Astrophysicist

a  Hijooooo
de la gran
chingada!

almost trembles the locked door out of its hinges.
Inside there’s a fuzzy 18 inch television,
y a welted indio who failed his remedial English exams.

A indio who couldn’t translate
the blank papeles of belligerent civilization
that enclosed his bastardized name.

A indio who sleeps on dictionaries,
believing that the contact will help memorize
every entry con his accent intact.

A indio whose parents don’t know
how to read, but they associate red zeros
con a reluctance to try, a resistance
to integrate into the exploited gates
of irate achievement that apprehend jaded
wrists y clenched fists

that used to roam
through dirt roads, ramshackle cathedrals
mud brick plazas, y

jungles concealing
monumental stones con
the vernacular of the universe.

Tonight on NOVA, asteroid belts
and
segregated paradies.