

Burque

With watermelon mountains
Melting misconceptions
In marijuana dreams
And contemplative confessions
I see cholos chasing chicas
Living *Mi Vida Loca*
Like the ancient *Mexica*
With kicked-back kakis
To camouflage clown faces
We smile now
But we cry later
Breakdancing b-boys
Battling the crossfader
My name is Albuquerque
But my friends call me *Burque*

Mi Madre makes masa
With flour and *manteca*
Rolling out her *tortillas*
And scraping her spices in a *molcajete* Like the ancient *Azteca*
As the *Tolteca* knowledge
Comes from the Grandfathers
And *mi madre* lights a candle
To *La Virgen De Guadalupe*
My name is Albuquerque
But my friends call me *Burque*

Politicians like balloons
Both floating on hot air
As I stare at the sunset
Sending
Yellows
Oranges
Reds
Pinks
Purple
Blues
And that blue-black color of the magic hour Where the mystical
existence of spirits Is evident for those with eyes to see My name is
Alburquerque
But my friends call me Burque
With the Rio Grande pumping life
Through the heart of *Aztlan*
Pumping life
Through the words of storytellers
The blood of warriors
The tears of mothers

The passion of lovers
That river who knew my grandmother
Who named my son
And protects my daughter
Gave inspiration to my father
To sing songs of our people
My name is Albuquerque
But my friends call me *Burque*

The sacred sands of the Santuario
Silently calls the sound for my soul
And the patience and perseverance of the *Penetentes* Plant the seeds that will
one day make me whole
And the legions of Mary
Who pray the rosary for humanity
Who doesn't have enough time to bend their own knees
My name is Albuquerque
But my friends call me *Burque*

Listening to Saturday morning traditions
Played by musicians
The founding fathers of my self-image
Singing *rancheras*
And *cumbias*
And those *boleros* sung with a teardrop on the vocal cords
My name is Albuquerque
But my friends call me *Burque*

I'm looking at Atrisco and I'm thinking of land grants
Wondering if these *chavalitos* even have a chance
As the day turns to night and they begin to dance

You know I was named after a duke who never left Spain And being junior without knowing
your father can bring a lot of pain My name
Is Albuquerque
But my friends call me *Burque*

Manuel González
Albuquerque Poet Laureate
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