TRADICIONES
Emanuel Xavier

I want to break tradition
about latin machismo
fucking every puta in sight
leaving behind nine million, billion children
scattered throughout Brooklyn, Manhattan, the Bronx
marrying the most humble, convenient wife
then cheating on her
beating her
whenever the gandules are too cold-
forget about the chuletas

I want to break tradition-
respecting elders que no me respetan
keeping in touch with distant relatives
that don't give a flying coño about me
because blood is supposed to be thicker than arroz con dulce
but you see, my friends are my family
because they love and accept mis locuras
and don't consider me
una desgracia de la familia

I want to break tradition-
distrusting all blancos
because they do not speak the language
or know how to dance salsa or merengue
Sin embargo, everyone on those telenovelas
has el pelo pintado rubio and green contacts
trying to be la nueva Rita Hayworth or Raquel Welch
adopting supremacist beliefs

I mean, when was the last time you saw a morena
playing anything other than the maid
on Canal 41 o 47?
I want to break tradition-
the mentiras my parents told me about
negros
chinos
gringos
maricônes
cachaperas
Smashing it against the ground
like coconuts
because mi tierra, mi patria es mi barrio
where our Spanish eyes are not blinded by prejuicios
where la unica palabra that we do not understand
is hate
y que siga...
y que siga la tradicion
bajo la luna, maybe
pero no en el corazon