Reflections of an Aztlaneeco

A Collection of Poetry by Joe Navarro
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AZTLANECO

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JOE NAVARRO
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Introduction

REFLECTIONS OF AN AZTLANECO is a reaffirmation of our cultural identity as Chicanos. José Navarro blends this historical theme with current sociological thought to make "un chile picoso" that will raise your consciousness as well as make your blood boil. José is an Aztlaneco, a new breed of urban revolutionaries armed with pedagogy, commitment, and determination. An Aztlaneco is the alma of our people. Through José's writing, it is transformed into human energy, with a burning desire to recreate history. José portrays human emotion as he leads into the past as well as the future with strong images of being controllers of our own destiny. He describes historical anger. He paints pictures of historical rage. However, he touches you with his approach in changing those conditions that are oppressive to all. His book is about humanity, brotherhood, and equality.

José writes about what he does. It is not unusual to see José at an immigration meeting in the morning — then run into him again, with his family, at a police brutality rally. His book is educational. It will make you travel into the innermost depths of your soul. His themes encourage you to ponder a critical question asked by the ancient philosopher, Socrates, who said, "KNOW THYSELF."

José's poems are also sprinkled with internationalism. He writes of building coalitions with people of color. He writes of the intense frustration experienced by poverty communities. He takes you into his own world where he learned cultural values of respeto, carnalismo, and personalismo. Read and enjoy! This book is certainly one that should be placed in our schools' libraries so that all of our children can read it.

— ramon del castillo
Where did I come from? You ask.
I came from a great civilization,
a people who knew what day it was while
the rest of the world did not
I came from a people who knew
where the earth fit in relation to the universe
I came from a civilization
of great art and advanced culture
a people with advanced mathematics
and structures which were symmetrical to the sun
I came from a great civilization
which has survived brutal conquests
I have survived forced bastardization
at the point of a sword
I came from a civilization
that fought for independence from three foreign nations
in one century alone!
I have survived a bloody annexation
and to this day I maintain my identity
against pressure to become forcibly assimilated
I came from a civilization
which has been here
since the beginning of time
I am the heir to the traditions of
Cuauhtémoc, Benito Juárez, Emiliano Zapata
and Emma Tenayuca!
I am indigenous to this land!
and now,
I hear the voices of stupidity,
whose narrow national chauvinistic words
come passing through their ignorant lips,
as they tell me, to go back, where I came from
You Came Here So
Speak Our Language

That other language
is tearing at
the fabric
of this nation
You refuse
to assimilate
You refuse
to give up
your identity and language
Wouldn't it have
been better
to give up
all of your
semblances of culture
for the sake of
one united nation?
First, you
burden us with
your presence
Then, you
bring that
other language
You should just
give up your
every desire
to speak
that other language
in this nation
That language
bonds you
and keeps you
from joining the melting pot

What the hell is
wrong with you?
Your language has you
using the wrong side
of your brain!
You brought over
a linguistic gap
with profoundly confusing
etymological sources
All because you weren't
ambidextrous enough
to adapt to
this nation's language
You ought to feel
greatly ashamed
at your disgraceful
pronunciation
of our nation's language
The disgusting sounds of
pewblow instead of Pueblo
bewna vesta instead of Buena Vista
calarada instead of Colorado
calefornea instead of California
la jonna instead of La Junta
You came to our Chicano nation
you should speak our language

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Thank You Mexicano

Thank you
Mexicano
For coming here
To remind me
Of who I am —
Chicano

El Mestizo
Struggling for freedom
Pushing for the day
That
Liberation will come

México! Aztlán!
Our enemy is the same
That ravaging beast
U.S. Imperialism is
Its other name

Once a proud México
Glorious Revolutions
Now but a
Neo-Colony
Corruption and decay
With Counter- Revolutionary
Solutions

Chicanos in the U.S.
Land Expropriation!
National Oppression!
Denial of Rights!
Super-exploitation!

