

Columbus Days

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Columbus Days

Tino Garcia
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Dear Indians:

Me and my brash ironclad clique,
just pushed three fat Spanish whips
granted by Isabella and Ferdinand's patronage
across the hellish, vast Atlantic:
ships with Catholic names, as if prayin Mantis.
Lookin for spices, routes, and profits
in the *Indias Occidentalis*,
but it seems providence's chalice
has cast us by miraculous accident
on this land of thousands of you savages.
I gasp at you godless strangers,
granting us great gifts,
cuz you don't know what my name is.
All I know is you're natives.
I call you *Indios*, you say I'm mistaken; fool
I have no time properly name you
cuz on your ear lobes hangin like fruit
I peep that gold intimating loot...
God what if I gank it and bank it?
Maybe I should hasten to enslave then,
make it rain all the way back to Spain, son.
For my name is Colon y yo
I'll colonize todo el globo
y como patrón robo y tomo
también la lluvia, también el oro
tambien la tierra, también al aire -
Now a captain, but I had been a pirate.
But back to the gold:
Where's the mother load? I know you know it,
so go into those hills and hoe it,
load it and bestow it: you owe it to us
for the charity and love we have brung.
So single-mindedly mine it;
it's my tax and if you decline it,
I'll deem it a crime,
cut off your hands and sic the canines.

If you don't think your moral compass is busted
we'll bust it.

You'll see our God is love

And you'll love Him.

You'll see your worship of gods is rubbish,
and you'll forgive us as we crush them.

No one knows for sure what I've done,
but look what I've brung:
a name never eclipsed by your native sons.

While you pray to your rain gods,

I sail through a veil of fog

ready to wet you with blessings

Like Noah's ark -

Pause, check the lesson -

only the chosen few got to embark

but the rest were flooded by God.

All your golden calves and idols enshrine sin.

We'll take them out wherever we find them:

wipe them from the horizon

cuz their light does nothing but blind men.

We'll subdue them and refine them

with Western enlightenment.

Your dark skin and vision swallow light

while we spark in men the call of the divine.

Your meek laws and leaders do not suffice:

we sheepdogs, so you need our bite,

cuz the wolves might rise from hell.

So do what we like and never rebel;

recognize our love and charity

or get crucified like that thug Hatuey -

without irony -

we'll make every day good Friday -

see our God rules almightily -

our righteousness strikes piety

into your savage sacrificing society -

but don't worry -

we'll dignify thy chiefs -

Our God has let the war of sacrifices start -

all we ask for - is your hearts.