

afuera

i want to see the mountains in the countryside where my mother
first fell in love with her tan skin las promesas de la virgen de
guadalupe dándole besos y diciéndole que va a conocer su dios
en los estados unidos in a rotting single-wide two bedroom trailer
surrounded by corn meant to keep the cows down the street alive
while she works twelve hour shifts to feed her four children

i want to understand why my mother left ixtlán del rio
in search of a dream intentionally designed to protect
the white men who would later call us *beaners spics*
wetbacks illegals aliens druggies rapists

was it the promise of the bare minimum in a country i've
grown up to hate and never admire wishing it would go
away dreaming with my hands over my eyes of a home
i've never seen not even in my dreams only when i wish
death to the nation que rompió mi familia en pedazos
separados por la frontera que los gringos con un fetiche
para la destrucción construyeron sin permiso de mi abuela
who hasn't seen her dead brothers and sisters in decades
praying they'll find each other in a heaven filled with laras
zuñigas camachos hernández surnames i've only seen on
aging birth certificates and never heard in person

i want to see my homeland i want my mom to remember her home
i want to feel connected to a history torn out of me by the same
white men i would later sleep with out of fear i wouldn't be enough
in death before a white god with blue eyes