

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Viva Padilla: Two Poems

Viva Padilla · Tuesday, June 9th, 2020

The Destroyer Woman

There is a woman I know in the ghetto
who wants to destroy shit
Every day she thinks of ways to
burn down every corner of that
fucking miserable place

This woman collects cans and bottles
and she's soon to be married to
a convenient man with a
convenience store with a gas station

This marriage of convenience
will not ever result in any baby-making
of any kind
(or the encountering of any genitals)

The woman wants to see what the
oppressor has constructed, the American ghetto,
as nothing but ash

This woman plans to be driven around in a coffin
with a bottle of mezcal
drunk off her ass

*

Sueño Americano, ni que nada

Cargaste tus huesos
cómo maletas de hierro

Sobre arena y sangre
la obscuridad te escondió
y al calor

Un gran ojo mecánico
te encontró
Te pellizco
Como si fueras zancudo
Y en una hora cruzó todo el terreno
que en una semana
ya casi te reclamó

¿Papá?
¿De qué soñabas?
si eras hombre-bolsa-de-rocas
no montaña

Acá las montañas
las matan
no conviven con los cosmos
Se convierten en
carreteras o tierra

Ah...si...regresaste
Y esta vez te hicieron tierra
Te sacaron lo
que te regalo el grito del sol
y te dejaron
Seco
Polvo
Tirado
Tumba
pero más americano
que nunca

Me iré a Coquimatlán
a tu rancho
a regresar ese maldito sueño
y ahí yo olvidarlo

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