

you
and kiss your heart

never have to work another
day in your life

You and your mama would know each other
she, like you, is still working
too hard

The Walk

Josi Mata

In my dream
She states, "I am Movement"
running her hands along mounded
breasts of land
borders recognized as nothing to her
full of unmeaning

but on this day
the path is to our
door steps
on thousands of trails that
no names walk
green *la migra*, like the river water
shallow in winter

color of the rough terrain vehicle
reminds me of the *clínica*
booster shots
green phlegm
the steel bars separate
the front and back seats
into a cage

Out the family crawls
freshly caught
after what could be a day or a
years trip
the sun weathered man
cowers in embarrassment in
front of the crowd
his child follows
squeezing the life from
his mother's hand

have me his eyes say
No socks on the women's feet
just mud in winter

while we sit on the fairy boat
amongst winter Texans
waiting to cross an imaginary border
Chicanos
we are the judas goats
taking the tribe to slaughter

Patrol agent believes he is cleaning the country
I want to kill this *pinche gringo* with my teeth
"Why don't you get a real job *baboso...Te mato!*"

i want
so bad to plunge all my years
into him
all the years of lost time
dead Indians - *mojados*
dead babies - *mojaditos*
raped women, murdered, *mojadas*

cold dead in me

that green river is stuck to
the roof of my mouth
settles in my ulcer like salt
recarries
the green of my mother's gown
hospital bed
wasted from the tuberculosis
me still in her womb
walking like Mexican tribes without names
running to a different hell from Honduras
de El Salvador

Euro-American aliens call it immigration
drain on the economy
wetback Nicaragua
braceros,
Guatemala, asylum

never
an inhumane US economic embargo
filthy US military involvement
blood on our daily bread

I say shove your happy hour politics
up your
anesthetized life

never mind we feed your overfed kids
pick the cotton for your white sheets
build your roads, build your houses
wash your dishes, clean your
offices, swallow your bombs

I still seek my bloodline of 50 decades ago
surges and years
that pull me up from my deathbed

wanting to bend at the knees
and pull the ground up to the
sky like a blanket
letting buildings and bombs fall
into each other
just to save what was once ours