

Something Familiar

Dear Michael
my sweet love

I wanna write
you a letter

Something familiar

Something sassy as
our black cats
frolicking
in red fall leaves

Something tasty
as a new bottle
of birthday Blanton's

Something wet
as tender
sensitive tears
streaming down my
tired, worn weathered face

Something familiar
as blue fire
and rising red
flames reflected
in the black of my
pupils piercing you

Something smells
as though I've
known you for years

Something fun as
Mission's Baseball games

Something familiar

but
Instead
I wrote you
this short poem
I hope you like it

—Victoria Garcia-Zapata



Dolores De La Rose Garden

Dolores De La Rose Garden moves through the throng
of another downtown San Antonio day. Her bones are creaking.
She has a smile on her face.

And all those ruquitas, tryin' to act like she's nobody.

She don't care. Her mind is on the adobe past. When people cared
about each other. When people said things in a good way.

She moves through the throng, calling all the old men

Carnal and all the old women Comadre.

And each time she sees a familiar face, it's a celebration.

And all those baby gangsters, and scholars alike, stop...

dead in their tracks. Something from Mother Earth. Genetic memory
bright and clear. They stop...and then act like they didn't see anything.

And all the ruquitas, tryin' to act like she's nobody.

Ahe don't care. She has her mission.

You can see it on her face as she gazes out the bus window.

Watching the world change, she rearranges the universe.

Dolores De La Rose Garden moves through the throng of another
downtown self serving Solo Serve San Antonio day.

Her bones are creaking, she has a smile on her face.

—Eduardo Cavazos Garza, San Antonio, Tx. 1998

Consciously Unconscious Guilt

Guilt weighed down, she had no awareness of her malicious torture; it was
who she was after all, but to save face numb and dumb she played the part
well, waiting to see if I would ask, what deep down she knew what I already
knew was our real truth in her abandonment and her lie.

I allowed my evil vulture continue to feed from my flesh, to ease her car-
nivorous hunger to see me in pain. She feeds, I allow her for I am immune
to her bite, my raw wounds numb painless. The emotion is her feed the flesh
my curse.

Pain resides within; wrapped around revenge as I enjoy the venom of her
fake apology only to lay morbidly still till I'm ready to strike my precious
Beast, until then I'll bask and linger in the potent thought of tearing apart
with my love..

Note: A delicious partial thought in:

Memoirs of a Naïve Soul Disconnected, a work in progress.

—Christina Muñoz