

The Ruin of Mexico in Tlatelolco
Anonymous [Nahautl (Aztec) Poem]

Courtesy of Angel M. Garibay, *La Literatura de Los Aztecas*; and, Cheyenne Jones, Translator



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In the roads lie broken arrows,
the hairs scattered.
The houses stand roofless,
Their walls still red-hot.
The streets and squares are teeming with worms,
And the walls are splattered with brains.
Red are the waters, as if stained,
And if we drank them, they were gunpowder water.
We punched the adobe walls in our anxiousness
And we were left with a net of holes, like a wound.
We used shields for protection,
But those shields could not stop the destruction.
We have eaten rotten bread,
We've gnawed on salty grasses,
Pieces of adobe, lizards, mice,
Dusty, defeated earth, and even the worms.
Cry, my friends,
And understand that with this
We have lost our Mexican Nation.
The water is embittered, the food soured!
This is what the Giver of Life has done in Tlatelolco.