

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

David Rios, Jr: “Como la Flor and Al Pastor”

David Rios, Jr. · Wednesday, November 15th, 2017

My girl is a wild cat, she is indigo

She is Como la Flor, she is al pastor

She is black beans on white rice, she is a guajillo chilè soup

She is red velvet with cream cheese frosting

She can talk more than your Tia Lupe

She listens better than \$45 an hour with a \$20 copay

She is mustard cable-knit sweaters, she is black tights with holes

And sheer striped dresses

She is an Infinity Mirror, she is Kusama

She is The Kiss, she is Klimt, she is a Garden of Earthly Delights, she is Bosch

She is vermicelli noodles, she is half a slice of lime

She is beef broth and thin slices of rare steak

She is orange Thai tea with lychee jelly, red bean

And a big yellow straw

She is juicy pork dumplings, she is mapo tofu

She is tonkotsu broth, she is a runny egg yolk

She is seaweed and bamboo, she is pork chashu

She can little spoon or she can jetpack like a champ

She is frozen popsicle fingers and frozen mochi toes,

She is Just Like Heaven, she is a Blue Monday

She knows Love Will Tear Us Apart

She is my cinnamon queen

She is a Pasadena Spring, she is a Boston Fall

She is la Casa Azul in summer time Coyoacan, she is Frida

She is a challenge, she is a winter hike up Machu Pichu

She is vino, she is la valle de Guadalupe

She is mixtape Drake feels with College Dropout Kanye beats

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