

**AstroPhysicist**

a        *Hijoooooooo*  
          *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 paradises.*