

## GOD IS MOVING

Luzma Umpierre

God is moving from his apartment in North Philadelphia  
because he can't stand the noise, the rats, the cockroaches,  
the dirty walls, the choking air, the lack of steam heat,  
and all that trash.

God is moving  
because he can't stand the dark color rostros  
the crying babies, the puerto rican faces,  
the drunk men walking in the streets at dawn,  
the anemia, the hunger and premature deaths.

The Lord is moving out to suburbia.  
To houses with yards, with trees, and luscious fruits,  
with the expensive cars; to the place where aristocrats hang.

God wants to be Mike Douglass's neighbor,  
and see chubby kids with rosey white cheeks,  
He wants to smell the air among leafy pine trees,  
see tables with foods and laughter in their faces.

God is splitting from North Philadelphia  
because he hates the sofrito,  
He doesn't want to eat pasteles,  
green chickpeas,

steaks with adobo,  
or arroces con pollo.

The Lord is hungry for pancakes,  
for lots of lox with multiple bagels,  
for a juicy steak, and syrupy waffles.

He doesn't want to have to hear no more salsa,  
He wants to delight his ears with Dvorak and Chopin.  
God doesn't want to play no more bongos  
or the African congas.  
He wants a well-tuned piano  
to play a Viennese Waltz or a Polka.

God has left in the Paoli local.  
From now on he'll wear suits from Altman's.  
His shirts will be St. Laurent,  
and his boxer shorts will be Pierre Cardin.

God won't ever return to the barrio Latino.  
And in the apartment where he used to live,  
you can see a sign on the door that reads

GOD HAS MOVED  
DIOS SE HA IDO