fiesta
Y muchas gracias les tiene
Por verla como maestra.”

Con agradecimiento
a todo mundo que cooperó,
Rita E. Urquijo-Ruiz