

UN ORACIÓN A SANTO TANTO

By Gianna Rendón

O Santo Tanto,
 Saint of plenty,
 Saint of wealth, happiness y amor.
 Do not be greedy,
 Share with the world
 Some of your riches,
 Your health,
 Your joy.



We are a country suffering-
 We are a world suffering-
 We are a people suffering-
 Where 1 in 4 people suffer from depression,
 Where there is rising unemployment,
 Where domestic violence is the norm,
 Where pro-rape rallies aren't punishable by law,
 Where Westside children are taught that
 they are nothing
 because of where they live,
 where the less cultura you have the better.

Santo Tantito, por favor
 ruega por nosotros.
 Remind us that
 We are much,
 We have much in our corazones,
 That we are a people that are creative,
 That can feed the 5,000
 With tortillas y frijoles,
 That our mother tongue is
 Loud and laughing
 And takes up space,



And our hugs are plentiful,
 And our sonrisas bountiful.

And although the Trumps of the world
 Want less of us,
 That we remember that we are más de
 60% of San Antonio and 1/4 of the U.S.
 Remind us that although our families are large,
 our ancestry and our legacy is larger.

Santo Tanto,
 Santo de mi corazón,
 remind us that we don't need much,
 but that we are much.
 remind us that together
 ¡sí se puede!



Help me

(In the voice of Trump supporters)

Help me understand
 with the help of your understanding me.

Speak to them
 that I may feel understood.

Listen to my tale
 of how I got to where I am.

Show me where my hopes abide
 to counter my fears and hates.

Feel my confusions,
 my unyielding certainties.

—Tom Keene
 November 12, 2016