The true U.S. emblem
The American Vulture
Ain't satisfied yet
Wants to take away
Our language
Along with our culture

The Yanqui tell us
"Be Americanized"
But what they want
Is for us to be
Bastardized!

No Identity,
No Language,
No Culture,
No Unity,

Therefore,

We won't have
A cause
To make any trouble
No land to fight for
No rights to be gotten
No revolutionary struggle

Thank you
Mexicano
For coming here
To remind me
Of who I am —
Chicano

Our struggle is one
We have to unite
Against our oppressor
Until
Our struggle is won!
U.S. Imperialism
You need to fret more
Because when
Chicanos and Mexicanos unite
You know
What’s in store

The bloody annexation
Of the Southwest
Gave birth to
More enemies
Added to the rest

Chicanos and Mexicanos
Building unity
With all oppressed people
Looking for a solution
The one imperialism
Fears most —
Revolution!

Thank you
Mexicano
For coming here
To remind me
Of who I am —
Chicano
El verdadero emblema
de Estados Unidos
El buitre norteamericano
Aún insatisfecho
Quiere despojar
Nuestro idioma
Y también la cultura

El yanqui nos dice
"Háganse Americanos"
Pero lo que de veras quiere
Es que seamos
¡Bastardos!

Sin identidad,
Sin idioma,
Sin cultura,
Sin unidad,

De ahí que,

No tendremos
Causa
Por qué crear problemas
Ni tierra por la cual luchar
Ni derechos que anhelar
Ni lucha revolucionaria

Mexicano
Te lo agradezco
Por haber venido acá
A recordarme
Quién soy —
Chicano

Nuestra lucha es una
Tenemos que unirnos
Contra el opresor
¡Hasta que seamos el triunfador!

Imperialismo yanqui
Solloza más
Porque cuando
Chicanos y Mexicanos se unen
Sabes ya
Lo que te aguardará

La sangrienta anexión
Del Suroeste
Dio brote a
Más enemigos
Aunados a los demás

Chicanos y Mexicanos
En vías de unificación
Con todos los pueblos oprimidos
Buscando una solución
La que el imperialismo
Teme más —
¡Revolución!

Mexicano
Te lo agradezco
Por haber venido acá
A recordarme
Quién soy —
Chicano

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Los Políticos

You want to know what I've been up to ... huh?
I just spent a couple of months
trying to be political, you know ...
helping on political campaigns.
Working with the políticos es muy difícil ... eh.
Oye ... carnal. It ain't what you think.
All I wanted is to help Chicanos and
African Americans to gain political power.
But instead, I felt like a character
in a novela ... "As The Stomach Turns"
Yeah, this stuff is confusing.
You see, this político doesn't like that político,
because ... that político has a conspiracy
against this político ... but, this político
has developed a movida against that político,
but it's not a conspiracy, so it's all right.
So now, that político won't vote for another
político because they have support from this político.
Hey carnal, great stuff for Geraldo Rivera ... eh?
Then the Chicano políticos want to work with los Negros
pero, not too much they're afraid that los Negros
might take too much power and ...
los Negros are afraid that Chicanos want too much
power and ... whew! ...
it's too touchy for me.
Meanwhile, the racist gabachos are trying
to replace all of the Chicanos and Negros, you see ...
I just don't get it.
All of the políticos tell me that I'm too naive.
I'm too naive because ...
I believe that people should put their
differences aside for the sake of building
a unified movement.
They tell me that I'm too naive ...
to believe that ...
Derechos

vivimos aquí en esta tierra que fue robada después de la guerra los gringos nos tratan mal quieren sacarnos por afuera entonces pensamos que no tenemos frontera

