

Manic Hispanic "Poem"

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It's a hot barrio night,
The smell of Budweiser, Cors and Olympia
Flowing through the air.
The sun setting, picking through the smile
It's beautiful holmes.
My old lady is in the back,
Cooking frijoles, and tortillas,
And leftover menudo from this morning.
She is cool holmes.
My stupid neighbour's perro
Took a cacas all over my front yard ese!
Stupid perro, there's no big thing
I'm just kicking back with my home boys
My coronelis da manic Hispanic holmes.
Doin' a number ese, rolling some mota.
All of a sudden,
A 1963 lord lime green metal (flex?) Chevy Biscayne
Start's driving down my stream.
I don't know what to think, I have never seen that ride
before.
It's scary holmes!
All of a sudden this four vatos in the car,
Drive right up to my front yard holmes.
I start trippin' now holmes,
What's going on Ralphie, Hoakie, Chino?
It's scary no? Que no, ese!
I'm thinkin' man,
Why does this have to happen now?,
I'm gettin' off the parole and everything holmes,
My uncle Bamby got me the job, and everything, you
know?
All of a sudden this four vatos in the car, you know?
They look right at me and my three compadres,
And smile! Trip out on that holmes!
I've heard about this things before,
It's a drive-by smile!
So me and my compas retaliate right away,
Because we're not chickens,
And we smile back!
I do believe that some day,
There was eight happy vatos in the barrio,
Just for a minute!

And I think to myself, orale holmes,
It makes me want to cry,
But I won't cry,
Because I'm brown and down.
But it makes you think,
Isn't it all bizarre?
Vaya con Dios! for now!

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