

the lesson of history is that
we must
not despair.
must. not. be discouraged.

lies circle us and may drown us.
do not be discouraged.
truth is powerful, fluid and unbreakable.

lies manifest into artificial creations called nations,
blind devotion to a notion as immobile as this. ludicrous.
no one owns a monopoly on morality.
our nation's excursions abroad are versions of hostile takeovers,
not democracy and liberty.

spreading their imperialistic religion by the sword.
in indigenous lands, mexico, cuba, philippines, guatemala, iraq y mas y mas

as baba poet langston said, "we are nymphomaniacs of power."
even though it seems there is no prophylactic
to stop the U.S. sexually transmitted democracy,
do not be discouraged.

we have poets. we have artists.

do not be discouraged.
listen: do you hear their songs?
their metaphors and symbols used to give us second sight?
see the visions in the dark and light of their canvas, streetcorner, zine, video,
mural, web site?

do not be discouraged.
death tolls multiply as wars multiply,
dividing like cancerous cells at a torrid pace,
poisoning soldiers' minds into demonization for an unholy cause,
poisoning a soul of a nation into an artificial aberration.

whatever we may hear, read, witness,
even if we see the numbers of dead in Iraq multiply to the tens of thousands
overnight,
even if the cancer spreads to Iran, N.Korea, or Indonesia,
or all the supreme court justices have their left wings cut by the right hand of
Born Again Texan Christian God and given synthetic haliburton eyes
or jeb bush wins the white house in 2008,
do not be discouraged.

we must

demand that our children live cancer free in peace,
teach our children how to fly, that one wing makes for a looney bird,
or at best, one that cannot fly, only crash into the dust.

teach our children that humans are not demons nor angels,
we are not numbers to be divided,
we are alive.

we live with a beautiful god inside of us of our own creation,
and the joy of life is discovering each other's holiness.

going beyond the melanin, nationhood, and other artificial creations
that keep us blind from truly saying

tu eres mi otro yo

tu

eres

mi

otro

yo

in lak esh

i and thou

yo y tu y yo y tu y yo y tu y yo y tu y yo y tu y tu y tu y yo: we
cannot be discouraged.

we must

listen to the voice of our soul,
trust the direct dissonance we feel
when the rules are unjust.
act out our courage for peace and justice.

if we see a sign

that says:

"young ladies or young men who can picket, please sign below."

sign.

but do not let it be our only signature of who we are on this earth.

our arms, feet, should dance into an act of our own creation.

we do not have to block a freeway or commit suicide
in order to leave our mark

that we are for justice.

we are for love.

we are for peace.

do something.

let the somethings multiply and multiply

so we become the antivirus, the antidote
unifying so that the tree of our nation,
our community
does not die in vain.

ready?
let's get on our toes, together.
it is time for us to speak again.
do not
be
discouraged.
weeeeeee...

6/5/05; 6/12/05; 7/4/05