tenemos una historia de una gente oprimida pero también luchando por lo mejor y muy unida tenemos problemas peor que todos en esta sociedad porque en los estados unidos no hay igualdad
cincuenta por ciento sin educación ¿y porqué? No somos pendejos, es la discriminación por muchos años en el suroeste estábamos recibiendo el sueldo mexicano pero han cambiado la ley y todavía el sueldo bajo estamos ganando el gobierno y los ricos aquí quieren quitar el idioma, la identidad y el orgullo de nuestro pueblo porque así no luchamos por el poder político para nosotros aquí en aztlan en los ojos de los gringos racistas nosotros somos el “dirty mexi-can” por esa razón tenemos que entender que nosotros los chicanos sí tenemos más en común con los mexicanos y en este tiempo de los ataques contra los indocumentados no podemos quedar sin voz y callados ¡despierten hermanos y hermanas, despierten! ¡nuestras historias son iguales, somos los mismos! ¡somos la raza, somos mestizos!
Hot Splash

As I push the lever forward
the molten steel spills
SPLASHHHHHH!
everywhere ... bright glows
as if fireworks were set off
finally,
the stream of molten steel
finds its way
neatly into the hole
The shop foreman, worried about losing profits
comes over to scream in my ear
while I stand over the mold
continuing to pour
My pants on fire
and molten steel particles in my shoe
The heat of HELL
scorching ...
at my knuckles, my arms, my chest and my face
Twenty three hundred degrees
burning the hair off my arms
burning the outer layers of my skin
the radiant glow of non-energy radiation
causes cancerous cells to develop
I take a quick look up
only to see toxic smoke and dust
and I remembered poor old Hyter
who died of silicosis in his lungs
SPLASHHHHHH! my mind returns to now
My vision is blurred from intense dust and sweat
as I can barely see another bright glow
out from the side of one eye
in the middle of the glow is a
shadowy silhouette of a man
it's my co-worker, a Black brother
who shares the daily perils of hell as I do
and I remembered when
we angrily demanded to know why?!!
why?!! are there only black and brown faces
condemned to do this suffering?!!!
the keeper of hell, the boss,
with a devilish grin,
simply said,
"you people can take the heat better"
SPLASHHHHHH! my mind returns again
We have poured all of the steel
my body drenched in sweat
as my clothing begins to dry
white begins to appear
leaving traces of body salt
Blowing my nose to rid it of
black colored mucus membrane
and spitting out the rest
The thought comes to mind
"damn I can't wait til this week ends"
knowing full well that
I just completed the first hour
in a fifty hour work week

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II

La Migra
Feel the Terror

Feel the terror    Can you feel it?
Can you feel my cold heart?
As I try to strike the fear of God in yours
I am the intangible terror
The ethnocentric inspiration
which seeks to
        mutilate your image
to trap you inside societal prejudices
which make you
        completely vulnerable
exploited in the worst of conditions
without any rights
but not to be treated as a tax paying citizen
I am the terror
which dehumanizes you
because if you are not human
then
no one will expect you to be treated humanely
I am the immigration law
that terrorizes
your family and jeopardizes your livelihood
I am the terror who jails you
because your employer wants cheaper labor
I am the terror that
will never
allow you to feel safe
I will appear to you
        armed and dangerous
with every intention to kill
Feel the terror
        can you feel it?

