

New Poetry by Luis-Lopez Maldonado: “Virus Como Chocolate” and “Pancho Villa, Cesar Chavez y Luis Lopez Maldonado”



YELLOW ORANGE RED DEAD / *image by Amalie
Flynn*

Virus Como Chocolate

In the Dead of Summer I wake to every color but the black in
my eyes the dry in my mouth the fake justice tattooed on a
flag stars in drag locked-up in a box at the top-left: you
see, we will continue to smile even without teeth without
peace without the privileged never leaving our sheets because
rainbow rainbow rainbow rainboi

In the Dead of Summer cotton linen nylon shut my mouth and I
cannot swallow cannot sing cannot moan and on hospital beds
others foam facetime the new normal birds running into
the windows into reflection into sanitized jail where you
cannot pass Go and collect \$200 cannot stop it from coming and
claiming what's already dead: expiration date dripping off
forehead dripping into IV bag into a collapsing body

You see, because China because virus because Trump the
greatest country in the world is dumping dumping bodies like
trash because no masks no beds no ventilators no vaccine:
and winter into spring into fall into lockdown and I can't
tell the difference between water and chocolate anymore

Pancho Villa, César Chavez y Luis Lopez-Maldonado

Race floats back and fourth between us
because Amerikkka is still wrong, still shooting
our people from behind, raping us from behind,

pushing us to the side, brown bodies bruised like bats,
our lungs lives livers struggling to survive in the streets
whites claim as only theirs. Green trees turn

yellow orange red dead, and still we are the only immigrants
in this country no-where-togo-no-where-tohide-no-where-todie.
Sigüemos peleando su batalla hermanos compadres.

Popular kulture is peachy as puke, candidates like Trump
trying to build a wall in our land to keep us out,
calling us rapists drug lords thieves and illegals:

But my tongue will never hide behind brown lips and I will
continue yelling fuckyou's and chupa mi verga güey! I will
stand tall, gold crucifix wrapped around brown throat
and fist up towards heaven, pounding the sky with orgullo.