Prelude and Chorus to Rainbow Shoes: A Poet-Opera

Eduardo Arocho

Follow this and additional works at: https://via.library.depaul.edu/dialogo

Part of the Latin American Languages and Societies Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://via.library.depaul.edu/dialogo/vol8/iss1/20

This Rincón Creativo is brought to you for free and open access by the Center for Latino Research at Via Sapientiae. It has been accepted for inclusion in Diálogo by an authorized editor of Via Sapientiae. For more information, please contact digitalservices@depaul.edu.
Prelude and Chorus to Rainbow Shoes: A Poet-Opera

Cover Page Footnote
This article is from an earlier iteration of Diálogo which had the subtitle "A Bilingual Journal." The publication is now titled "Diálogo: An Interdisciplinary Studies Journal."

This rincón creativo is available in Diálogo: https://via.library.depaul.edu/dialogo/vol8/iss1/20
Prelude and Chorus to Rainbow Shoes: A Poet-Opera

I don't want to be seen dead on Division Street.
I want to be seen alive Walking with pride On Paseo Boricua.
I want to be rainbow From shoes to máscara Full of horns - rainbow Under bandera

The skyline has changed La Division is not the same I'm louder than ever Under bandera

I want to look up at bandera and count the many times my soles have walked back and fourth many times higher than The Sears Tower

On this street, were I was born On this street, where I went to high school On this, my old and new neighborhood Where I dine and dance - celebrate the past

Chicago! I know what lies East of the Western Avenue border The gentrified lots My memories - erasing

You didn't let me live in Cabrini O'Green. You didn't let me live in Lincoln Park. You treat me like a stranger in Wicker Park. But I was born in Humboldt Park.

Here we clean the street, and cook a feast For Chicago will visit this piece of Paseo Boricua as we sing to tourists and commuters:

Paseo Boricua is Renaissance It took fifty years to become New San Juan

And now that bandera is metal And pointing to the stars United in rebirth - no more - divisions

Paseo Boricua is Renaissance the cameras, the buildings are filling up with art And now the poets Have joined the bomba drums Reviving spirits in Humboldt Park

Potawatomi, I know you were here German, Jewish, Polish, Russians Norwegians Ice-skated here. Today when I march in pride - Mexico is at my side Paseo Boricua is Renaissance.

We have five hundred years Before the flags come down Until then, I'll sing with the crowd:

Nunca para la parada When they sing a poet-opera

I want to be rainbow From shoes to máscara Full of horns - rainbow Under bandera

Nunca para la parada When they sing a poet-opera

I'm waiting for la parada I'm waiting for la marcha I'm waiting for la protesta y fiesta Under bandera

The skyline has changed La Division is not the same I'm louder than ever Under bandera

I'm waiting for la parada I'm waiting for la marcha I'm waiting for la protesta y fiesta Under bandera

Nunca para la parada When they sing a poet-opera

Chicago! I know what lies East of the Western Avenue border The gentrified lots My memories - erasing

You didn't let me live in Cabrini O'Green. You didn't let me live in Lincoln Park. You treat me like a stranger in Wicker Park. But I was born in Humboldt Park.

Here we clean the street, and cook a feast For Chicago will visit this piece of Paseo Boricua as we sing to tourists and commuters:

Paseo Boricua is Renaissance It took fifty years to become New San Juan

by Eduardo Arocho
Copyright © 2003