

CALAVERAS DE LA VOZ



North America's Excrement

Redneck star of racist rhetoric
 Usually espoused by humanity's worst
 Slithering salivations in excremental quantities,
 Hell hath received its most masterful inmate.
 Limited to promoting class divisions
 Intended to perpetuate white privileges
 Meant to keep the fiscal minority
 Bathing in obscene luxuries
 At the mortal expense of humanities masses,
 Unquestionable argument for a needed abortion,
 Gone at last from the social fabric:
 ¡Hasta la vista, racista!

—David Rodgers

El Sujeto Indecente

Habia un sujeto, que era muy grosero
 —y cochino en su manera de hablar y actuar,
 Soñaba en ser president, ¡y lo logro!
 Las calaveras lo seguian y observaban
 —en silencio esperando el momento...

Era indecente con las mujeres, sugiriendo
 —cualquier cosa que queria hacer con ellas!
 Se reia y se reia con placer y poder!
 Las calaveras esperaban el momento...

Muchas mujeres lo acusaron de violación,
 —el muy inocente, se reia con placer y poder!
 Y sus compañeros lo apoyaban en todo mal,
 —dandole alas para volar y hacer mas males
 Por fin, las calaveras dijeron, ¡BASTA!
 Se cansaron de observar!
 Llego el momento de actuar!
 Pero primero, ay que preparar!
 Los guantes negros se pusieron,
 Para no contaminar!

Comentaron unas a las otras,
 TU lo agarras de los pelos de color
 Y TU lo estiras de sus deditos que apuntan
 Y YO lo amarro de sus partes privadas
 —que tanto daño hicieron,
 Y todas al contar TRES, lo arrastramos
 y lo hechamos ¡AL POSO!
 ¡Basta con sus maldades e injusticias!

—Mildred Hilbrich



El Gobernador

It was a warm sunny day
 La muerte was on her way
 To find the man responsible
 For making it easily possible
 To fill her quota quickly
 So many people were sickly

They were told they did not need a mask
 It greatly simplified her task
 To add many more souls to her list
 Covid spread through Texas like a mist

Governor Greg Abbot was the man
 Who made the evil plan
 To ban mask mandates in schools
 He took selfish parents for fools

When she saw Greg Abbot scoot by
 She caught up to him to ask him why

To thank him was her true goal
 He rewarded her with his soul
 He took one look at her and died of fright
 La Muerte left Texas filled with delight

—Abril Garcia-Linn



Art: Elva Perez Tréviño
"¡Ay Como Engorde Este Año!"

La Calavera Catrina

Una noche I was sleeping like a leño cuando La Calavera Catrina comes to me in a sueño whispering yo soy tu madrina...so have you come for me ...no not to worry Macario...Macario... my name is Chuy ...boo hoo I thought you were Macario... ¡Chinelas! no te digo I'm just getting too old...I like your hat though...gracias Chuy...it's all about the shades you know River Styx Charon the boatman...I hear he can be a cabrón y Cerberus el three-headed dog is seboso in my book just sayin'...I could tell La Catrina andaba poca trastornada and before I knew it we were at this cantina and los farolazos kept coming as we continued platicando about the politics of being la pelona...you know Chuy I just hate it when la gente confuse me with la llorona and don't get me started on Diego Rivera he's so overrated...y pobre Frida... but it's la burla Chuy...the Day of the Dead burla bruhaha is getting to me and if I see one more sugar skull...oh well I know it's a fest and lest we forget and that it's all in jest so gracias por todo Chuy... it's just that esta noche I just felt like Lesley Gore when she sang "It's my party and I'll cry if I want to" ...but before I go Chuy I must tell you what I love about San Anto is that you all have a Calle Dolorosa...here comes la carroza...wanna go for a vulticita...and that's when yo abrí mis ojos and felt like going to Bedoy's Bakery to buy some Day of the Dead bread

—Jacinto Jesús Cardona

