

Barrio Stories: Finale Poem
DRAFT 2

Poets: Ara, Q, Leo, Zoe, Virginia, Greg

Six poets on crates. In a circle facing outward.

Ara: Let me tell you a story!

Ara, Leo, Zoe, Virginia: Let me tell you a story!

ALL: Let me tell you a story!

Zoe:

The desert is alive!

A desert born of a thousand creation stories

Coarse fur of the coyote

Sharp eyes of the hawk

And the hands of its children

All: Let me tell you a story

Leo:

The pueblo taught you,

That you are never alone

Virginia:

These streets are holding me as I thank them for leaving me space

As I thank them and gravity and you

These streets have held us together

All: Let me tell you a story:

Virginia:

Of love, peace and hope

Two birds watch from their nest

Peck each other in joy

Flap their wings in jubilation

Compose a song that screams

ALL: "LOOOOOK!"

Virginia: Look at all a garden can do.

Greg:

It grows and breaths
Becoming a new entity
Que comen de la luz de mi soul

Ara:

Can you see the way I dance, cry, smile
When Mariachi Las Aguilitas
Perform their canciones
Not as whispers or secrets
BUT AS

ALL: Gritos and pride!

ALL POETS AD Lib gritos

All: Let me tell you a story

Leo:

He waves good morning to a teacher
She responds

ALL: "Buenos dias, mijo"

Leo:

Almost the way his grandmother did,
Cuando todavia estaba aqui

Q:

Who deserves to be remembered?

ALL: Let me tell you a story

Greg:

My name is William Oury
I am free to do and take what I please
So step aside while I manifest my destiny

Ara:

What's in a name?
Lest we forget that all names have meaning

Greg:

I'm a Sympathizer!

ALL: to the Confederacy

Greg:

I'm a Leader!

ALL: Camp Grant Massacre

Ara:

Those stories, now buried
With the bodies
And so the name became--

ALL: Nothing, but a name

ARA:

Although, is it really?
If the truth still lives on.
Let me tell you a story

Zoe:

Close your eyes
Listen to the sound of your breath
Listen to your heartbeat

ALL:

And beat
And beat
And beat

Zoe:

Barrio Anita breathes
This is a place of history
A place of conflict and resolution
Of stories, music, language, love

Q:

This barrio
Is layers upon layers
Of myths & adobe,
Of brick & bone,
Of cuentos & cement.

Virginia

These streets have held us together
Have kept us firm and 6 feet above and said
Let's jump!
Let's dance!

ALL POETS JUMP OFF CRATES

ALL:

And never
let go
of this home!