

that Great Amurkan Prophet / Patriot

By Steven Alvarez

w/ colors that ain't ever gonna run
bleedin stripes & stars
barbacoa'd redmeat eatin
freedom starlovin
pickup truck drivin
prophecies transnationally:
O Sr Citizen Henry w/ Borders
—Operator Gatekeeper himself—
our gendered Amurkan Citizen
from güey on Right
not waiting one Minute(man)
for questions abt all them “beaners”
makin babies & fillin
classrooms w/ their primitive
landgwedge & spickin of that
bringing in lice & vermin / & venereal diseases
from that land o' tortillas
& to grease OUR lovely Amurka
w/ fatty carnitas & slimey cornhusked meatcakes . . .
invading our pie-loven Amurka
them goddamned animals
livin in trailers w/ 65-70 aliens after all
& thus takin 'pon himself O Sr Citizen Henry
(pos w/ additional Patriots like himself)
always always always urged them brownie drones
on back yonder to their Queen Shakira
or whoever
back into that dysfunctional haven of narcos
& death they have always ran from

& O Sr Citizen Henry of impeccable
personified smoothness
& slender veiny whiteglove
encased hands
& enormous—nay—vast—cultural geometry
complex & awkwardly dignified
behind his paleface / one vast distinctly Amurkan
face between here & his historic formerly
reading to schoolkids
at Francisco Kino Elementary
in Tombstone / AZtlán turns
that next page in his newest picturebook

Down from Amurka / Back to Castizalandia

young reader version of his equally as childish
adult study ¿Who Are They? *The Greasing of Amurka's National Identity*
invited by his teacher wife to read to these
chamacos / mostly brown in shape & texture
but Amurkan in location / & lookin
at him all settin there all brown & bigeyed
lookin up at Sr Citizen / I tell ye / ye'da
split yr Levi's & dropped bears
if ye'da seen it—

lo que pasa es . . .

he held up that selfpublished picturebook
& ¡O racista Henry!¹ read:

“& one day some beaner son of a shameless squah—”

[image of moustachioed Tío Taco]

“decides to try his
“luck against il reeyo bravo
“but first prays to his ‘santo’
“some masked loochadoor wrassler named San Avabiche
“& after a-lightin four candles
“walks close
“on his dry Meskin land & he aint been
“away from this same spot for but two weeks
“& as he's wading w/ his black plastic sack
“containing his clothes & his cacahuates
“tortillas & energy drink some ‘greengo’ hero out
“of nowhere pops up in front of him”

[image of Uncy Sam w/ thick cristalino frontier pointed finger]

“‘CHINGAO’ sez that paylado con grasa

“& Sammy our Sammy that Amurkan hero
“who of course that Beaner wdn't know
“sez ‘hey there Meester Moehaydo
“‘hello aint seen you for a spell
“¿where you been?”

¹ ¡O Henry! pues suck *this* tamale / cabrón / for YOU have greased all of US as one nation w/ yr tamalefear / jgrasa a tu madre! / & soft Henry's soul appears suddenly & clears its throat / clinking chains / ahem / ahem / & offers that poetic Amurkan sensibility & that Carolina propriety: “shut yr mouth greaser / spic / taco choker / bean guzzler / wet / peon / spiggoty spic / dirtcaked paylado”

yeah: not bad / good ghost guest & host & zás: gone / always w/ that last word / chingao

“well this pepperbelly sez something in Messikin
“& Tío Sam sez somehow knowing
“that wet nodding yonder
“right / up on that theah dry land / tierra firma
“back on over the madreland”

[image: ¿now where’s that? / dark wasteland contrasted with green lushness]

“say compadray: ¿ain’t it wet up there
“on that dry land you descend from ameeego?
“¿zit coo & refreshin there?
“¿duz it have waves & ripples?
“¿cain’t ye sur-vive in it?
“& just then his gabacho retired professor friend pops
“up too / some sunbird from up near Twin Cities
“his RV plugged in over under yonder mexquite
“reality court television shows talking justice
“& this fast-talkin gabacho / dedicating thirty days
“to defend Amurka like a true [sic->] pitriot
“sacrificing his own time to defend Amurka’s desert
“wasteland border & this Dr Birote—”

[image: yanqui blowhard blofero sportin tweed blazer w/ elbowpatches]

“PhD sez:
“this dry land ye descend from’s imaginary Paco Taco / one completely non-existent
“imaginary thing / nothing real at all’ sez thisun
“Makesicko makes this nation retch so swim on back
“less ye want this leather Amurkan size 10 straight up yr coolo—”

[image: size ten school-of-the-Amurka’s-issued-red/white/blue combat boot]

er . . . ¿chingao? ¿quien es este güey?
one buki in the back calling the ghost of Cortez / Gregorio Cortez plees plees come
plees . . .

“‘ahem’ in unison kids”

“so sorey seniores’ as that cookaratcha crawls
“back to that shitpile he came from . . .
“here / let me hold this illustration high so y’all can see
“real nice what Messico looks like—”

[image: brown babies w/ bulging hunger bellies / & shacks walled w/ newspaper]

“¿now where was I? . . . ah—

“‘that’s right’ sez Prof Birote to Uncy Sam
“‘our duty our Amurkan duty
“‘our neverendin battle to secure Amurka’s borders
“‘& to reveal to all the 3rd world Paco Takos those real aspects
“‘of their putrid nations’ inferiorities relative to Amurkan
“‘wealth / sweetness / goodness / in our kind eyes shining so clear
“‘& how dare ye challenge our national sovereignty
“‘& rule of law/ brownies’”

[image: WALLS & WALLS & still more WALLS concrete WALLS & razorwire]

“& our Uncy Sam smugly & w/ outstretched hand
“shakes Prof Birote’s extended ringed fingers & sez—
“lissen closely niños—he sez:
“‘well They sey eternal vigilance is the price of liberty . . .
“‘They sey that / & they sey this Amurka’s Being in Time
“‘this Amurkan chonotope’s suffering from invasive
“‘dirty beaners from down on southward luggin northward
“‘babies / they try to anchor to this land spickin backward slangwedge /
“‘& bringin over that plain ol inferior Indian blood . . . brown bastards /
“‘kaysadilla-eatin / greasy-headed / filthy drugsmugglin
“‘mules / got-damn . . . goddamned freehelayros . . . ’”

[image: la Sra Guadalupe w/ five soiled Chueys at her unsandaled feet]

“now lemme ask ye one question kiddies / & be honest
“lemme axe ye : ¿ how can an Amurka of 300,000,000
“absorb 100,000,000 poor / uneducated / Esthpanich
“spickin wets & still be Amurka? answer & axe yr padres
“that & see what they sey / got that smartypants—
“yeah / I’m talking to you in the back there w/ those
“Amurkan subsidized glasses there in the back / yeah TÚ
“quit cryin . . . ”

y los niños: “.”

“I argue in my controversial ¿ *Who Are They?* that yr arrival
“in Amurka from 1970-2000 threatens our Amurkan
“core of identitas & culture / bc ye don’t SPIC ENGLISH
“ye spic to yr enclaves of like-spiccin spics
“quit crying / ye don’t wanna assimilate
“ye wanna make babies / ye want me
“to remake my life into some Amurkano Dream—
“¡bullshit! THERE’S ONLY ONE AMURKAN DREAM
“CREATED BY WASPs / BEANERS CAN SHARE
“THAT DREAM ONLY IF THEY LEARN ENGLISH”

...

sniff sniff / sniff

“¿nuthin to sey? tha’s wha’ I thot / thanky for yr time
“& heart yr freedom or get yr ass out”

¿& how ‘bout some applause for our special guest class?