***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**