

## Are You An American Citizen?

By Juan Manuel Perez

The man with the good-ol'-white-boy looks questions me  
With sweat pouring down his clean shaven Aryan-Brotherhood-like dome  
Without thinking much about it  
Already pissed off at the Arizona governor  
I said: Simon, Coolero!  
He raised his cheap, black sunglasses from his powder, white nose  
Repeating his question a little louder like I was twice deaf:  
Sir, I said are you an American citizen?  
I answered, what, are you not from around here or something?  
He looked puzzled for sure as I explained  
I said: Simon, Coolero!  
That's how we talk around here  
In South Texas of America  
It means "Yes" dude  
What makes doctors learn Spanish to serve his patients  
Yet you can't pick up a few slang words?  
Without further response  
He raised his pasty white, manicured hand  
And waived me on through  
Like some metaphorical Uncle Sam  
Who gave up his red, white, and blues  
For a deep, dark and green  
Letting me continue on this road north  
Deep into this great immigrant country

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