2014

**Blind Eye; A Demon Meets Papa Cayo on the Road to Mictlan**

Andrés Rodríguez

Follow this and additional works at: [https://via.library.depaul.edu/dialogo](https://via.library.depaul.edu/dialogo)

Part of the [Latin American Languages and Societies Commons](https://via.library.depaul.edu/dialogo/vol17/iss2/48)

**Recommended Citation**


Available at: [https://via.library.depaul.edu/dialogo/vol17/iss2/48](https://via.library.depaul.edu/dialogo/vol17/iss2/48)

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.
Blind Eye

“Americans serve their country
For legal residents, not illegal ones.
The Constitution says so.
Americans got nothin’ against immigrants.
Afer all, our great great great great
Great grandparents came from Europe—
The riffraff of Germany, the scum of England,
The whackos of Holland and France.
They didn’t need papers then
To come with their laws, big dreams, and slaves,
And the natives here didn’t object.
They still don’t object.
The immigrants from old monarchies—
The unwashed, the unclean, the untutored,
Pilgrims and perverts alike—
They made this country great.
Look at the cities, small towns, and highways,
The strip mines, warheads, prisons, and billboards,
The billboards that say We’re Number One.
God bless America.
We’ve got it down.
Hell, our forefathers had to cross
A fucking ocean to get here,
Not swim across a river or crawl on their bellies
Through a tunnel drug smugglers have dug
(I’ve heard those stories),
Or just stroll in late at night
While some border guard’s asleep or
Turning a blind eye while he counts
The pesos he’s been given.
Good fences make good neighbors.
A wall is even better.
That’s what we got goin’ here.
The good neighbor policy.
Today even grandmothers worry
Illegals spread disease.
They say turning a blind eye to illegals
Is spitting in the face of veterans.
Too many goddamn hippies already did that.
There was this war, you see, against commies in Asia—
Little yellow men called ’gooks’
Who played dominoes with the world.
A Demon Meets Papa Cayo on the Road to Mictlan

Saludos, Cayo, it's me again, dripping wormy wetness from the earth. Risen! No, don't run away, amigo. I want to talk, pues, here in the moonlight. Years I've watched you from between cracks and through glassy lakes, your thin shoesoles like two tongues of dust. You're a pious fellow with a shifty streak, just like your father, and his, back to Adán. After all these years I can still find you swapping trinkets con indios y pelados in the wilds of Zocapu. N'ombre, put away your pistola. Behold this light behind my eye. You can cross yourself but can't drive me away like a ghost haunting dead husks of corn. Go on, call your saints, eat your words and letters. My names have power, too: Diablo. Chamuco. Pingo. Satanás. Lucifero. Xolotl. I spread fire with this eye. My houses are next to churches—when I yowl it's hard for men to pray. We demons choose when to turn wishes to doubts, madden the taste of desire, and appear in half-light to inhabit each of you. We're busy every day, unlike Boss Juan who's always eating pan dulce, drinking pulque, absent from the wretched land. We break our necks just to sow a little discontent. And what an effort to bore into dreams, giving your waking hours fits! It's all a dog can do to tear out your throat. Won't you tickle my chest or scratch behind my ear? I see you'd rather not as I am smelly and hot from all the filth and fire through which I've trod, dogging your heels. I'd like to talk more, but I must slip a stranger's hand in a child's, and spit a little rain to cover it up. You can go now, pues. I'll leave you for a while but understand, the way these things go, I'll be back after you leave your town and head for gringo-land where bad luck will dog your days, where your children will disobey and your woman fall into madness and the gabacho turn from wrath to indifference, where one day you'll be rocking in a chair at the close of day thinking of other living souls and rising from the carpet it'll be me, again.