

MY ESTEEMED XICANO BROTHER

Enmei Carrasco

This

This is

This is for you

My Esteemed Xicano Brother,

because we're both in the fight together

just like Cheech and Donna,

just like Zeta and his nieces,

rucos y rucas breathing hot and heavy

into the steamy Chato love line.

Isn't that right,

My Esteemed Xicano Brother?

And when I'm standing poised beside you

with your compas all around,

Xicano handshakes flying

like Quetzals in the sky

above our Aztlán Nation,

gritos championing the tequila madness

of Joaquin Murrieta's Blood

that raises fists and grooms goatees,

slicks back hair,

lights another Camel

in shadows cast

by heat waves from torches

on the diezyses

My Esteemed Xicano Brother,
on nights like these
I have to pluck my eyes,
dull my ears,
ice my thighs, my nipples, my cunt
so that I can be one with you
and not feel like the pawned & pricked
Malinche
that the stink of Coors and Camels
sculpt me into on Nights Like These,
My Esteemed Xicano Brother,
I gird myself with FuckMe paints and
promises
So you know that I am for You
and for La Causa
and that I even exist at all.
For your discriminating palette
I spread my legs so you can run
someplace and hide whenever you
need to, want to, have to.
Because
This
This is
This is for you,
My Esteemed Xicano Brother.