

## Señora María De León

Señora María De León  
con su noble hijita, Dora  
se soñaba en le panteón  
“ando nomás de turista,”  
dijo la señora lista  
“lo que se da no se quita,”  
dijo aguzada, -- nada loquita

“ta bien,” le dijo la mona  
“te esperamos si te asomas”  
le dieron su round-trip ticket  
porque era la mera-mera  
¡la meritita pelona!

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## Gloria

La Gloria de la esperanza  
was rascandose la pansa  
when a flaquita approached her  
“ I know that you like la danza,  
I will want you for a show  
just coming to let you know...”  
“You mean as a prima donna?”  
dijo Gloria all excited  
(thinking of music and canto)  
pero le dijo el espanto  
“for a dance de calaveras  
en el mero camposanto!”

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## El Mundo Zurdo 2009

El día 15 de mayo  
A Gloria se dedicó  
En el Valle y en San Anto  
Hubo gran celebración.

Entidades cooperaron  
De South Tejas importantes  
Kuetzpalín donó sus artes  
Y las Cantú se aventaron.

De tres días fue el congreso  
Que en el Valle comenzó  
A Anzaldúa y su progreso  
El pueblo le agradeció.

Allá habló Norma Alarcón  
Y expuso ideas brillantes  
De chicanas “sin nación”  
Que nos creen como inmigrantes.

A San Anto regresamos  
Ese viernes con pasión  
Y al otro día empezamos  
Discursos y afirmación.

Como era internacional  
Vino muchísima gente  
Lo *queer* y lo espiritual  
Estuvieron muy presentes.

En el Centro de Esperanza  
El arte visual se exhibió  
Con festejo y alabanza  
Y hasta Rusty nos cantó.

Llena de gran luminarias  
Estuvo la conferencia  
Alicia, Emma y Antonia  
Clausuraron con victoria.

Culminamos el domingo  
Con despedida poética  
Pero por todas ahí mismo  
Vino Doña Esquelética.

—Gloria conmigo aquí viene  
A invitarlas a una fiesta  
Y muchas gracias les tiene  
Por verla como maestra.”

Con agradecimiento  
a todo mundo que cooperó,  
Rita E. Urquijo-Ruiz

## death, be mine

i want to sleep with you and keep the  
lights on,

to roll around, lay naked in bed next to  
you. i want to be able to steal you for a night  
so that you don't have to get out of bed – no  
matter who calls. to wake up in the morning  
and not feel your side of the bed vacant.

i do not want secrets, i want a kiss as soon  
as you walk in the door, for you to be excited  
to see me and tell me how your day went, i  
want pillow talk, and for you to wear sexy  
outfits to bed sometimes. but this is not to join  
into your state – this is because i know you  
want to feel my warmth and, i will burn hot  
for you as long as possible.

i want to be seduced by truth.

death, we can't break up. there is always  
crying after you have left or when you

are about to arrive. i will cry – cry at how  
happy you make me, how perfect we are  
together. this is not a plea to take me with you,  
but asking you to come with me.

have you felt the click wheel of an ipod,  
heard quick typing on an old computer  
keyboard, felt the pages of book straight out  
of a box? i want to take you swimming at an  
indoor pool, teach you to drive stick, and cook  
ramen (the only meal i can make) so you can  
get to know me, death.

lets go on dates that entail drinks and  
dinner, dancing at the club, showering off  
the smoke smell together, then cuddling for  
warmth.

death, listen, i don't know if i can do this  
w/o you.

i know our fights will always end badly,  
but you will come back to me. i am the only  
one who doesn't sob when you appear – only  
when you are gone. death, be mine.

let's build a house in the  
suburbs put in a kickass home  
theater system and a fully  
networked wireless home office.  
let's meet the neighbors and plant  
rose bushes and *bugambilias* in  
our front yard from clippings my  
parents gave me. we will have  
one dog and one cat. the cat will  
be black and the puppy white, but  
only out of irony.

if you wanted a family, we'd  
have to talk; but maybe, just for  
you, i'd consider.

-Lauren Espinoza

