The Rice and Beans Ghosts

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2001

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2002/iss2/3
When Her Grandmother died
She felt a split
The rice and beans -from- the collard greens.
The fried chicken -from- the platanos mas duros.

Anyways
She had always hated ensalada de papas.
When her Grandmother died,
She took a piece of Her with Her.
La India ... Boriqua Taino ... Indian---Spirit.

It died ... too.
Though it would ...
Rise, Rise, Rise! day
And night.

She fought with her inner spirits.
Mother in search of love.
Father in search of freedom.
She was searchin’ for a clue.
A clue, to why she was born.
What she was to do.

So.
She danced
And She sang
Then She beat-boxed and spoke Slang
... Dang
... Dang
... Growing Pangs
... Then
One day ...

¿Adonde estan mis arroz y habichuelas?
¿Y mis chicharrones de pollo, donde estan?
¿Aye, bueno, y mis platanos mas duros?
¿Donde? ¿Donde?
¿Viste mi abuelita?

Ah, si. Dile a ella que quiero hablar con ella cuando tenga tiempo.

Oh how long it has been since she ate pork-cured collard greens, Her other Grandmother doesn't even make them anymore. And nobody learned to make pasteles.