My Carnal's Experience

One day, my carnal came by my pad,
he was really upset about an experience
that he just had.
Over and over, he repeated to himself
"man, I can't believe it,
man, I can't believe it", he would say.
He was obviously very agitated about something
which has happened on this day.
I thought that maybe he had run into some loco
and gotten into a fight.
So, in a worried voice I asked him "hey carnal,
what happened? Why are you so uptight"?
He told me that he was walking down Mission Street,
ear 24th and a car with 4 men in it began to follow him.
"Man"!, he said, "I didn't know why they were there".
Maybe ... they were the chota, trying to harass him,
that gave him a scare.
He said, "you know how the chota catches those vatos
on the street and beats them for nothing, I was worried".
With that thought, he said that he moved his butt on,
and hurried.
Then my carnal said, "I was trippin out man, because
the faster I walked, the faster the car came closer to me.
They drove up close, checkin' me out, all
suspiciously".
"All I could think about", he said, "is that them pigs
were thinking to themselves 'we're going to get us
a mescan today',
man, I was worried that I might get blown away".
Then, my carnal shook his head slowly and told me,
"you know who those guys are?,
you want to know who that was in that car"?!
"Check it out!" he said angrily, now his voice
was sounding mean and hard.
"Those guys jumped out of their car and told me
to show them my green card".
In a sense of concern about the injustice against my carnal I angrily asked him what he did and what he said. He told me that he angrily asked “what the hell is a green card?, are you trying to mess with my head”?! They were immigration agents . . . La Migra! They thought that he was faking, acting like he didn't know. To them he was just another brown face, it didn't matter if he was Mexican or Chicano. My carnal told me that they argued, he would raise his hands and yell. So, eventually, they let him go because he raised so much hell. After he told me his story, he paused for a minute, then said, “hey bro', it was really a drag, what happened today. I don't want to go through that no more, no way”! “It ain't right man”, he said in a disappointed tone, “we're treated like second class citizens, just because we're brown”. He just shook his head, his face with a disappointed frown. Then he said, “man!, can you imagine if I was a Mexican without a green card? . . . Damn! My situation would have been really hard”. The more that my carnal thought about it, the angrier he became about his experience. Because, now he knew of La Migra's existence. My carnal and I thought about how cruel and unjust it is for people to be treated as criminals, and even for people to labelled as . . . illegals. Then my carnal, in a moment of reflection, said, “you know what bro', the fact that I speak almost only English and hardly any Spanish and still went through this, tells me one thing . . . That it's going to be one hell of a struggle for a Chicano to be recognized as an equal human being.
My Chicana Daughter

My daughter came home from school one day.
And she really shocked me with what she had to say.
My Chicana daughter, with her dark brown skin,
long black hair and dark brown eyes
told me things about Indians that I know were lies.
So I sat her down and we had a conversation
and I could tell that she was confused about the whole
situation.
I explained to her that we are Mestizo
that means Spanish and Indian ancestry.
And actually, there's more Indian heritage in our family
tree.
So she should be clear that when she talks about Indians
that she's talking about we.
And it's important for her to understand our positive
history.
My wife and I explained that bad things about Indians
come from racist white folks
who try to dehumanize people through telling lies and sick
jokes.
We explained about the great leader Cuauhtémoc
who bravely fought for his people and for this land
to try and keep it out of the Spanish colonial hand.
She said that she understood, and I hoped that she had.
Because the stories that she was told were really bad.
At first she was confused and even cried,
but by the end of the conversation she felt better
and instilled with pride.
So my Chicana daughter, with her dark brown skin,
long black hair and dark brown eyes
who understands more about her Indian heritage and
historic ties,
went on a trip, you see
with her grandmother to visit a friend in another city
when she met her grandmother's friend who was Anglo
my daughter told her something that shocked her, I know.
My Chicana daughter with her dark brown skin,
long black hair and dark brown eyes
couldn't be expected to know much because of her little size,
told that Anglo woman "Hi, I'm an Indian, my mama's an
Indian,
my papa's an Indian, and my gramma's an Indian and we're good
people".
It makes me feel a great sense of pride
when my daughter who was so young in years
made a statement about justice and equality
that I know has shocked someone's ears.
I'm so glad that she didn't fall victim to cultural genocide,
but instead, developed a greater sense of cultural pride.
Yeah, my Chicana daughter, with her dark brown skin,
long black hair and dark brown eyes
had an important experience in her life
which has made her just a little more wise.
Respect

