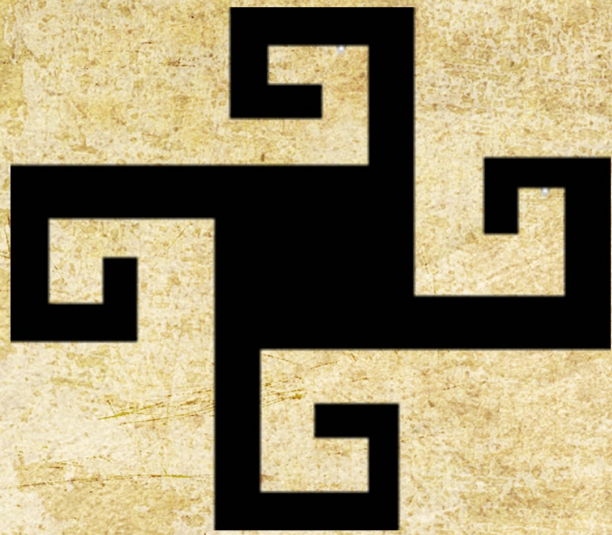


FOUR DIRECTIONS



Visions of a Real

American

Aztatl Garza

FOUR DIRECTIONS:

Visions of a Real American

By

AZTATL GARZA

With Illustrations By

TheAngryindian

for

Aboriginal Press Books

Occupied N. America - Republic of South Africa - Occupied Australia

This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported License. To view a copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/> or send a letter to Creative Commons, 171 Second Street, Suite 300, San Francisco, California, 94105, USA.

All written works are the property of Aztatl Garza and are presented here under a traditional copyright.

Document design and artwork is presented here under a traditional copyright.

First Published On:

The American Holiday to Thank Jesus for Indigenous Genocide
(Thanksgiving Day)

2010

You are encouraged to read, recommend and distribute this e-document freely, intact and without material profit. You are authorised to republish excerpts provided they are accompanied by an attribution back to this document and the author/publisher.

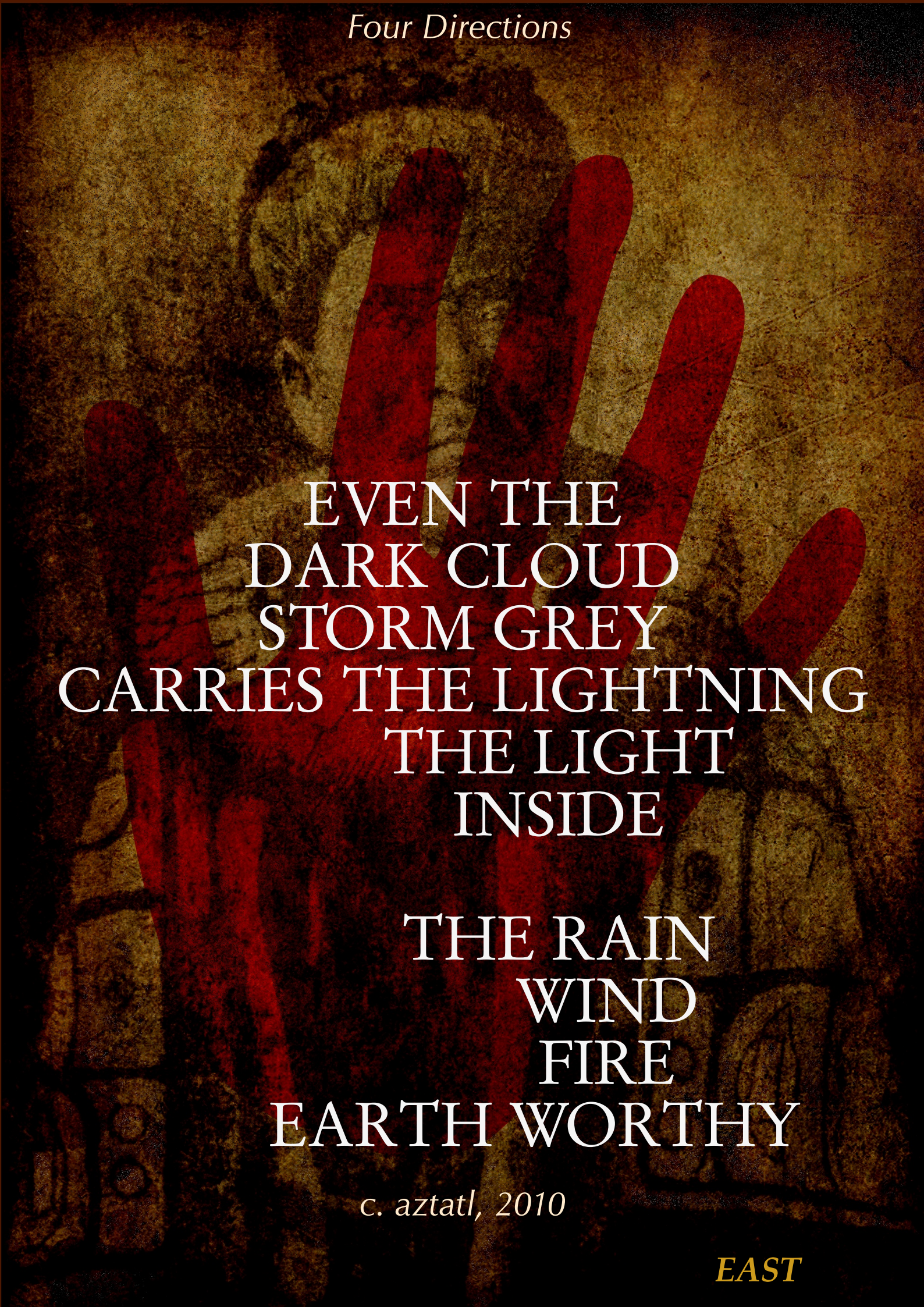
Contact the Author:

aztatlxikano@gmail.com

Artwork adapted from images contained in the extremely racist:

'The Secret Museum of Mankind'

<http://ian.macky.net/secretmuseum/index.html>



EVEN THE
DARK CLOUD
STORM GREY
CARRIES THE LIGHTNING
THE LIGHT
INSIDE

THE RAIN
WIND
FIRE
EARTH WORTHY

c. aztatl, 2010

EAST

I was born a dark
skinned suspect, born
in a one room tin
roofed shack, south
San Antonio, born on
parole/probation
don't you know the
kind? a loose
long haired drug dealer
not,
with a large dog for
protection not,
you from the big city
know
the ominous dark
police vehicle
"To Serve and To
Protect"
private property &
landed class
circles the block
one more time
for a closer look at you
foot loose soldier
robbed of our privacy/
thoughts of well being
disrupted
a suspect where there
is no crime
it raised a memory as a
child
in the fresh fruit
market, Bagley Street
downtown barrio
southwest Detroit
after mass on Sunday
we stopped to replenish
the spices mom used
for her cooking...

comino, chile verde,
mole, canela, queso
Mexicano, oregano,
cilantro y mas
when in one of the bins
in a dark corner
squatted a cord of
cumquats (kiwi fruit?)
the unfamiliar word
out loud brought
to mind
australia...cuwana?...ko
wala
bear? it must be bear
fruit that humans
can eat as well, it
would prove
to be strange fruit
indeed
of the kind Lady Day
sang
when my dark little
child hand reached
to experience the
texture of the miniature
coconut the store
owner quickly grabbed
it,
with a black
permanent ink marker
he
etched a large X on the
upturned palm,
was it for brother
Malcolm? no
he was calling me a
thief branded
although nothing had
been taken

I smiled at the store
owner thinking
it was some sort of
game he was playing
my father had seen the
entire episode
he looked into my eyes
the trauma
was his as well, at first
I questioned myself,
out of curiosity had I
intended to steal the
fruit?
had the intent been
relayed as an
expression of guilt ?
was the store owner
a knowledgeable seer of
the kind
my grandmother had
spoken?
the trauma so great to
this day
I do not know what the
hairy fruit feels like
I suppose when "they"
believe they have you
alone, no witnesses, no
defense is possible
no justice should be
expected
truth is the first
casualty of war
on the streets of the
barrio sometimes
truth wears a subtle
coat chased
underground

runs from the depths of
fear and racism,
I suppose each stand a
person assumes
should be weighed -
tempered carefully
according to weather
conditions at the time -
the response chosen
with care in order
to survive the injustice
& return
to the struggle for
dignity & democracy,
someone explain to me
however-
how does one protect
ones self esteem?
what is the cost of not
standing up?
to what place is the
principle of self defense
relegated? what
becomes of self
determination,
the future, when the
people are fearful?
who if not us who know
will speak for the people
who cannot speak for
themselves?

a-ho

c. aztatl, 2006

BORN A SUSPECT
(for the innocent victims of racism,
racial profiling, & police brutality)

