

a call to arms

by YonHui Bell

What do we know of war? us of the whitewashed history & born again conscience?

Our children sing:
this land is my land, this land is your land

*forced deportation, indian reservations
slave plantations, illegal immigration
japanese concentration camps
guantanamo bay, abu gharib
this land was made for me to take*

a cacophonous sound
although, you know,
not many seem to be singing.

Figments of the too liberal imagination,
everything can be twisted & tortured,
everyone, crawling with germs,
communists, terrorists, fags & feminists.
Too much learning makes you forget
how things really work

*& that hand in your bed?
girl, i oughta just slap you silly
for tellin' such lies!*

We speak, you sneak, double speak
raise your hands to the heavens
& think you're talkin' in tongues.

Let me lay it low,
my brothers & sisters:

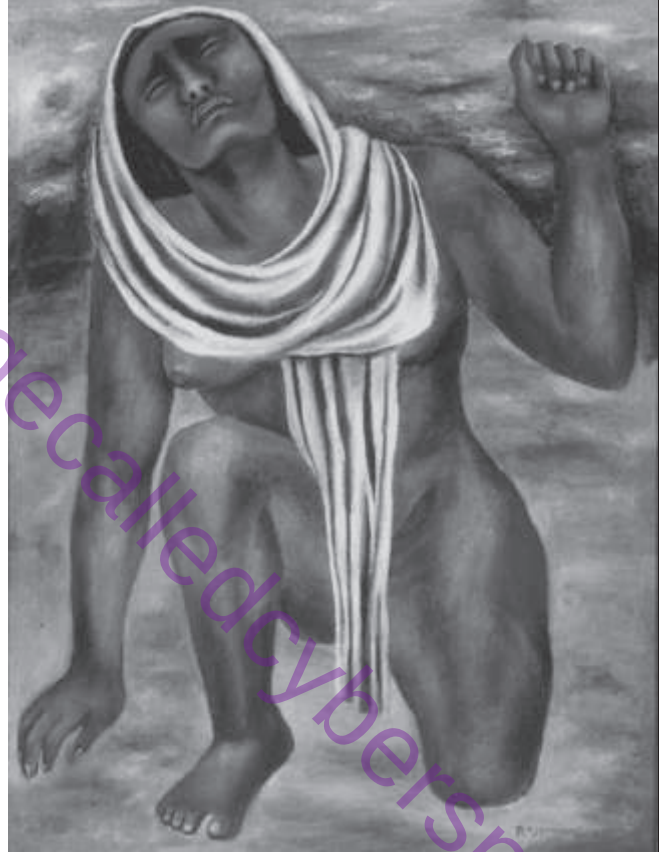
Your war of liberation
is my subjugation.

Your mission of humanity
is my indentured profanity.

Your inherited manifest destiny
is my call to sanity:

my call to rise up

& gather my armory,
my parchment & pen
paintbrushes & all the colors
of every rainbow,



La Tierra, 1945 by Maria Izquierdo

every brother & sister
all their arms & all the arms
of every octopus,
all the swords
of every porcupined & flower thorned creature,
all the tidal waves & liquid volcanoes
of my God.

For this I know is true:

a body fights infection,
a petunia grows towards light,

we hunger for justice
y los que tienen hambre

siempre ganan.

- 2/08

Bio: YonHui Bell is an ESL teacher and writer who grew up in San Antonio. She spent several years in Central America in the late 90's and seeks to cultivate the global consciousness and struggle for equality she witnessed there.