In those adolescent years, in that difficult stage, trying to be a vato loco, trying to be so cool, right in that rebellious age. Thought that nobody could tell me anything, didn't want to listen — thought that I knew everything. But, I found out the hard way, that you are going to be confronted, you are going to be straightened out some day. That lesson came long ago, as I headed out the door one night. My mother said “Oye José, ¿a dónde vas?” I said, “I'm going out, alright?” “Oh yeah?” she asked, “after you clean your room you can go. Entiendes?”! In an appeal, I replied, “Oh Ma, c'mon don't make me clean that mess.” So she put her hands on her hips, tilted her head and said “qué ‘oh Ma, c’mon’, just do what you are supposed to”. “But ma, I’ve got some important business to do”. “Oh yeah”, she said, “important business, huh? You just want to hang out with your friends and smoke marijuana and get high”. Thinking quickly, I responded, “hey Ma, I don't mess with that stuff, I wouldn't tell you a lie”. Raising her voice she says, “I ought to put you in a hospital before you turn into a tecato like your cousin”! “C'mon Ma, cut it out, you've never seen me loaded or buzz’n. What's the big deal? I just want to go out”. Shaking her finger at me she said, “look hijo, quit trying to get out of it, I'm going to get my way”! “C'mon Ma” I said, “I ain't got time to clean all day”. In a very agitated and very angry voice, she replied, “look, you know what you are supposed to do. Why do you argue all the time? What's wrong with you?! Look at your messy room. Sinvergüenza! Stinky clothes everywhere! You ought to be ashamed. How'd they get there? You are the only one who could be blamed. Listen, you are going to clean your room before you go”!! “Hah”! I responded. “I'm old enough to decide that myself, you know”. In an outburst of anger she responded, “Flojo! Huevón! Who was your maid last year? I work hard all day, come home, and you expect me to clean your mess here??” Then she bent over to pick up some of my dirty underwear. In two of her fingers, she held them up in the air. Then she said, “everywhere I look, dirty clothes, aren't you embarrassed that your friends will take notice of all those”? She paused for a minute, then said, “how you expect to date girls, I don't know. What kind of nice girl would like such a cochino”? That was a “cold shot”. In a rage of anger, I replied, “what gives you the right to talk to me that way? Who the hell are you”? Pow!!!!! I felt a pain upside my head, that was the next thing I knew. Now, this is a short woman, about five foot one, who has decided that she was going to get some respect from her son. She said, “hijo, I love you very much, but don't treat me unkind, because, no matter how big you get, I'll still kick your behind”. I was so embarrassed, and my face was all red. Needless to say, that the argument was over, and I did what she said. This was some experience, as I look back and reflect. Now ask me how I treat my mother … with a great deal of respect.

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Ready for School

Oh man, it's so early, as my wife yells "Get up! Help me get the girls ready for School!"
Waking up so early feels so cruel.
Then my wife yells again, "Get out of bed!"
So, finally I get up and my eyes are so red.
I ask myself, "Why do I do this? Maybe I should go back to sleep."
So, I drop my head on my pillow again as my alarm goes off - beep - beep - beep.
I know that I should do what's fair and do my part, because my wife and I have been equal partners right from the start.
So then, I join the effort to wake up the girls.
Man, I get so overwhelmed when I think of all the things that we have to do
just to get the girls ready for school on time when they are supposed to
In our daily ritual, I yell "Wake up!"
as they yell "I yam, I yam" and they finally get out of bed.
Then to the bathroom as I yell "Wash up!" "I yam, I yam" "OK" I say, "Now do what I said."
Now they day dream and stare in the mirror. I yell, "hurry and get done!" "I yam, I yam!"
I push them to hurry, hey, this ain't no fun.
Then it's time for the girls to eat their breakfast really fast.
And, now I'm wondering, "How long is this going to last?"
Then I say "Hurry and make your lunch." "I yam, I yam"
We're running out of time and into a crunch.
Now for the final huddle "Get your coats and hurry!"
"I yam, I yam!" "Now get out the door."
And, I'm wishing that I won't have to do this no more.
But, I know that I'll do this again even though I think it's hard to bear.
The bottom line is that I know that it's fair.
I love my family and try to do what's right, and there is

love in the morning even though it seems like we fight.
I admit that in the morning I'm more like a lion than a lamb.
But, in an odd way I enjoy it and will always treasure the words "I yam, I yam."
Men and Women

