5-2-2014

Latin-America

Mauricio E. Novoa
Gettysburg College, novoma01@alumni.gettysburg.edu
Class of 2014

Follow this and additional works at: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury

Part of the Poetry Commons

Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.

Available at: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2014/iss1/26

This open access poetry is brought to you by The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College. It has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of The Cupola. For more information, please contact cupola@gettysburg.edu.
Latin-America

Keywords
creative writing, poetry

Author Bio
Mauricio Novoa is a senior at Gettysburg College from Glenmont, MD (DMV stand up!), finally getting published in something that isn’t a notebook. An English major with a Writing Concentration, most of his works are social justice based, looking at the social elements that affect everyday people in America, thanks mainly to his work with the Center for Public Service and his mentor, Kim Davidson. He would also like to shout out Jeffery Rioux, Gretchen Natter, Tammy Hoff, and Professors Meyer and Melton for adding to the art.

This poetry is available in The Mercury: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2014/iss1/26
Latin-America
Mauricio Novoa

“Tu no puedes comprar el viento, Tu no puedes comprar el sol
Tu no puedes comprar la lluvia, Tu no puedes comprar el calor
Tu no puedes comprar las nubes, Tu no puedes comprar los colores
Tu no puedes comprar mi alegría, Tu no puedes comprar mis dolores”
-Chorus from the song “Latinoamèrica” by Calle 13

I used to always accompany _mi Abuela_
From Glenmont to PG County for grocery shopping
At the Mega Market, a Giant for Latinos looking
For somewhere like home to swipe their EBT Cards.
_Salvadoreños_ like her, running from the Civil War
And flooding DC like the _Rio Lempa_, post up
In front of the supermarket, some selling _pupusas_ From a
truck in the parking lot, others taking a break From the
register or from putting food away in the aisles, Others
just smoke cigarettes in white crew necks,
And jeans ripped, not for style but from outdoor labor,
Work boots covered in mud or gravel, talking about
Barcelona vs. Real Madrid, or how bad they hope Mexico
Doesn’t make it to the World Cup, or beat anyone for that matter –
When it comes to sport, there is no peace between rivals.

The aisles were clumped tight, with barely room for one cart
To make it to the other side, but the store felt a lot livelier
Than most of the chain grocers in my neighboring shopping center,
The way my family parties seemed a lot more bumping
Than some other parties, with my uncles,
_Papi_, and his friends cracking Coors and Coronas, and _mi Mami_
And my aunts sipped _vino_ while everyone talked about how their damn
kids
Never pull up their pants and always listen to that _pinche_ Reggaeton
Or _música de los negros_, while they blasted their Santana in the speakers
In the backyard, not going to bed til the Witching hour.

I walk by the candles with _los Santos_ and _Jesucristo_ painted
On the glass, and I remember all the chains with crosses
My *Abuela* gave me, usually after my nightly prayers
That I memorized like my name but never knew what they meant,
Much like most of the words she said to me in conversation.
She always regretted not teaching us enough Spanish,
But my *Ingles* was so mastered, she heard as she sits in my childhood

Home while I am away at school, that her grandson
Could grow to be one of those writers he actually *can* read.
In my right hand, I held every dream and prayer she had for me,
Being able to walk the street with more of a guarantee of life
Than she ever saw, which to her was more golden than money.
Now I can pen the visions of Oscar Romero without a bullet in my lens.