

FOR MY LATINOS

DIANA ALGOMEDA

For my people dreaming about the American Dream,
Giving up their family, money, culture, food,
friends, Spanish, music, and home, falling
for the promises of a dream

For my people whose bravery is unstoppable
they take their skills and virtues as their only luggage
La Bestia, the border, danger, fear, confusion,
running, walking, hiding, broken bodies,
Never knowing, never understanding,

For my people blamed of taking jobs
missing their families trying to survive,
by digging, planting, picking, cutting, packing,
Cleaning, washing, scrubbing, cooking, babysitting
Never gaining, never understanding,

For my people, their struggle is real
Living in the shadows suffering demeaning names
Beaner, fence-hopper, landscaper, handyman,
Wetback, fruit-picker, illegal alien,

For my people, victims of a dream
Hondurans, Salvadorans, Mexicans,
Gone for years and the dream not yet achieved
Bleeding hands, scraped knees, painful backs
Why do we fall for the American dream?

(Continued)

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For my people seeking their strong voices, gone,
My people, who have much to offer if given a chance
My hard working people, not criminals,
For my people with dark skin, dark hair, dark souls
Because the American dream has filled them with smoke.

Let my people work. Let their beauty be shown.
Let the music be heard. Let their bodies heal.
Let my people escape the fear of deportation.