

CALAVERAS — 2022 —



No book bans

Estaba la Catrina leyendo muy tranquila
—sus libros de poesía
cuando, ¡pufl!, aparece la envidia pelona
queriendo borrar de nuestra memoria
toda nuestra bella historia.

Se levantó la huesuda muy apresurada
A defender sus carnales censurados
Los mandó muy lejos con sus pendejadas
No book bans, necios y malcriados

No book bans, libros escrito por mi gente
no bans en mi cuerpo ni en mi mente
políticos cabezudos tu tiempo está contado
en noviembre saldremos a votar
—y tú serás esfumado.

La calaca flaca se los llevará
bailando y cantando al más allá
A ustedes cabrones nadie los recordará

—Anita Cisneros c/s

MAGA Nocios

Aye, these cyberstalking fanboys,
You talking, mocking, fanboys
Bombarding social media pages
Pero, La Muerte, she sees you and rages

Troll away, my friend
For it will be your end



Artwork: Brandon Maldonado



“Ladrona de Azúcar”

Que te vayas de este mundo
Y nunca regresarás
Ladrona de azúcar
Comiendo mi comunidad

Mordida por mordida
Comenzando con deditos
Tragando pies y piernas
de mis Tíos y Abuelitos

Ya no puedo verte
me quitaste ya mi vista
Ladrona de azúcar,
Yo quería ser Artista

Y todo porque como
Mis Tortillas y Papitas
Mi “Ice-Cream” y Mi Pan Dulce
Y también Mis Galletitas

Ya basta con Metformen
Con Ozempic y Farxiga
Quisiera ser saludable
Y quitar mi medicina

Que La muerte ya te llevé
Y que te comas tu misma
A ver cómo te sientes
Cuando se caen tus dientes

Ya no voy a darte
Ningún solo dedito
Voy a ponerme en dieta,
Aunque tenga apetito

Troll Around and Find Out

As she sneaks up and lingers
Plotting to fuse together your fingers

She'll drag you away
Into oblivion you will stay!
Never again will you stalk
Your cybering, she will stop
—Jackie Velez



Marjorie Taylor Greene

Mean old Marjorie Taylor Greene.
Planning, plotting insurrection.
Aiming guns without compunction.
Squirreliest mess I've ever seen.

Mean old Marjorie Taylor Greene.
Christian nationalist bigot.
For raw hate, her mouth's a spigot.
She spews such bile—man, it's obscene.

Mean old Marjorie Taylor Greene.
Friend of non-whites and queers you're not.
May Satan take you where you'll rot.
At Hell's presser, go to be seen.

— Rachel Jennings

Los Votantes

Greg Abbott

Will Texans vote for Greg Abbott
simply out of stupid habit?
Guns, guns—what does it matter?
Apathy is hard to shatter.

"It could," Abbott said, "have been worse"
after the shooting. Texans' curse—
always, always it does get worse.
The only escape is a hearse.

Katrina, take Abbott away.
Let him hug his guns night and day.
In Hell with his friends he can play.
Guns won't keep their demons at bay.

—Rachel Jennings



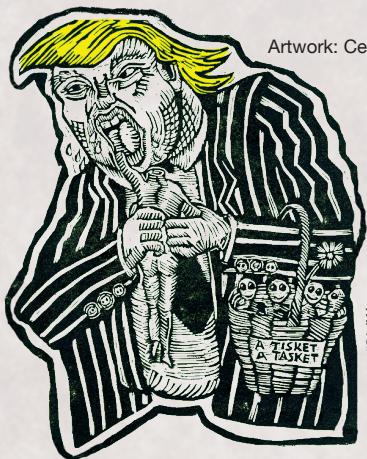
Herschel Walker

Herschel Walker, he of big talk,
fathers children out of wedlock.
Family values his acts do mock.
When baby is born, see him balk.

Petty huckster, Herschel Walker,
wrote a check for an abortion.
Pushed her—not choice but coercion.
Herschel Walker, Georgia Stalker.

Satan, take that baller to Hell.
Let Herschel ring Katrina's bell
and father her little minions.
They'll all have right-wing opinions.

—Rachel Jennings



Artwork: Celeste De Luna

George Hernández (and sycophants & cohorts)

A.K.A Media Marketing Blitz Big Spenders
Bexar County Hospital District C.E.O
Land scraper and brick and mortar hospital builder
Doing whatever it takes\$\$\$\$\$
Whose huge salary, perks and bonuses upend
—and depend on constant construction
A house-of-cards costing millions and millions
—while desecrating nature
Shrinking ACTUAL medical care for indigent folks
Build-with-enough\$\$\$\$\$-and-they-will-come??
Choking on gold bricks, Midas Hernandez
BE YOUR LEGACY NAME. — Carolyn Atkins



The Demise of DeSantis

Does he need psychoanalysis?
This fellow named DeSantis
Sending immigrants to Massachusetts
Does he have no conscience?
Using people for his evil politics
Spewing his hatred in the arena
Here comes the one and only, La Catrina
Watching him huffing and puffing'
and finally exploding from edema.

—Imane Saliba



Vete, Diabetes, Vete
Vete de este mundo
Que te lleven las calacas
Que te vayas de vagabundo

—Roze Livar

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