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José D. Trejo-Maya

AUTHOR'S NOTE: These six poems are part of a larger work, *Death Throws*, which is a mosaic of ethnopoetics rooted in images in nature and memory. The primary source of the motif and sequence of this series is the *Tonālpohualli*, or Count of Days. Drawn from the last section, fifth sun, these poems reference the creation story of the five suns from the tribes of the central plateau of present-day Mexico City. All illustration photographs are in the public domain.

BLUE ASH



You see the Atlas in the man's back/while
in other lands others just prayed
to the Land. Others called it
Mother Earth/
 Pache mama/
 Tonantzin

It went thus: a piercing song

Originally from the small rural pueblo of Tarimoro, Mexico, JOSÉ D. TREJO-MAYA holds a BA in sociology and social work from California State Polytechnic University, Pomona and an MFA in creative writing from Antioch University, Los Angeles. His work has been published in various journals and print media in the United States, England, India, and Spain. His interests include ethnopoetic language poetry, particularly the ancient poet Netzahualcoyotl, contemporary Humberto Ak'abal, and the Gros Ventre/Blackfeet novelist James Welch.

Written/thank tataCuaxtli:

Tonantzi

Tonaca cihuatzintli

tahac on tic mate

canon ti hualehua.

(chorus)

Ti mis tlazoh camachilia

aquinononexto oh tic yolmac.

ti mistalazoh camachilia

Tonantzi

Coztic cihuatzintli

tahac on tic mate

canon tihualehua.

(chorus)

Tonantzi

Iztac cihuatzintli

tahac on tic mate

canon tihualehua.

(chorus)

Tonantzi

tlatlauqe cihuatzintli

tahac on tic mate

canon ti hualehua.

(chorus)

Tonantzi

Chiochiltic cihuatzintli

tahac on tic mate

canon tihualehua.

(chorus)

Ti mistlazoh camachilia

aquinononexto oh tic yolmac ...

This waz given so taking it back:
to the four colors of *maize* or
the four *pieles / pelts / skins* of humanity.

TEAL DAWN

Waz taught to never shake hands w/
pride. When you clasp an Elder's
hand you teal. There's a cipher
@dawn/constellations its melt or
mixtures of photosynthesis and ill
will back all the *Ancestors* in one line.

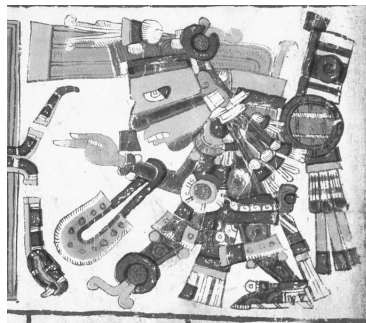
Teal Dawn

We all die slowly in your breath fought
how in writing this shockwave
and metamorphosis at sundown.
Have you lost all those that held
you dearest still dawn in the thunder
storm of laughter and glee

Teel Dawn

Ain't got no fight w/
Achilles but have you heard of
Tezcatlipoca—who lost his left
leg/heel in the underworld.
After returning the bones
of humanity.

Teal Dawn



BLACK LIGHT

The sun falls the same
upon all of us and/or shattered glass.
Was taught to survive or other
wise live under the cloak of anonymity.
Just so the shade covers
only some of us—in photographic
memory double negative screen:
inquire there's words here written
but you can't see them.
As the oxygen you're breathing
Ancestral DNA:
what do you carry in
your heart bag?
Just words to carry in
 crush/ crystals

or gold rain.
Overflow flashes of in-sight:
Elders told your guard aura presence radiates.
Pound on the oxygen amidst the ether
you get black/
 light between shadows
 Lonewolf step into the frame:
 Chicome Tecpatl/ 7-Flint
 OxlahunKib/13-Fight

ADDENDUM & STORM

12.19.17.1.5
2 Chikchan 3 Pax
In Maya Long Count

To whom it may concern:

Where I'm from one becomes careless with one's life. They asked who influenced your work. I'm the last one Sir the reply no answer back. This ain't no call n respond as hummingbirds fight. Mist has fallen on this letter or the facsimile black. Again this gets to the essence or atomic matter as storms gathered in the jade eyes' glare. And you can't take this shaded blue and glee.

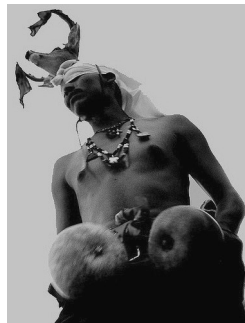
Where I'm from one can become belligerent with one's life. Only got myself to hold it down with you see the demeanor sullen and hard. A tone of brawn the only loved one's already gone.

Anonymous.

P.S. The above mentioned ain't ha extinct
Calendar/measure these words are heavy in the air.

TULARE CA. 1806

Razzle dazzle held the gourd
outside awaited the double door:
in the stream besides [sweat]
Lodge *Bear Medicine*.
Chololo medicine men awake
the fight.
And after [six] hours in the hearth
Stone.
Live what's written in the smoke?
Then saw a Yaqui Deer Dancer
standing in the dark:



RED/FEEL

Blood red as feel rain
sharp as double edge obsidian I.
Feel sand in your eyes or rain breathe you're afraid.
I'm lost brotha can you help me.
We all bleed red inside the veins
and then kneel.

Tony el Peruano me decía; nosotros somos/altos de Amor.
I only really love myself.
But before this breathe ancestral forte
shaded into stone 'blood in blood out' my brotha'
so in the streets metaphor wealth brings you're afraid.
But *in-xochitl in cuicatl*:
so the stones bled into these sound
words you touch the ideas you grow.
In the persona of the night owl that sees all.

El Lobo solitario tiene que sangrar estos logros.
Lonewolf bleed these achievements,
here the image froze.
This lexicon or tone of brawn
have you seen your father die in you're afraid.
Hold this sword melts like the passage off time.
So this is running long and a third
of the above written the present predicament.

Tienes que pagar por lo que tienes.
Words held by the sahumador
when copal resin/sap awaken
these precise mosaics turned into stone.
Bleed red as feel pain of laughter
and rein sober steps without falter.