

Speak Your Roots

Poems

C.R. Angel

Are you a visitor?  
You're returning?  
We look the same  
Yet completely different.

*Now off to your roots.*

Hijo de su madre  
¿No recuerdas tu pasaporte?  
We sit for two more hours  
with my thumb arriba en mi culo.  
Waiting to take flight.

Share your trips of building homes and how often you go(the same ones that your ancestors destroyed.)

Tell us of your god and how superior he is(did he want them to rape mis inditas?)

Is that what you do in the name of faith?

Esta es mi pregunta while I eat bags of papitas.

Big blue  
Look at you.  
An ocean sky  
With grass of white.  
Where will I sleep at night?

Tell a story  
Share a tale  
Savior amongst sinners  
Because you pray at dinner  
What is your worth in the eyes of life?

Mira a la tierra  
Amor de mi vida.  
Y mira las personas  
Angeles de mi ojo.

Cuatro dedos arriba de mi cabeza  
Orgullo de mi familia y tradición de Guate.

Viva el gallo!



Can I venture  
¿Puedo vivir?  
It turns out that I can  
But you know what I don't.

Go ahead and pull a trig  
You drank more than I ever have.  
You could taste the camarones  
And it was four in the morning.  
There was nobody around  
So, I searched for a pen.  
Happy to write  
Happy to be in Guate.

Aye dios mio:  
I like a cold shower but  
Aye dios mio.

There's pleasure in its warmth and darkness(all you need is a little sugar.)

There's pleasure in a cup a day(you only need the right people.)

You see, I don't drink coffee but Guate's sure to break me.

Her name is *Esmeralda*.

She glows with every light  
and holds all sorts of stories.

She's everywhere if you paid attention  
and I'd love nothing more, but to sit in her seat and ride the calle a la fondo.

Soy escritor pero what do you see?  
Mujeres de vieja doing more work than me.  
I'm blessed to have a life as my career  
because there's mujeres de vieja doing more work than me.

*Quien es tu chica?*

Nada más pero mi jocote  
She leaves me until next fall.  
It's just not our season  
But I want her all.

We came to show you our people  
as well as your roots.  
I could show you what's nice  
or I could show you what's real.  
Now, vamos al mercado.



*Mujeres de Guatemala:*

They'll walk mountains and valleys for the simplest of things  
With rings of the darkest jade that anyone has seen.  
They'll walk mountains and valleys with all of their might  
They balance more on their head than I do in life.

1821

I looked at the very book in which our glory was made  
There's words of pride with music of hope  
Was this after the invasion of a pope?  
Where are the masters of time?  
Where are the *Mayans*?  
Where's my indigenous blood?  
Where are the tribal lions?

Hasta el final con mi familia

Amor, amor, amor

Hasta el final con mi familia todo dia!

*Señor Barrios*

Give away your montañas for the chance of a bigger stick  
Go ahead and unite through division and see what comes of it  
I can't say what I'd do, but I know I'm in love with the land you once threatened.

Look at me en mi cafe  
Drinking coffee con mis raíces.  
This is love  
así es la vida.

Grind the coco up to powder and pour some in my hand  
Look at me in the eyes and teach me your ways of love  
I can't tell what's more beautiful between you and your craft.  
Look at your hands  
Look at my hands  
Look at the possibilities of us making chocolate together.

Let your roots blow free with wisps of smoke  
Hold tight and you might not fall into a lake of emerald.  
There were at least four from what I could see in all its beauty  
The face of a god with its land of apostles.

*Qué pasa mi rey?*

You have a people who love you  
You have a people who adore you  
You have a love worth fighting for.



You welcomed him into your castle of family and laughter  
You fed him in an hour of heat with care and understanding.  
He knew not your language, yet you listened to his broken tongue  
You met him only once and you still thought of him as your blood.  
And he will never forget the castle of *Espinoza de Angel Perez*.

Soy latino:

I am a king who became a pyramid  
I am a queen who defied the norm  
I am a child who was stripped of my blood  
I am an elder who was stripped of my tradition.

Soy latino.

Free my caged quetzal:

Hues of gold with a reflection of blue

Purity in all its splendor.

Is that a .44?

Don't mind the door.

Let your angel pray with all its hope

Where freedom and slavery are one.

Knights of metal  
Angelic horses  
Use your muskets  
Fight your glory

Tribes of blood  
Demonic birds  
Use your spears  
Defend your tears

I wish I knew what the hieroglyphs meant  
I wish I knew my indigenous tongue.  
Take all the pictures you want  
Have love for every quetzal.  
Take all the pictures you want  
Guate's worthwhile.

*Drinking tea with my king:*

“Discovery” of 1492?

Conquering of 1524?

They care more for legacy and fame

While we dare explore the remedy of today.