WEST

OCEAN SONG KIVA

Arizona, Earth Mother
sand burns the bare feet
sand stings the naked skin
there is no sign of Rain
the Sea Creatures suffer
from the drought of compassion

the water is unsafe to drink

Kiva sand Circle Pit is the womb
Kiva Red Road journey has Heart
Sea Shells from distant shores
cling to heated walls
Sea Water
Original Containers
encircle heated floor

Concha Shells announce Sun Father
sinking behind jagged stone desert hills

WIND BLOWN SAND BREATH STINGS THE FACE

BACKWARD DESCENT
OCEAN SONG KIVA
AT THIS MOMENT
MOVEMENT
TRUTH APPEARS
A HUICHOL PARROT FEATHER FROM THE SOUTH
TEACHER GATHERING FROM THE NORTH AND SOUTH

THE ELDERS DANCE RIGHT
THE SKY MOVES LEFT

OUR PRAYERS CARRIED HIGH

THE ADJUSTMENT IS COMPLETED

Modern Day Dichotomies: Neoliberalism

COAHUILA
LIPAN APACHE
GUATEMALTECO MAYA
XIKANO I AM

THIS IS WHY
I AM SO OBSTINATE,
I WANT MY FREEDOM,
IT BELONGS TO ME.

I am not
a veggie-tarian
I am Tyranno
saurus Rex where
the truth has sharp claws where
the future will soon be the past, &
the past is locked into the future
por eso,
!no pare de bailar!

cryptology:
Oh black stone,
Oaxaca misfortune
black stone that dances,
alone in the imagination,
three Sun Dancers strong

Black Stone of alcoholic stupors
Black Stone of material resistance;
among the Same Ones, oh!
Black Stone of Perpetual Change

round perfect black stone
I wear as badge of honor

c. aztatl

NORTH

NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT #3

one:

*cruising
not snoozing
choozing
latin jazz reet
mambo jungle beat
Saturday night heat*

*summer lightning I
never had it so good
lost as I am blue green
lagoon deep dormant
treasure of your eyes
my friend...*

obsession?

*hell yes-
maybe-
but no !*

*this is not so simple
or an ad for perfume*

taboo?

*only the blues,
only sadness,
only madness*

*moments lost to fear,
long parting only
disasters of the spirit
should be forbidden*

two:

*yo soy I am
down on one knee I offer you
an odorous rose for your nose to
clasp between your goddess toes*

*shall I whimper a puppy dog life-
style
poetic supplication at your
rejections,
become a slick mass of hula-
dancing
cherry jello for you to annihilate
into umpteen zillion smithereens
with your 10 lb. circus sledge
hammer*

*entangled
persistent
rhythmic
imagination
eager finger tip
a burning torch*

*down honeyed brow
fragile neckline warm
succulent peach cream
colored coral lips down,
slowly we melt the ice age
with sordid premeditation*

three:

*pathfinder trespass
over first layer of taut
heated skin over firm
fire-tipped breast
wanderings
homeless hunger
lingers
slowly down into
southern most valley;*

*sun fine warmed wine
golden winged firebirds
we sing and sing
pressed tightly
against our will to resist;
I dream*

four:

*querida,
forgive my insolence
I am down on both knees
I am smitten by your beauty
you are the ink in my pen
the brand new snow tires on
this icy-slick highway of life,
I am but a great hairy Tex-Mex
ape man trapped in this
crazy zoo of loneliness*

*too cool
for school*

*itching
scratching
slipping
on purpose on
another banana peel
a clown for you
that I might hear
your laughter again*

five:

*fragrant
French pastry
slippery ecstasy*

*taste of your sweet maple
marmalade;
tell me please*

*do fantasy dreams come true?
am I doomed to wonder
how it might have been?*

*I need to know
by Internet s.o.s.
by pony express
by wax sealed
oceanic-bounding
wave-traveled reality
by softly parted lips*

*steamy chicken
holiday tamale*

*duena de mi paz,
forgive my persistence*

*passion is neither coarse
nor lewd it rules natural orbit
of our Earth Mother Universe
our birth right our proper fit*

*your eyes meet mine
y la cosa ya estubo-*

six:

*patiently reserved I shall
water our wild roses I shall
cling to edge of our deliverance
our passing seasons of
aphrodisia-
who can claim pretend to tame
their good natured intentions?*

con un abrazo

con chile con carne

*con passive resistance,
a haunted coyote melody
I am captured-*

*remember
what Freddie Fender had to say;
"a little bit of something
is better than nada,
even though sometimes we want
the whole enchilada"*

*this writing,
the devil made me do it.*

c. aztatl, 2010

SOUTH



Aboriginal Press Books

Occupied N. America - Rep. South Africa - Occupied Australia