

Sex, Drugs, and Rock & Roll

by Dulce Maria Menendez

We left an oppressed island
so we may die in a free country.

And, oh lord, how we died!

We died from affixation.
We died from AIDS.
We died from a heart attack.
We died from a brain hemorrhage.
We died from Parkinson's.
We died from breast cancer.
We died by suicide.

We died from shots
fired in a hold up
at a gas station.

We died from dementia.
We died from alcoholism.
We died of loneliness.
We died from love.
We died from divorce.
We died from mental illness.
We died from sex, drugs, and
rock & roll.

And worst of all lord,
we died of old age,
while living an oppressed life

in the pursuit of freedom
because our r's rocked & rolled
too easily from our fabled
refugee tongues.

