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Untitled

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UNTITLED[1]

O. Rosales Castañeda, C/S, poet

Minutemen(sos)[2] mienten[3]
through forked double-speak
their words falling
on the sacrificial stone of logic
lowering one's IQ simply by
acknowledging their very presence
discourse denies coherent ideas
as of course
one simply looks at their hypocrisy
emblematic of nonsensical resonance
crude hyper-nationalist imagery
showcase a past
presenting itself as reality
brown sources of light
dimmed by an icy glare
one that seeps throughout
bringing instant death by night
xenophobic machination by day

---

[1] This poem was written while I was living in Yakima, Washington. On August 13, 2008, I walked through the local farmers' market and saw the Yakima Minutemen canvassing for an initiative similar to the anti-immigrant laws passed in Arizona, Alabama, Georgia, etc. Needless to say, they failed (miserably). I was absolutely incensed at the outright lack of decency they had in pursuing such an endeavor. My poem is thus written in this mindset and conveys my outrage.

[2] Keeping with the old "Chicana/o" tradition of political poetry, the poem uses bilingual wordplay throughout the text, creating new meaning for hybrid "spanglish" tems, in this specific line, creating a fused contraction of the English word, "Minutemen" and the Spanish word "menso" (Spanish for "absent-minded").

[3] Minutemen lie (Translations of Spanish into English can be found in this and the following footnotes.).

denying the human right
to grow upward from the soil
hacia el sol arriba[4]
false pretense for war comes to pass
once again in a cycle of dystopic
blind stares from the very navel
of de-humanized machinery
tierras forever partitioned[5]
into nation-states that
slice open the very heart of our souls
once again history hiccups
a new reality
reflecting an already existent
lie that that sears through
the dormant essence of our collective past
like it or not
our humanity will not be denied
Minute mentes no ven realidad[6]
that we have always been here
in solemn remembrance of 500 years
colonial scars dig deep
even into our own psyches
tricked to believe
we must die in the act
negate a part of our selves
homeland insecurity proves
even our celebration of life
is deemed an act of war

---

[4] toward the sun above
[5] lands forever partitioned
[6] Minute[men] lie, they don't see the reality

warranting right-wing pendejadas[7]
disinterring our presence by way
of military operation
forced relocation
yet we all come back
to the place of origin
place of new beginnings
any place where the mind
connects to the soil
intermingling with la esencia del arbol[8]
comforted by the omniscient energia[9]
of the four directions
children of the moon
offspring of the sun
imagining un hogar sin fronteras[10]
a composite of all
who struggle for what is just.

---

[7] warranting right-wing stupidities
[8] intermingling with the essence of the tree
[9] comforted by the omniscient energy
[10] imagining a home without borders