

POETRY

(see:me)

by Gabriel Mundo



"Conversation" by Nelly Sanchez

I once heard a man (see: white)
say that when a beaner is born
Lady Liberty locks the door.
He was laughing until he saw me.

I am now a brown man (see: danger)
foolish enough to think
he has enough voice to write.
Yet, I have been lucky.

Now, my awards are given
by people who call me
one of the good ones
(see: what they want).

To which I respond by holding a white (see: sun-bleached maggot)
smile until they can no longer see me (see: safety).