PAISAHOOD

Is this what it means to be a Paisa
    Hearing Mariachi tune instruments
to play out my eleventh hour
Too tired from migrant labor
to ask the sun why this is so
Hoping Ama y Apa are all right
Counting almond rows and out-singing the tractor
to pass the time.

Is this what it means to be a Paisa
    To be visited by the corn-sent saint
jugs full of water hanging from both hands
plaid shirt unbuttoned just enough
tip of a serpentine tattoo visible
me wanting nothing more than to follow it
to canonization
to Paisahood.