***Adolfo Guzman-Lopez*** *Adolfo Guzman-Lopez is a poet and journalist. He grew up in Tijuana and San Diego. In 1994 he co-founded the Taco Shop Poets, a performance poetry group that toured the country and appeared in several documentaries. His poetry has been in several anthologies, including Geography of Rage: Remembering the Los Angeles Riots of 1992. Since 2000 he's been a reporter at NPR affiliate KPCC 89.3FM in Los Angeles. He dodged the rubber bullets reporting on the May Day melee in MacArthur Park in 2007.*

**VINE A LOS ANGELES

I came to Los Angeles
looking for the eagle perched on the cactus
I came to Los Angeles
Wondering where the Templo Mayor lay buried

In my city
Mexico City
Jaguar heads of volcanic stone
Became cornerstones for colonial palaces
Became podiums for politicians
Became baptism wells for el nuevo mexicano

In my new city
Adobe forts
Became post war tract homes
As far as the eye can see
Doing a suburban sway
Like Kansas wheat fields**

**It’s here
The California city
Buried under the oil well city
Buried under the Zoot Suit city
Buried under the Dunbar city

Orthodox shuls
Under Brooklyn Avenue sonidero speakers
The Eastside minaret
Blasts narco corridos
The Eastside minaret
Blasts Cri Cri
The Eastside minaret
Blasts na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na

The river
Its forearms graffiti tattooed

The frogs lay dormant under the concrete
The rows of grape vines lay under the concrete
The cornfields are asleep

The echoes of the Vex, the Masque and the El Monte ballroom lay dormant under the concrete

We used to sing in our homes
The songs lay buried there
The stories lay buried there

Use your hands
Dig deep
Use your nose
Dig deep
Use your mouth
Dig deep
Use your hear
Dig deep**