My wife and I get along pretty good for the most part. But there is one subject that still keeps us miles apart. I'm talking about that one thing which should be done every week at least...one time or two. It's something that nobody, at least I think that nobody really likes to do. Even the thought of it really puts me on a drag, you know really feel down when my wife brings up the subject all I can do is frown. I'm talking about that one subject that men and women have fought about for a long time...Damn I hate housework.

we fight about it and my wife calls me a stupid jerk and a few other things too. Every time we get into a fight I think about it and I know that she's right. But I can't help it, at least this is what I say to rationalize my ways. So, every now and then I'll volunteer to clean and do some housework some days. Then, I'll brag about doing a great deed you know, washing dishes, mopping the floor or something like that. But, every time I brag, my wife calls me a rat. She's quick to remind me that we both work hard for a living. So, why is it that when it comes to housework it's usually her labor that she's giving? I'm finally getting the point, I think.

I try to pride myself as Mr. "Social Justice" Yet, my wife always reminds me about what is right and fair and just. Why can't I internalize that treating women fairly is a must? I pride myself in supporting the liberation of just about everything in life. But, she wants to know why this philosophy doesn't apply to my wife. I'm trying to understand... But I'm a product of the male indoctrination. These ideas that I have were passed down from generation to generation. I realize that the unequal treatment of women is not entirely my fault. Women are treated as second class citizens and this should come to a halt. At least I can do my part at home. But even more, I should support women's equality and understand why. You know? I guess that that saying is true...that "Women hold up half the sky"
IV

Education & Media
IV

Education & Media
sweat, and tears
Yet, our situation has continuously worsened over the years
The greatest fear of this nation is that Chicanos will understand our real history, our real past with strong impressions that will definitely last That's why we're facing cultural genocide to make our youth think that our culture has died so that they will lose their pride Who would carry on the struggle then? The point is simple, we want to control the quality of education Because that is our right . . . of self-determination

Accuracy in Academia

the resolution of all social ills comes in the form of schizophrenia and paranoia the phobia of every possible penetration into the mainstream of america back to the basics only a sheltered education which explains history and life without controversy or blood or sweat accuracy in academia the conflicts didn't really exist and evolutionism is clearly a conspiracy to turn us into communistic apes who don't even speak english
Punishment

My mother was subjected to punishment as a child. She wasn't hyper or anything and her temper was mild. Yet she was punished and humiliated while she attended school. She didn't have an attitude problem nor did she break any rule. You would think that she did something bad to be punished right? But, as a child my mother was not necessarily rude or impolite. My mother was basically a good kid in school. But, it was something that she said, because, it wasn't in English, She said it in Spanish, instead. My mother was punished because of some narrow minded insensitivity all because she could communicate with a bi-lingual ability.

Misty Blue Radiation

You wake up feeling feverish. Wiping away the sweat from your forehead upon the realization that you are experiencing the worst nightmare that your intelligent mind or unintelligent mind could create.

As the misty blue radiation sweeps across the land becoming more penetrating, destroying the minds of many people and destroys their ability to perceive things as they are. Leaving people unable to analyze and unable to develop independent and sober opinions based on real world events.

Man, what a disgusting sight. Invasion of the mind snatchers where mindless souls wander about unable to realize.
Don't worry about pain, suffering and death you saw all those people die on TV they came back the next week

Don't worry about anything because the misty blue radiation passes through and everything is explained to us We don't make mistakes President Reagan told us on TV But the rest of the world is made up of corrupt officials and terrorists and criminals that's why we've got to bomb 'em Yeah, women and children too

Use the Spock approach that's logical blame everyone else for our problems Blame the U.S. working class for wanting to eat Divide people, make white people hate black people and brown people Blame Nicaragua! Blame Libya!

