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## Prelude and Chorus to Rainbow Shoes: A Poet-Opera

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## Prelude and Chorus to Rainbow Shoes: A Poet-Opera

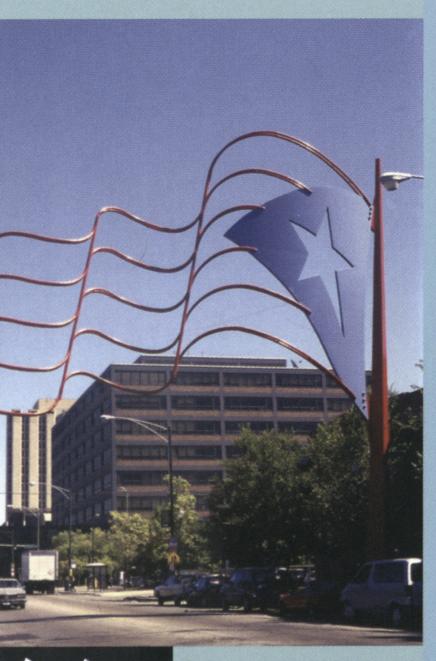


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Photos by Marixsa Alicea

Born in Chicago in1970, Eduardo Arocho has been writing and teaching poetry since 1992. During this time he has performed at many venues throughout the Chicago area, especially with The Guild Complex. He has been a poet in residence for The Poetry Center of **Chicago (Hands on Stanzas Program)** and Gallery 37. His publishing credits include: OPEN FIST: Anthology of Young Illinois Poets, by Tia Chucha Press, 1993; POWER LINES Anthology, by Tia Chucha Press, 2000; EL CENTRO JOURNAL Center for Puerto Rican Studies, Hunter College New York, NY, 2001. His first self published chapbook Poems Behind The Máscara, was released in October of 2002. Eduardo recently appeared in a cameo role in the feature film URBAN POET, by New Film Productions, 2003. He is currently working on a new collection of poems to be completed in the summer of 2004. Contact him at chivejigante@hotmail.com



## Prelude and Chorus to Rainbow Shoes: A Poet-Opera

I don't want to be seen dead on Division Street.

I want to be seen alive Walking with pride On *Paseo Boricua*.

I want to be rainbow From shoes to *máscara* Full of horns - rainbow Under *bandera* 

I'm waiting for la parada I'm waiting for la marcha I'm waiting for la protesta y fiesta Under bandera

The skyline has changed La Division is not the same I'm louder than ever Under bandera

I want to look up at bandera and count the many times my soles have walked back and fourth many times higher than The Sears Tower

On this street, were I was born
On this street, where I went to high school
On this, my old and new neighborhood
Where I dine and dance - celebrate the past

Chicago! I know what lies
East of the Western Avenue border
The gentrified lots
My memories - erasing

You didn't let me live in Cabrini O'Green.
You didn't let me live in Lincoln Park.
You treat me like a stranger in Wicker Park.
But I was born in Humboldt Park.

Here we clean the street, and cook a feast For Chicago will visit this piece of *Paseo* as we sing to tourists and commuters:

Paseo Boricua is Renaissance It took fifty years to become New San Juan And now that *bandera* is metal And pointing to the stars United in rebirth - no more - divisions

Paseo Boricua is Renaissance the cameras, the buildings are filling up with art And now the poets Have joined the bomba drums Reviving spirits in Humboldt Park

Potawatomi, I know you were here German, Jewish, Polish, Russians Norwegians Ice-skated here. Today when I march in pride - Mexico is at my side Paseo Boricua is Renaissance.

We have five hundred years
Before the flags come down
Until then, I'll sing with the crowd:

Nunca para la parada When they sing a poet-opera

I want to be rainbow From shoes to *máscara* Full of horns - rainbow Under *bandera* 

Nunca para la parada When they sing a poet-opera

I'm waiting for *la parada*I'm waiting for *la marcha*I'm waiting for *la protesta y fiesta*Under *bandera* 

Nunca para la parada When they sing a poet-opera

The skyline has changed La Division is not the same We're louder than ever Under bandera

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