

# WHITE MAN'S ELIXIR



## Tekpatl Tonalyohlotl Kuauhtzin\*

I'm an Indian, and I aint supposed to be here.  
The wasicu saber fell an inch short of my mother's pregnant belly I guess  
She, the blue lagoon of purple love  
The manifestation of leisure as an electric impulse with the eyes of earth

Watch out

The ginger didn't throw her pregnant body against the wall with enough  
passion  
Ya know mister, there's a form to that sorta thing  
Cortés failed to demonstrate?  
What about Pizarro?  
Columbus?  
Well, shit.  
Be mad  
I will never stop reminding you  
I'm an Indian, and I aint supposed to be here.  
Southern desert, eastern woodlands, and some

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\* Manon panon nikan chanehke, Tongva Nation. Manon panon tlatkeh nawahke tlawistlampa, wistlampa, siwatlampa, wan miktlampa. Manon panon noh temashtin wan tata, Cuaxtle.

My name is Tekpatl Tonalyohlotl Kuauhtzin, and I am a first year student at UCLA, which is situated on ancestral Tongva land. I was raised with the traditions of the old ones, in the language of the old ones. I am of both Mexican Indian and American Indian blood, in the definition of the white man. I must remind that both the Mexico-US and Canada-US borders are our enemy. They both literally and metaphorically divide Indigenous Peoples of Turtle Island. Nevertheless, we are steadily reconnecting. I am currently pursuing a B.A. in American Indian Studies, with one of my future educational endeavors being to acquiring a Juris Doctorate degree. Inside the courtroom is where the battles are being fought, and I see it as my duty to be a voice for Indigenous Peoples and our Mother Earth. Aho

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Mix, stir.  
Pass the elixir  
European droplets leaked in  
No  
They force themselves in  
Drink it and weep  
I carry a curl and now my spirit will be questioned  
Full blood?  
Nah buddy, because somewhere along the line a beat grandmother cried  
“stop”

waytoh kolacee

But I'm an Indian, and I aint supposed to be here.

Look at my pulled eyes, oh I dare you white man  
Look at my strong cheekbones, do they remind you?  
Look at the slanted curve on my nose  
Look at the deep form of my mouth  
Does it scare you, white eyes?

I will be the savage you once called my grandfathers  
This is a threat  
I have spoken

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