**The Arriero and his Shadow**

**Chorus of the dominant Men**

Blessed be the tinsel

Cakes rather than loaves of bread

The capital flows

Banks and their talents

The Western Indian corporations

As well as Eastern ones

Blessed be the high heavens

The immunity of my blood

The whiteness of my skin

For my voice speaks for all

Even when I talk to myself

**Chorus of the subaltern Children Men Women**

Cursed be he who craved my gold

Cursed be every emblem

The Venus and the araucaria tree

The cosmos and all its planets

The earth and all its rifts

For I’m attended by devastation

The sorrow of the dominated

And also of the classified

Of course of the submissive woman

Not to mention of the subjugated

In the doorway of my community

An ode was written

To fifty white stars

And then to a white house

Museum of the white man

**Chorus of the dominant Men**

I cannot own slaves

And love them too

That boy, that slave

Cost us a button

His price is reasonable

But his hatred is senseless

And to cure his hatred

You will drink my white blood

You will eat my white body

And one fine day I’ll tell you

That you must commit a murder

And you shall eat the conquered

The spoils of victories

The most exalted goods

The most refreshing blood

The most nutritious meat

The whole earth is my empire

And I your emperor

**Arriero**: (to the dominant): What boon can come from a murderer with no passion to speak of? Do you have faith? Faith in measuring the conquered land, the faith of a defender of the dollar, faith of the oil accumulator. Listen here white man, naked king of my wonder: there will come a day when we declare you impertinent, offspring of ruins, dead snake skin. And that day approaches, for on high sound material trumpets.

**Subaltern Chorus Children Men Women**

A question assails me

What is it that you can establish

White marble museum

And your starry ally?

The march of horror?

The symphony of my destruction?

I, banana republic

I, every military coup

I, sexually stifled

I, sainted and pure woman

My battle made of hysteria

I, unclassifiable insect

I, re-established native

I, all of you

In your image

In your semblance

Animal reflection of your humanity

**Chorus of the dominant Men**

And what the fuck is poetry

The riches of nations

The soul of development

And cheap colonies

Each commanded of course

By a puppet leader

And legislative slave

That’s what I offer you

And I call that Peace

And I could call it Love

**Arriero**

I declare myself sovereign

Of power I choose its impertinence

Of the abused, I salvage their awareness

But I declare myself impertinent

And, as such, independent

From my mountains to the end of the world

I hear the blood as it clamors from the earth

And demands an unpronounceable gesture

Here independence started

Down a path that doesn’t exist

All roads lead to Rome.

But we’re not going to Rome.

We don’t want masks at the ball

Or celestial beauty in Europe’s salon

We will never invent another victimizer

Apologies

We are bar-bar

Bar-bar-barians

Barbarians

And when we kill

We show our faces

**Daniela Vega:**

I can control the world like you, man

From my silence and my outburst

I will not be your mother, I will not be your wife

I will be the monster you didn’t see in war

I can do it like a woman

But, what is a woman?

What does it mean to be a woman?

…

And what to be a man?