



DÍA DE MUERTOS 2024

Cementerio San Fernando

Al histórico y antiguo camposanto hermoso
En el merito West Side de San Antonio
El día de muertos hay gente que llega con alborozo
Otros no van, pues dicen que ahí vive el demonio

Se ven tumbas elegantes y otras ya muy amoladas
Pero a nuestros ancestros que las habitan
no les molesta para nada,
En el camposanto las clases sociales
ya no cuentan más
Pues ahí ya todos descansan en paz.

Aquí, las lapidas invitan sus epitafios repasar
“Esta tumba es de mi abuelita que pidió aquí
venir a descansar”
“ En este sagrado hoyo terminó mi tío Armando
Pues de tanto andar tomando aquí
se encuentra descansando”

Ay mi panteón San Fernando hay mucho que trabajar
Para que esos *developers* no te quieran desalojar
Y condominios vengan a construir
Para que los güeros aquí se vengan a vivir.

Ya la catrina me vio que aquí ando muy interesado
En conocer los que aquí han quedado,
Y ya hasta me tiene una fosa preparada
Pues según ella aquí será mi morada.

—Victor M. Cortés, 2021

Forever Loved

by Mildred Hilbrich

Two calacas , perched on a
niche on two corners of a restaurant,
dressed to the nines in their evening
attire, looked to be only two dolls
made of plaster or paper maché.

But we know better!! We know
they can see us, socializing and en-
joying a meal, lingering over our aguas frescas or tea.

The calacas can, indeed, see. They are ever vigilant! Never
neglectful of duty, always mindful of all that enters those doors.
Eyes forever wide open, always watching, always on duty, for
the sake of the guests and the safety of all.



Day of the Dead

Today is not a day of:
Parading giant skeletal puppets,
Or
Of something sinister,

Today is a day understanding,
Death as a part of life,
A day of remembrance,
Taking the time to honor,
Our loved ones that have passed away,

It's time to clean the cemetery,
Decorate the floors with
Flowers, candles, and sweets,

Homemade altars,
Adorn them with
Photos, food, and dolls,
Lighting the way with candles,
So the souls find their way home,

Skip the parade,
Face painting,
Instead:
Make an offering,
A fresh bouquet,

Talk to your loved one,
And
Talk of your cherished one,
As if they never left,

Day of the dead,
Is suppose to be the time,
When our loved ones return,
Did they ever really leave us?
They are everywhere,
they are the entities that surround us.

—Ashley G., 2015 Nov. Voz

The eyes of the calacas are indeed made of plaster
or paper maché, but when they passed on, along with
their (Guardian Angel) who intervened with the *Most
High*, they have been able to see with the eyes of the
soul at all those loved ones left behind and all those
who gather together to celebrate and remember how
much they were loved.