

Watching Teresa de Jesús

Santuario de Nuestra Señora
de Guadalupe,
the church sign says.
Below in small letters:
Asistida por Jesuitas.
Then the schedules:
Las Horas de Oficina,
El Horario de Misas.

On a side panel
is a cork board
with thumb tacks.
Among flyers hawking
Family Bingo Night,
the Kickapoo Casino Trip,
a sign announces
today's episode
of Teresa de Jesús,
an '80s miniseries.

This hot day in August,
though I am Methodist,
not Mexican Catholic,
I want at once to watch
the movie and be

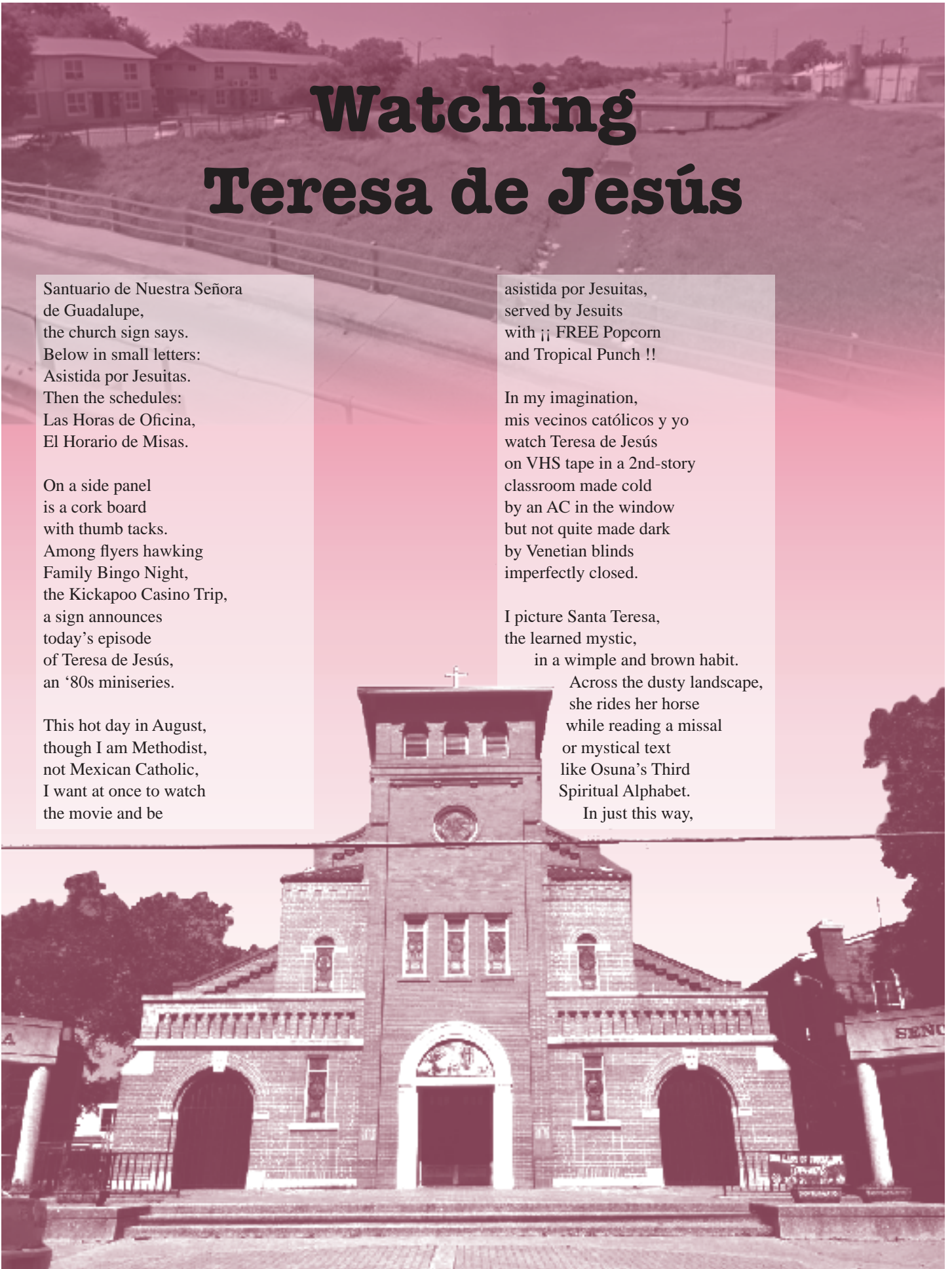
asistida por Jesuitas,
served by Jesuits
with ¡¡ FREE Popcorn
and Tropical Punch !!

In my imagination,
mis vecinos católicos y yo
watch Teresa de Jesús
on VHS tape in a 2nd-story
classroom made cold
by an AC in the window
but not quite made dark
by Venetian blinds
imperfectly closed.

I picture Santa Teresa,
the learned mystic,
in a wimple and brown habit.

Across the dusty landscape,
she rides her horse
while reading a missal
or mystical text
like Osuna's Third
Spiritual Alphabet.

In just this way,



Methodism's founder would have studied Scripture. The traveling nun is Juana Wesley, a circuit rider.

On her horse, she leaves the cloistered convent, then crosses Alazan Creek near Los Cortes, the railroad tracks enclosing the Westside, the Loop encircling San Antonio's core. She finds the Hill Country, crossing the northern Pyrenean border to flee Inquisitors. Holding her missal in one hand, the reins in another, she enters at last the thin place



between two cord-bound plastic slats.

She comes to release us. Teresa, mis vecinos, los Jesuitas, y yo climb out windows, leap into space, cross one by one the border known as dream or the unconscious, that barbed fence, requiring a penance of piercing pain or bliss, some say, beyond this room, the plain, prosaic afternoon.

—Rachel Jennings

CALAVERA A DONALD TRUMP

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una Calaca se coló a la última conferencia con ojo a la presidencia que Donald Trump ofreció

y cuando el Trompas comenzó su afrenta racista ritual anti-inmigrante ya habitual la Huesuda se lo llevó

de las greñas rubias sin más; al inframundo lo arrastró donde piñata lo volvió con sus millones por demás

dicen que el muy arrogante billonario entre palos todavía el gran muro que proponía para excluir a todo inmigrante

a los diablos del infierno continúa manifestando para que no sigan llegando



tanto mexicano al averno

gracias Calaca querida por librarnos del Gran Trompas que con falacias idiotas daña a tanta gente linda



a Calaca quietly snuck into the last press conference

with an eye to the presidency that Donald Trump offered

and when the Big Mouth started his anti-immigrant racist affront ritual that is already his usual shtick the Bony Woman took him

by pulling his blonde hair without

further thought, dragging him to the underworld, turning him into a piñata not withstanding his many millions

they say that the very arrogant billionaire between hits the great wall which he proposed to exclude every immigrant

he is still trying to convince the devils of the world to build it so Mexicans won't keep coming in great numbers to their hell

thank you, Calaca darling for getting rid of the Big Mouth whose idiotic fallacies intend to hurt so many beautiful people