



Mira, Young Lord

Mira la nena,
estándose linda delante,
bailándose pasos de gracia delante,
de miras mirando de por dentro tu alma.

Mira la nena. Evita los lios,
armadas, y guerrillas que gritan —
“¡Machos! ¡Mire los machos que somos!”
— delante del mundo que quieren amar.

Mira la nena, que a tí representa,
las alas colores de coñac y castañas
de tus sueños con sexos por ratitos unidos,
con el mundo despues de las liberaciones.

Camaradas caídos nacen de nuevo.
Penínsulas tristes no van a quedar
ni criadas de bancos, ni de soldados
creyéndose machos al herir Mozambique.

Mira la nena, caballero de antes,
conquistador de aquel tan lejano entonces,
hecha por fin revolucionaria
por tierras podridas que crecen caudillos,

corporaciones, y mentiras de ricos
con derechos de organizar a muchísimos otros
en masas obreras, diciéndoles — “Miren
Ustedes. Sus esfuerzos harán un país muy fuerte.”

MILANI

Mira la nena, contestándoles — “Miren
Ustedes tambien. De planetas no hay mas de uno
para nosotros, hijos de tierra, y a todos
pertenece, y a toditas tambien.

Lucharemos en contra de todo trabajo
que no contribuye al fin del trabajo:
el gozar permanente del planeta entero
por todos los nenes nacidos, y a nacer.”

Mira la nena, cabalgando ahora,
detras del jinete de sombra almizclena,
del gran castellano, hincando, volando,
llevando los cambios por todo el mundo.

Y la mira la luna, la mira y mira,
besando el cuello a su libre infante,
con su lengua que dice — “Vente. Si, vente.
A menudo, si quieres. De nuevo, de nuevo.

Hay camaradas aqui, bastante
para cantarte, por cien mil visitas,
lecciones de luchas ya fracasadas,
visiones de gozos del gran porvenir.”

Mira tu nena, mi joven infante.
Baila con ella, tu majestuoso idioma,
— depurado de ricos y de generalitos —
hecho río sonoro de la liberación.

A TIME TO DANCE, A TIME TO MOURN

In the past few weeks, events have occurred in Amerika — actions, reactions, words, demonstrations. We have been witness to the continuing destructiveness of the two wars in which we are engaged; Southeast Asia and the very real war in the streets of this country. Somehow the deaths of four white university students have brought a message home to the people that Fred Hampton, Diego Vinales and countless other victims of Amerikan “justice” have failed to do.

Were it not for the fact that in our very beings we are political, it would be almost improper to hold a dance, a “social” function at this time. But women, by virtue of being gay women, are oppressed by the same system that is oppressing people throughout the world. If we really come to understand our own oppression we will see that it, like the illegal wars and wholesale slaughter, does not exist in a vacuum. We are all victims of a common enemy, whether it be wearing the garb of imperialism, racism, or sexism.

The ties that we as women have with other oppressed people are becoming increasingly more visible. And this dance, held in a period of mourning, contemplation and revolution, is a direct outgrowth of how and why we're oppressed. We're here together, dancing, touching, re-

lating, and we're here together outside of pre-defined roles, outside of convention, and most importantly outside of someone else's conception of morality. What this means is freedom — and freedom is radical. We are existing for each other in a world we are remaking for each other. In a sense, dancing together is one way in which we are fighters — a small part of our contribution to freedom and revolution. People have died, but we are alive and must keep in mind, along with rhetoric and ideology, that our solidarity hinges as much upon our being able to be together in times of anger and mourning as well as in times of victory and elation.

—Ellen Broidy

leaflet for women's dance—week of Kent State massacre



photos by Ellen Bedoz

