

Magu Poem

Knock twice
And wipe your feet
Before you step into this dream
Where the Nina, the Pinta, The Santa Maria
Where the whole Spanish Armada drowned at sea
Where homeboys and road dogs ride low
Cruising avenues unbroken
Where the sun sets on pyramids and drive ins
Where time bends and romance blossoms
Where it's best to come in peace
For these visions are sacred, blessed and protected
By Jaguar Warriors and Coyote tricksters with Pachuco leans
For the things worth fighting for
Are worth protecting
When Gilbert Magu Lujan
Set about his work he called it Chicano art
Critics initially called his subjects the work of peasants
Magu and los four became famous the world over
But even today
Even in the grip of a pandemic
Even as the Mexicans make up
The bulk of the essential workforce of America
We are still collectively seen as a people who live
Just below the surface
Fit to serve and be forgotten
But the is story of here is there
And that story is ours
And it goes like this

We are here and we always have been
So welcome to Magulandia
Welcome the singing of our song
Welcome to our painting on the wall
Welcome home to a seat at the table
Pour yourself some
Mental menudo
Some food for thought
At the intersection of the past and the present
Where Whittier cuts through Tenochtitlan
Where hot rods leave the world we know in the rear view
Trade it all in for a smoking mirror
Where we cruise the avenues where time bends
On the road to a land that never left
To a place that was always been
Que viva Magulandia
Que viva Aztlan

By
Matt Sedillo