

Chance Castro

The first time my grandpa told me where we come from

I was twenty-two we sat
together on his back patio beside a '94 Corolla on three stands and a jack
the sun went down slow a sort of Budweiser red
his eyes never met mine so I never knew
he grew up in Texas it was a regular
Sunday afternoon or maybe it was his seventieth birthday
and he'd been drinking tequila since breakfast he says mijo
you don't want to work on your hands and knees
and continues to tell me how grease and arthritis weren't his first choice in apparel
he says it was your grandma's father
made me finish a beer with him when I was seventeen
before I could take his daughter out
anywhere I never wanted to be this alcoholic
says I need to marry a white girl so my kids have
a chance in any world that follows his
says I don't know where I come from and maybe he doesn't either
says I gotta get back to work—this car goes out tomorrow

