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The Jaguar Moon Has Risen

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These Native Scars

mañana doesn’t come  
for he who waits  
—Alurista; When Raza?

I hope that  
When I walk  
The Arizona  
Streets

They see my  
Native face  
And think  
That I’m  
Illegal

Because I  
Would consider  
It an insult  
If they said  
I looked  
American

I am not a corporate dream  
I am not a movie screen

I hope they  
Ask me for  
My green card

And force me  
To the wall

I hope they  
Mock my  
Silent tears

And spit on  
My worn feet

I will show them native scars  
I will claim the sky as pain
I am not an alien
I know all my history:

It is now.
I Have Never Left

Every time
I walk
Upon this
Tierra
I see my
Mother’s
Footprints
From when
She walked
Barefoot
To the well
To get
Water for
Her
Brothers
And sisters

Every time
I walk
Upon this
Tierra
I feel my
Father’s
Heavy
Hands
Working
En el campo
Sweating
Profusely
And cursing
The
Overbearing
Sun

Every time
I walk
Upon this
Tierra
I hear my
Abuela’s
Flowers
Singing to
Every time
I walk
Upon this
Tierra
I smell my
Abuelo’s
Burro
Lost
Without him
Thirsty
Without his
Gentle
Guidance
To the
Refreshing
Calm
Arroyo

Every time
I walk
Upon this
Tierra
I find myself
Broken into
Sharp
Pieces of
Aztec
Obsidian
Haunted by
Centuries of
Spanish
Colonialism

Every time
I walk
Upon this
Tierra
I soar
And float
On wide wings
Of memoria
And vow
That
I will

Always
Siempre

Return
Volver;

I have never left.

Nunca.
self-portrait of a city

Riding the
Metro
Up
Whittier
Boulevard,

To the
East LA
Library,

I peer
Out of the
Graffiti-laced
Windows

And see
A piñata
Dangling

From the
Tall
Branches

Of a
Willow
Tree;

I know
I am
East

Of the
Artificial
River—

It is
Written
In invisible ink

On the dusty
Shop windows
Where crucifixes
And Virgencitas
Hang

Like ornaments
On concrete
Trees;

I know
I am
East—

It can
Be tasted
Inside the
Marketa

Where the
Aroma del
Bolillo fresco

Meshes

With the
Chisme
And chatter

Of the
Spanglish
Day.

I know
I am
East

Of the
American
River—

It is written
In my
Juxtaposed
Eyes,
As I shift
Perspective
From
Outside
The window,

To the forefront:

Where I find
Myself

Immersed

In the
Naked city.
The Jaguar Moon Has Risen

The ocean echo
Of the Azteca drum
Pulsates the
Concrete streets
Of the Mission District
In the intersection
Of 24th St. and Folsom,

Tonight;

The slender rain
Rhythmically falls
From the turquoise lakes
Of Tenochtitlán—

They are tears
Of Quetzalcoatl;

They are tears
Of La Malinche.

The jaguar moon
Has risen;

The reflection
Illuminates the
Bare feet of the
Serpent dancers:

Allowing them to soar;

They are eagles in the wind.

The ancient incense
Slowly burns
In the middle of
The circle of
The serpent dancers.

We inhale the ancient smoke;

Mountains quake
Inside our minds;

As we exhale
It ascends and
Pierces the flesh
Of the nostalgic clouds:

We are eagles in the wind.

In the intersection of
24th St. and Folsom,
The Azteca drum
Pulsates the
Concrete streets
Of the Mission District:

The barrio
Has risen;

The jaguar moon
Has risen.
Aztlán, at last

what for the rush and bloody pain
we’ll surely die, but then...
—Alurista, Pa’ Cesar Y Corky.

At last,
I’ve found
A ground
To walk
And proudly
Call my home—

Las huellas de
La tierra
Firmes,
Bronceadas,
Like my own.

The movement came
From protest
And it
Reigns in
Reverie—

There’s action
En las calles:
Huelgas,
Murals,
Poetry.

We know the
Strength of
Eagle warriors,

And float
On wings
Of ash—

Somos libres
De Europa
Y también de
Uncle Sam.
The force
Of what
Was written

Now resides
In what
We know.

The mind
is but
An ancient
dahlia
\( b \ l \ o \ o \ m \ i \ n \ g \)
In
the
wind.

At last,
I’ve found
A sky
To claim
And proudly
Call my home—

We grasp
The name from
Sacred sunlight:

\textit{Somos de }
\textit{Aztlán.}
Áiac xictli in tlaltícpac (nadie es ombligo de la tierra)

I am not of
Hispanic

D
E
S
C
E
N
T

I am of
AZTEC ascension/

I am what
My ancestors

Have written
On the walls
Of Teotihuacán:

Áiac xictli in tlaltícpac-
Nadie es ombligo de la tierra-

(No one is the navel of the earth).

* * *

They have used
Red paint

To relay
Black messages

From the lips
Of the fifth sun:

In tlilli in tlapall-
En negro, en Rojo-

(In Black, In Red).
* * *

We are seeds
Of the rain

We retain
What has

F
A
L
L
E
N

In toyollo-
En nuestros corazones-

(In our hearts).
House of the Eagles (Templo Mayor)

in brown america
life keeps going and going and going
and the grapes keep growing and growing
and the anglos keep owning.
—Andrés Montoya; in brown america.

I don’t write
For white
Fame,

I write for
The brown
Pride

Discernible
In the
Street:

I write for me.

I’m not a false
Individual,

Sometimes
I do
Feel the
Rain

Collide
Inside
My mind,

And I can’t
Count the
Leaves

That scatter
Poems

Beside
The window
Of the moon—
Then
And
Now:

It’s all the same.

Now
And
Then:

I feel the pain.

I don’t write
For white
Ears,

I write for
The brown
Palms

Perspiring
In their
Fields:

I write for change.