Yeah, live out your wildest dreams on Fantasy Island, the isolated USA Don't worry about what the rest of the world thinks Let's just invade other nations
Overthrow governments
Call them hostile
because they don't
agree with us
Call the world court
corrupt
because we lost
a court battle
that's right,
whip up national chauvinism
Believe that minorities
cannot succeed
Blame them
for not being able
to learn
in racist educational
institutions
Tell them
that they're genetically
inferior
that they're
culturally deprived
or that they're
too poor and hungry
to learn
But don't tell them
that you don't
want them to be educated

Yeah, misty blue radiation
destroying our minds
eating away at
our objectivity
reinforcing negative
thought patterns
as we simply close our eyes
to the real world

Just watch TV
and veg out

You'll get the message
and now a word
from our sponsor
"Be all that you can be"
and now for a newsbreak
"Well, now it's time
to bomb the Libyans
or Nicaraguans"
Now back to our show
the "A-Team"

Let's be stupid
but be cool
just sit back
take it all in
but don't really
think about it
Just go through
your daily routine
as your sense of paranoia
or your lack of sense
becomes deepened
to the point of
seeing red everywhere,
Yeah, red Japanese cars,
red – black people,
red – brown people,
red – yellow people,
red – Indians
red – welfare mothers
and red women who want equality
You ought to have
your eyes examined
because your eyes
are so red
from watching too much TV

And your eyes are red
from losing sleep
worrying about some
Chicano or Black man climbing in your window at night
or for fear that Libyans might bomb your house
You can't even distinguish between reality and fantasy anymore

Some day you are going to wake up from your fantasy world
realizing that you really were having a bad dream
as you look around only to find yourself surrounded by
ugly fascist monsters who would have found an excuse
to come after you next
Because you didn't think to really fight for democracy
Our Mirror Image

Hey ese'
what the hell is that crazy fascist
trying to get us into?!
I think that I know
what he wants us to do
he wants us to kill our mirror image
in Central America

Yea, Reagan is a fascist
and doesn't even try to hide his imperialist aims
using “manifest destiny” and so-called communist fears
to make his claims
he wants to use Chicanos
because of how we talk and because of our features
he wants to turn us into
ugly Contra creatures

¡Qué cabrón!
you hear that schizophrenic bunk
about imported communism, domino theories
and idiotic junk?
this crazy fascist wants to restore
sick and degenerate fascist dictators . . .
responsible for murder and rape
we know who are the instigators . . .
The C.I.A. !!!
Return Nicaragua to its past?
No way hermano, we can't support
killing our mirror image in Central America.

Hey ese’ . . .
we've got something in common
with the people of Central America
it's more than speaking Spanish
and it's more than looks

it's our history of oppression
that we don't learn about in the books
we began as Indios, rulers of these lands
then came the Spanish conquests
who turned us to Mestizos
and took the power out of our hands
But then,
came the colonial annexation of the southwest
now the colonialist monster has tasted some blood . . .
and the rest of the story
was like an uncontrollable flood!
Check it out, hermano
after all the troops were sent
this is how the story went . . .
Northern Mexico . . . gulp
The Caribbean . . . gulp
Central America . . . gulp
The Americas were a multi course meal
for the imperialists who swallowed up
all that they could steal
So, the truth is this, hermano
you can't believe all the lies
and you know how hard the government tries
unfortunately, it's no act
it's a real situation with death and destruction
as part of the fact
The people of Central America
didn't import revolution from the east
it was born on their soil
that's why they're fighting the imperialist beast
The people of Central America
want democracy and self-determination . . .
just as we do . . . in the Chicano Nation

Yea, we have something in common
and let me tell you
that it's more than looks, entiendes?
It's more than brown faces
and it's more than speakin' Spanish
That's why I say . . . Chale!
you oppressive, slick hair, rosy cheek
war mongerer, killing freak!
We can't support killing
our mirror image in Central America

