The Rice and Beans Ghosts

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2002/iss2/3
When Her Grandmother died
She felt a split
The rice and beans
The fried chicken
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 chicarrones 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.