

La Santa Muerte

Tristan A. Ibarra
Texas A&M University School of Medicine

Un panecito, un tequila
Y un puñito de monedas
Te traigo, mi flaquita,
En esta humilde ofrenda.
Te encomiendo mi ser,
La sangre de mis venas,
El pulso de mi corazón,
Para que me mantengas
A la lejanía del mar donde
Acaba el río de la vida
...

She is of a gentle caress,
A touch as soft as snow,
Wielding a silver instrument
And a long, hanging coat.
Her presence could be bad
Or the glinting sign of hope
Of a shimmering new day,
Namely, a healthy tomorrow.
But when she's there to endow,
On a more serious note,
Your possible conclusion,
Whether cinch or a throe,
You could always take refuge
in having already known:
She is of a gentle caress,
A touch as soft as snow.
...

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Y un puñito de monedas
Te traigo, mi flaquita,
En esta humilde ofrenda.