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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Matt Sedillo: “Mowing Leaves of Grass”

Chiwan Choi · Wednesday, October 9th, 2019

### Mowing Leaves of Grass

I am the as yet written vengeance of Elvira Valdez

The best laid plans of Modesta  
The reckoning of Santa Cruz  
San Ysidro  
Bisbee  
Chandler  
Porvenir

the blood sweat and tears  
of all that I refuse to forget  
I am that unpaid debt

no sidekick  
no subplot  
no mascot  
no ethnic study  
the universe I embody

the ground above me  
the sky beneath my feet

marching las calles  
y las estrellas  
through circular calendars  
sleep dealing  
Siqueiros y Rivera  
past the past  
the future  
in the present  
in lak ech  
all at once  
cause in this moment  
i am you

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and you are me  
and we

are two clenched fists  
that still lit fire  
sacred kept  
the final breath  
of the so called  
last fighting Aztec  
laughing in the face of death  
the blade of El Pachuco  
guarding the temple steps  
the strength of memory  
the promise of tomorrow  
yo soy chicano

y chicano soy  
y adonde me lleves  
el chicano voy

they want you to think this is important  
critical  
to your rehabilitation  
for the way in which you entered this world

read Thomas Jefferson  
or else you'll pregnant

standards and practices  
curriculum and instruction  
And you product  
of public education  
do not interrupt  
or you'll be led cuffed  
face first  
To pavement  
Like  
your father  
your grandfather  
your mother  
your nina  
your tios  
Till you learn your lesson  
it's not personal  
it's all you people

so don't get mad  
don't be hurt  
and don't make this political

this is economic  
objective  
the law of self interest  
if we let you in  
what will become  
of the cannon  
the classics

who will shelve  
the wit and wisdom  
of Ben Franklin  
Shelly  
Shakespeare  
Chaucer  
Walt Whitman  
From the  
Paumonok  
starting

What has  
miserable  
Inefficient mexico  
to do with the great mission  
the new world  
the noble race

you fought  
you lost  
you don't get to define this  
this isn't racism  
it's providence  
progress  
And god willing  
you filthy mongrels  
it is just the way it is

I look at you  
and i dont see color  
i see labor  
I see law and order  
Cops and robbers  
guards and convicts  
institutions of correction  
schools that look like prisons  
caged apartments  
where the cost of living  
the cost of being  
brown  
is as high

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as wage theft  
and the rent

forget  
your savage tongue  
I will teach you  
this robust  
American love  
spoonfeed you spics  
freedom of speech  
till you learn  
to take a joke  
and speak to authority  
I will show you  
Who you are  
In a book  
And you will believe it  
Cause I said it  
and now you read it  
and who are you  
to question  
The cannon the classics  
Lowry  
Kuerst  
walk out  
on the great white brilliance  
of Wilson  
Garfield  
Roosevelt  
Lincoln  
now listen cause  
cause this is important

The universe  
Is a muralist  
The cosmos  
our self portrait  
starring  
A danzante  
A curandera  
A poet laureate  
a stylist  
a mechanic  
the barrio dandy  
Cruising the rings of Saturn  
To the travel tips of Torres  
Carrasco tearing  
Down the curtain  
On union station

Joaquin returning  
Triumphant  
Marching through the halls of Tucson  
Mowing down leaves of grass  
Fuck Walt Whitman  
This is  
An Art Leboe  
Dedication  
To  
Frida  
Selena  
Cantinflas  
Luis Rodriguez  
Valdez  
Sor Juana  
Sandra  
Anzaldua  
The Mighty Quinn  
to all that we are  
And all we have been  
Through lifetimes  
and timelines  
galaxies and dimensions  
of pain pride and resistance  
and gothic  
are the solar showers  
in the days of living music  
when the people of the sun  
were dancing  
to the tune of Valenzuela  
and la luna was a calavera  
as the ancestors  
welcomed in the future  
Through circular calendars  
Where I am you  
And you are me  
sitting at a desk  
Looking to the stars  
Searching for the end  
To a poem  
That never began  
That always was  
And forever shall be

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