

William Luis

Let's Celebrate el Día de los Muertos

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Let's Celebrate el Día de los Muertos

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We could venture
To ancestral adventures,
To Mexico every November | Noviembre.
It's the Day of the Dead | Día de los Muertos.
Indigenous to Mexico,
Rooted in Native traditions,
And African transmissions.
Modern humans,
200,000 years ago,
Passed on since,
With no remembrance
Of them when,
They dazzled
As they danced.
Or looked hazy-eyed
Awakening to Catrina's
First morning dew,
Skulled sky.
We recant
On their lives,
Because all of us
Have skeletons
Existing on our insides.
We all have skeletons
On our insides.
Feasting to ancestral beliefs,
Sparked from Egypt
In B.C.E.
Regaining our memory,
In A.C.E.
Let's tell all our ancestry
The living dead,
To meetup with us
In Mexico instead.
We'll dance, giggle,
Be playful again.

While skull-sugar candy,
Melts in our
Soon-to-be bony hands.
Dropping Aztec orange marigolds

On altars and gravesites,
Allowing copal incense
To intermingle
Throughout the night.
Posting photos of headstones
With small stones
Onto websites.
Showing ancestral engagement
In our lives.
Let our skeletons
Inside ourselves
Connect to ones
Outside ourselves.
We'll paint our skulls | Caras de calavera
White and Black | Blancas y Negras
Around the edges.
As we wear classy Victorian dresses,
Despite our othered heritage,
To spite our European influences.
Every year we'll celebrate,
Our relative's transition
Into the living dead.
So, when we head,
To Mexico in Noviembre,
We'll settle in,
Painting our calavera en blancas.
But when our time comes,
Our skeletal bodies
Will surely be enough,
For Dios de los Muertos.