2016

Voice

Lauro Vazquez
Dominican University of California

Survey: Let us know how this paper benefits you.
Follow this and additional works at: https://scholar.dominican.edu/tuxedolit
Part of the Art and Design Commons, Creative Writing Commons, and the English Language and Literature Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholar.dominican.edu/tuxedolit/vol2008/iss2/6

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Literature and Languages at Dominican Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Tuxedo Archives by an authorized editor of Dominican Scholar. For more information, please contact michael.pujals@dominican.edu.
by Lauro Vazquez

dishboy don't feel so lonely when you look up into the night and find yourself falling in love with justice. no. don't ask any questions. don't look at the ripe moon. when you stop crying vato, the moon will still be there. the rifle will still be there. beckoning your hands. the skinny dog will still be barking, assaulting the streets with the hoarse howls of his songs. as if he understood your rage. no. dishboy. che will not wait for you, he will not be lighting stars for you in the forest. you're alone ese. just you. and the night and songs you wrote to a girl you loved: "i give you my crippled fingers rotting with soap." "i give you what's left of this liver." "i'll keep my socks, even though you can have my feet." "i give you this tower of beer cans. and a cluster of sparkplugs still warm with the remnants of fire." no. dishboy no one will remember your voice. don't you see? its just you and a rifle. and the bandoliers of rebellion crisscrossing your chest. waiting to explode like the black iris of revolution on zapata's chest.