

The rhymes and poems that you see on these pages represent a new form of an old art. The use of colloquial poehiamos and the "toniqueo del barrio" is not a put-on, but rather a mode of expression that defies the narrow confines of a sterile gabacho world.

It has been said that the poetry of a period is indicative of the mood of the times. Believe it. Read the contemporary Chicano poets. Alurista, Monroya, and the hundreds of newly-published authors such as Manuel Jimenez.

They talk first-hand about jefitones and jale, hopes and heartaches, deaths and dreams. El estudiante en el campo y el campesino en la escuela. La vida que tenemos y la que queremos. Una vida nueva para nuestros carnalitos y la raza mexicana.

These are the endeavors of our carnales, and well worthy of our recognition and appreciation.

The following lines were written by Manuel Jimenez (Meño de Woody) a freshman student at the College of the Sequoias and an active member of UMMS.

The rhyme without a title was written one day when he hurried to a class from picking olives without time to change clothes and found himself unmelancholy.

--Fernando D. Vasquez

UN PENSAMI

i am from
the lost roads
can't remember
where i came from
don't know
where i'm going

my father
with all his valor
decides
our destiny

cotton fields
in texas
treacherous and suffocating

apple groves
in washington
blankets never suffice
the cold never ignored

in californita
el tomate y cebolla
back breaking
stop work

sombreros
cannot stop
the roasting sun
from scorching
our brown skin....
more brown

up north again
pick apricots
and cherries

my father....
que lastima
tired and ween
dying
from the wounds
inflicted
by the days

but never complaining

may gustoso
he awaits
the moment
when
inarianita, jorge
trigual, sanjans
and ricardo
jump on him
with all their carino

that's all that he lives for

my father
can no longer
work
like he used to

his children starving
we received
a very small amount
of unemployment
called WELFARE

for this
the capitalist rich growers
call my father scavenger

trying
just to stay alive
my father
with all his regrets
takes his
pregnant wife
and eight children
to work

but yet
they brand us lazy

my older brother
dropped out
of school
to help support
our poverty strike family

a month later
he
was drafted

nine months hence
he
was killed
in action

for his country ???
what did it ever do
for us?

they never lent
an extra
breast
to help feed
our young ones

they never gave us
a decent place
to live in

ENTO

just houses of tin
in farm labor camps

freezing in
in the cold climate
steaming
during the warm months

my father
not speaking english
doesn't understand
WHY
we are treated
this way

i have heard
and read
that this
is the richest country
in the world

that there is
no poverty

i don't see
how
my padres
can take it

I CAN'T

i mustn't
feel this way

i'm asking for too
for too much

what
silly hopes....
a day dream

i'm trying hard
to be
like my padres

but
my conscience
bothers me

i feel
it's all wrong....

ah
forget it

i'm just
another migrant

MIGRANT

today we got to go to work
almorzando i stab my carne with a fork

like everyday we hit the jale
i wish my dad would tell him chale

with espinas on the trees so big
i would rather be picking the fig

i scratch my manos time and time
to jalar an orange is a crime

the box is paid at 30 cents
i hone we make 10,000 bins

i got four sisters que parecen chatas
that pick the bottoms as our ratas

with 20 kids we have at home
everywhere we have to roam

we harvest the riches of the land
in one year we earn 2 whole nrand

at school i talk a messed up pocho
my spanish is a little mocho

el que me ahuita mas is my teacher
whatever he says parece preacher

i guess i'll out on my sombrero
and live the life of a naraniero

*here i am in my class
just sitting on my big ass
all around me gabachos sitting
a day dream i feel like spitting*

*they look at me as if i am cochino
but i know que soy vato fino*

*the teacher looks at the clothes i wear
and even at the way i comb my hair*

*looking at my combat boots
are those ugly sophisticated brutes*

*but that's alright
'cause to them i just say chale*

*for i know that me and my hermanos
are proud to be chicanos*