

## LA DIABLA

reina alejandra prado

*In memory of Albert Soto*

Devilish grin captured in black-and-white photograph  
1950s boyhood, All American family, children pose on pristine lawn  
Roy Rogers hat dims Tucson glare from your picaresque eyes  
Enhances your distinctive smile

Fashionista travels to New York to pursue first love  
Crosses the velvet rope at Studio 54  
Shakin' tha' ass on rainbow-lit dance floor  
Vogues with Willie Ninja while Paris is Burning  
A witty dervish, you lure suitors at Escandalo, while  
In the throws of passion mute men scream your name

Made a run through Baltimore where Pink Flamingos roam  
Probably shared a toke of weed with Divine  
Warhol and Basquiat asked you to come over to the Factory  
Your love of art collecting began amid cocaine dreams and rock 'n' roll riffs

Comfortable in any setting—the cumbia dance halls in South Tucson, or posh  
house clubs The Shelter & Your Mama's House—all lay out the baby powder  
ready for your entrance  
We relive those evenings of eternal bliss at Hotel Congress and IBT's  
Where every bartender knows to serve up Absolut & Soda strong  
With a twist of flirt and smile

Dance the night away  
 Bass line kicks in  
 Red shoes fly in the smallest watering holes

Walked fiercely in four-inch tacones, teaching models to glide on the runway  
 Long before Ru Paul exclaimed You Better Work!  
 Eres nuestra *Priscilla Queen of the Desert*  
 Recognizing *fabulousness* in all manifestations  
 Exquisite tastes brought you to the finest boutiques in Rome, Milan, Paris,  
 Even Canal Street and Santee Alley  
 Creating outfits that Gautier envied

One Easter's eve, you became Puck  
 Conjured spirits on full moon  
 Spreading fairy dust on our pillows  
 Laughing and playing in my dreams  
 We plucked *love-in-idleness* for our friends  
 As La Diabla you came into your skin  
 Enthralled all who saw you in La Pastorela  
 Willingly we joined Lucifer's clan

After your sojourn back east, Tucson welcomed its prodigal son  
 A changed man, you gathered the tribes to envision a world yet to be  
 Believed social justice can reveal itself in the smallest act of kindness  
 Zen in your art of mediation opened doors for the have-nots

Scribes now write mythic soliloquies

## REINA ALEJANDRA PRADO

Adding to the grandiosity of your persona

Taught us not to settle for anything less than our worth

Mourners testify to your generous love

Monsignor declares you a saint

*Saint Albert, the II, The Great*

La Santa de Tucson, ultimate divadom befitting de nuestra musa

Our Diabla es un angel, some would consider it a living paradox

Healing hands gather around you

Bless you with amber oil and

Angels emanate from your crown

Guiding you to your next life journey

*Ave Maria*, the final serenade,

Song and prayer lull you to eternal sleep

As we eulogize our Diabla in the house of God