

Los Murales Soñolientos

Qué es
lo que cuentan
Los murales soñolientos
por la noche?
What is the native tongue
of a dream
that rides,
through space and time,
Upon the concrete surfaces
of our
Waking lives?
What idiom,
Weaves the huipil
of its style?
Que idioma?
Florece
de las hojas
de su habla?
To pervade the paradigms
Of a gran metropoli's
monoliths and monomyths,
Plain Brick Agents
of the institutional
day to day?

The breath
Of an ancestral king
Whispers
upon the feathered wing
Of my mortal frame

Y me lo cuenta Nezahualcoyotl,

(air?) There, just beyond
the artifice
of time,
A regal Tlatolli scroll,
A living glyph,
Alights
upon the real time
Of my living rhyme,
It is the call,

Reveals Running Coyote,
it is the tug
the pulse,
Of history,
Herstory,
Ourstory,
Fluyendo
Desde Vietnam hasta East LA
From the Conquest to Neo-indigenismo days
From da hood y el barrio
to LACMA with love
Y
Desde Magulandia,
hasta
nuestros corazones

And the key? Que idioma?
What idiom?
Is unfurling
From this
coiled serpent's tongue,

Two syllables surfacing,
As I channel
the great nahua sage,
Yn aquin amamatl quimati amapan
quitoz yn ixquich
ycuiliuhtica ypan oras,
To mark the hour upon the age,
A lyrical Codex
Dedicated
to the
Beloved Magus
de los murales,

His name,
Two alchemical
acrylics,
Shining
upon
a glorious brick
in the painted piramide
Of memory,
That descends eternally,

Toward the first abuelos
Pintando by the fire,
Fingertips dipped
In the very azul of the sea
alkali of the earth, tears of the sun
And the beating blood of my heart,
Todo lo sagrado,

And then, I see him,
Here,
Through the smoking mirror,
Gazing from the eye
of this mural soñoliento,
Inviting us
To know
what sage stones speak,
The painted breaths
that mute walls breathe,
To trace the soul
of all things
That dream
upon la tierra

In the back of a
47' Chevy Sedan,
Abuela Peaches packs
the mental menudo
While
El Conejo,
A Jaguar man,
Some Pyramid Vatos,
A Pack of Xoloitzcuintle,
El Fireboy Y Mingo,
Los Amantes,
And Gilbert Lujan
Low ride down Whittier Blvd
Blasting Bloodstone's Natural High,
Dreamin' Casually.....

Following the sunset,
in search of new colors and idiomas
Tinged in the tongue of eternity

Querido Magu,

It is thy memory that ever calls upon me,

By
Samuel Temblador