Somos Músicos

Davis Boone
Mayra Meza

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Somos Músicos
Davis Boone y Mayra Meza

I am from sheet music,
From Vivaldi and Paganini.
I am from the past and future,
Old, remodeled, crushing and baying.

I am from a chancla throwing mother.
From Pinesol and Fabuloso on Sunday mornings.
I am from the two-set house of Shenanigans,
Laughing, joking, playing music at full blast.

I am from el jardín,
Full of life and diversity.
I am from the Pitaya,
Full of thorns to protect but sweet to the taste.

I’m from tents and tenacity.
From Jeff and Paige.
I’m from pozole and tamales.
From Marcelina y Abel Meza.

I’m from borrachos and anger,
From a culture of oppressed people, warriors and mystics.
I’m from the loud laughter and strict discipline,
From “Do it yourself” and “Figure it out”.

I’m from Christian faith and better lives
I’m from los isles de Acores, America, Russia, Ireland,
Peixe com creme, camping.

I’m from the minority in all places I go.
I’m from East LA, Puebla and Oaxaca,
Caldo de Pollo, Calabazitas

We are from countless hours of practice.