Our souls may learn
to appreciate
the classical tune of Bach,

but when I think
of the pieces of art
my soul connects to–

the timeless ones,

the ones that will inevitably
be swallowed
into the sparkling eternity
of nothingness

when that day comes,

along with Mozart
and Picasso's work–

I think of the art
that will still churn
the blood

of those brown generations
that come
one hundred and fifty years
after us.

The blood
that comes to a dancing boil
when we hear
the grief singing
of Juan Gabriel.

Or when you hear–

"¡Un grito!"

tus huesos know.

You know–

it looks like water-filled eyes,
glossed over,
shiny and blinding
against brown, sun-raped skin.

The grito
is the one for liberation.

The grito
is also a love
led by the liver
and not the heart.

My liver
is a lover.

And we all know
what a borrachito looks like

because sometimes

he dresses
like my dad.