

# 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 babymaking  
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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