

La Bamba (1987) Without the Last 10 Minutes

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I see endings every time I turn my face from the
world
 but as far as I'm concerned, the plane scene and the
tears
have only happened once

Suppose his smiling face tonight, the pretend and the
real,
 stays onstage and then the credits roll and then
fate never gets ugly

I swallow music and it goes down like pearls, I take the
past
 and Frankenstein it so it becomes superhuman, so it
has
more time

And in this version of the grotesque, I mother
him
 so the murals stop being memorials, so there can be
a chance for stars to be

Stars. For there to be corn husks and banana
leaves
 at Christmastime again, our abuelitas and our
mothers
folding time over

Inside God's house
lot of

I prayed for a whole

nothing and got the universe to hold off
on those final minutes

Like prayer could save
Ritchie

movie screen

and the real-life family members standing frozen
in the cemetery lawn

God in the director's seat

saying this is not a

funeral

for anything but the way the world used to be before their
son

got everyone on their feet

The final scene comes and he's so young in an old
auditorium,

his people hugging TV screens at home, white girls
dancing offbeat

Inside the last room
nosedive

letting guitar riffs

into our hearts, mothers and grandmothers swaying,
guitar ghosts in their arms