One Hundred Million Dollars to the Contras

As I look around my barrio
and wonder why those vatos have to hang around
because they don't have jobs and are nowhere bound.
Then I read in the news
about sending hundreds of millions of dollars
to the Contras to wage their campaign
of terrorism and extermination.
Yet, there isn't enough money
to give our youth an education.
The government and ruling class can provide
one hundred million reasons why.
But, my instincts tell me
that no matter what they say, it's a big lie.
There is no good reason for the theft
of these lands
for stealing them out of
the Chicano and Indian hands.
There is no justification for the enslavement
of Black children, women and men.
How can you be proud of that history .. then?
How can I be proud of this country's history
when I grew up in the U.S.A.'s worst features?
Yeah, I still feel the bitterness of being a child
around junkies, cockroaches and other low life creatures.
I grew up in the poverty of this nation.
That's the history of my Raza,
of the African American, the Indian, the Asian
and poor white.
That part of history must be told right.
The bitterness still rages in my heart
as the U.S. government tries to
forcibly relocate the Dinéh and Hopi,
or when I hear about racist lynchings
of the African Americans in Mississippi.
When we are denied our right to self-determination
right here in Aztlán, the Chicano Nation.
Yeah, that makes me bitter.
Then, they want us to be patriotic
to all of their wealth,
help to spread U.S. control of the
Latin American continent.
You see those unemployed and uneducated youth,
where do you think that they’ll get sent?
One hundred million reasons cannot justify
what the Contras will do with one hundred million dollars.
It can’t silence all the pain, the cries,
the screams and the hollers.
One hundred million reasons . . .
still no justification
to violate people’s rights, democracy,
and self-determination.
Constructive Engagement

It's called constructive engagement when it comes to a miserably weak foreign policy on the barbaric system of apartheid. It's called constructive engagement as the masses of Black African people continue to live under the wrath and scorn of the White minority fascist dictatorship. Constructive engagement . . . wait, talk it out. Don't be offensive . . . wait! Don't do something rash . . . like disinvestment. . . . wait! Constructive engagement . . . as children are imprisoned . . . wait! as Black people are murdered and tortured . . . wait! Constructive engagement

Sounds So Right To Me

Nelson Mandela, that ain't no Chicano name so, why does it sound so right to me? Why does that name inspire thoughts about justice and liberty? I recently heard Jerry Falwell, preaching stupidity and racism, while trying to help Botha save face. But, with ideas like his, it's clear to me that his head is up that deep and dark place. I hear Ronald Reagan and Jerry Falwell telling us that it's alright to live with apartheid, they support that reactionary and fascist system with great pride. they talk about constructive engagement, which just prolongs the continued enslavement. Just watch Ronnie and Jerry, with their sick and demented minds that enjoy causing suffering and pain as they drool at Botha and his reactionary and racist apartheid tool.

Nelson Mandela, that ain't no Chicano name so, why does it sound so right to me? Makes me think about fighting against apartheid and against Hitlerite mentality. Yea! Makes me think . . . about the lack of democracy and Klan terror in Mississippi. Yea! Now I'm thinking about Chicanos who've been exploited by the Reagans, Falwells and Bothas of our past. It is time to rid ourselves of our oppression, at last! The Texas Rangers and K.K.K. were our Boers, they rapaciously violated our people through violence and wars.
They continue to be a tool of repression,
and until they are defeated
they will continue their aggression.
Now I understand!
Death to Apartheid!
That makes sense!
The Black masses in South Africa are an inspiration
in our struggle for self determination!
Damn!
No wonder Nelson Mandela's name
sounds so right to me!
There is no question in my mind.
Apartheid has got to go!
It should have never come,
and it's long over-due for it's death blow!
All political power to the Black masses in South Africa!
Free Nelson Mandela!
Death to Apartheid! And.
Death to the Klan!
Victory to the people of Azania and of Aztlán!