



**STUDYDADDY**

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We have to grow . . .

'cause the ones we adorn with "Jibaros y Jibaros"

are afraid to admit

that their sons and daughters

are capable of handling

the destiny

the Land

needless to say their lives

as a Puerto Rican Nation.

We have to grow . . .

'n' show the world

the Borinquenos of this era

are not only ready to die—

but are ready to "think,"

for what we recognize as

Liberty, Justice 'n' the Pursuit of Happiness:

'n' that we aim not to be given this right,

for this right can only be earned—

by revolution!

We have to grow . . .

'n' ready ourselves to defend

that revolution is nothing other

than perpetual change—

on which the creation of every nation is founded

'n' on which the essence of People revolves.

But . . . We have to grow . . .

'cause we cannot—

we must not!—

put M16's 'n' AK47's

in the hands of Brothers 'n' Sisters

whose political scope can't see further than "jitterbugging" . . . . .

We have to grow . . .

to take it.

We have to grow . . .

to take it.

We have to grow . . .

to learn how to take it.

T. C. Garcia

## When was the last time you saw mami smile?

when was the last time  
you saw mami smile?

i mean really smile,

just for nothing smile,

peace of mind smile,

humble smile.

can you remember?

i know i can't.

i remember her smiling

because you ridiculed her

in front of your friends

and she smiled cause

it was the thing to do.

/ you thought it was cute

but inside she felt hurt,

ashamed, stupid.

and can you remember,

the last time mami smiled?

an old friend greeted her one day,

told her how good of a woman she was,

for raising such a fine family

and she smiled.

the old man didn't know

she sacrificed her life

for it to happen.

sixteen years for it to happen.

sixteen years, sixteen long years

working in the garment district,

all to see it happen.

to see her daughters become putas y tecatas  
on simpson street and southern boulevard,  
putas on university levels to americanized dreams  
and her sons strung out on the holy bible  
and themselves

/ ooow i'm bad  
got my rainbow colored playboys  
got my long layered haircut. . . .  
maybe next week i'll turn it into an afro  
naw brother . . . have you seen esos niggers lately  
wearing esos braids  
look like farina and buckwheat of the little  
rascals.

and when was the last time you saw mami smile?  
i mean really smile,  
just for nothing smile,  
peace of mind smile,  
humble smile.

you say you saw her smile the other day  
even though pops beat her up  
with a bat. . .  
after that he went to see his other woman.

there were three little boys running upstairs  
after three little girls  
and mami smiled

for she knew,  
what it would lead to. . . .  
it happened to her.

paca sits on the third avenue el  
with her legs open  
and mami just smiles,  
painfully.

you say you love to see mami smile  
but really smile . . .  
like when her grandchildren call her . . .  
abuela, abuela, abuela  
in the middle of the night  
because el cuco is after them.  
hey but look,  
she's smiling now  
and i'll never make her feel bad again.  
i'll always bring you flowers  
to keep you smiling  
and i'll see you every day,  
keep your place clean  
and, and, an . . .

"sorry son but we have to close the coffin"  
pity i never had a chance to tell her,  
te adoro madre mía. . . .

*Americo Casiano*



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