

The lord made me brown.
He warned me,
To never drown
In the river of the undoing.

He told me,
to walk the path he shaped,
With my chin up, my head held high,
And my life to never take.

He said.

“Mija, my preciosa,
Look at the world I formed.
See humanity of the many colores,
See how your people are ignored.

Do not fall into the traps
The Diablo has set.
I made you not as slave,
Your people’s color are not chains.

You were baptized Brown
The sun has kissed your skin.
Your ojos are of bronze
To guide you when you are in need.

You walk your path
Care for those,
Who need you most
The chained, oppressed, and loveless.

Never fall into the river
The Devil’s slaves forged,
To drown you,
To rob you of your faith.

With you
I will always walk.
For you are not just brown
You are a regalo.

The gift, I gave,
To those who
You will proudly lead,
Into the light of recognition”.