

Ballad of Tío Teto

My tío is a wicked man
with many wicked ways.
He always has a book in hand
he reads all night and day.

With bloodshot eyes and liquored breath
he reads to me and cackles.
He kills a crow and calls on death
while smoking his tobacco.

The midnight air grows colder still;
the clouds obscure the moon.
He cuts our hands, our blood is spilled.
A darkness fills the room.

I light a candle – fire's dim.
He looks at me and smiles.
"We aren't alone" – his voice is grim.
I fall and heave up bile.

"But how? It's only you and me"
I whisper as I crawl.
"Don't be so sure, look up and see
hay tres sombras on the wall."