

Wonder

Wondering about a parallel universe
Where new scenarios emerge
A place where the unimaginable lives
A place where the surroundings are active
Rivers cry, deserts speak,
What tales would be told?
For example the life
Of an immigrant unfold,
At the moment
when they feel the immense nostalgia
For a world they never knew.
Extreme sadness for what was left behind
And excitement for entering somewhere new.
As a repertoire of emotions
Brings influential notions
Of a better economic future
Or a refuge for the soul and mind
In an unknown land
By themselves, or their family.
Only to have to experience struggling oppression
Implanted words about laborious work and not of adventure,
Trying to accomplish reasonable dreams in an unreasonable world.
It's an identity
With their complexities
And despite the differences
They are human
With another perspective.

An Immigrant's Confession

I apologize
If I ever misled anyone about my identity,
But trust me
When I tell you that there isn't any serenity
In using verbal alchemy
To alienate oneself from the world.
It was never really my intention,
But a few increments of poetic deception
Were necessary for my dream's protection.
Understand, it was because I had no choice.
I'm becoming exhausted of loving a country
That has never loved me,
Or as a matter of fact
Acknowledge my existence.
And I'm becoming frustrated of missing a country
That I have never fully known,
Or as a matter of fact
A home I've abandoned.

Grown Boy

"Technically, he's mentally
At camp. A boy so advance
That makes you wonder at first glance
Why no one gives him a chance
He carries a dirty backpack
To retain innocence
Elaborate feelings
Meaning , emotionally
That he wants to remain a kid
Dreaming dreams about dreams
Only to see everything change it seems
"Afraid of the future, people, me"
Placing barriers in the scene
Losing identity
And eventually leave
For the outside world
Incognito words
About growing up
There is no going back"

Letter

I slowly dive into an enlightened depression
Of some sort
Whenever I see you
Because you're a reflection
Of myself when I was younger
A directionless fighter
Against almost everything
Poverty and familial alcohol dependencies
Sequestered in a mental penitentiary
With other similar gatos
Who thought they were vatos locos
Hidden in an area of unknowns
Constantly insisting on pretending
That a cloak of invisibility
And a mask of impassivity
Will protect identity
Without noting the complexity
Of our connected histories
That are brought up when
We deciphered our darkness.
Marking the tragedy
Of when ideas of richness
In beautiful diversity
Were subjected to theft
Along with stolen opportunity
Expanding a reeking mess
Creating more internalized racism.
Chingao, I won't lie, it's rough
There was a moment when
I was scared, and would stare
At the mirror in horror
Of the color
Thick lips, elongated nose
Which seemed to be sculpted
With hands of an indifferent deity
With coarse clay carrying hate
Hoping that I would be afraid of the execrate
That my face would conjure
But couldn't properly portray rage
That would resemble the size of Trypicon
I've struggle with the fact that
Physical characteristics form combinations
Of my life being a living contradiction
Resembling fiction

With every conviction
Of having blood from both
Conquered and conqueror.
I haven't struggled with fact that
Complexion's representation
Has several symbols of institutionalized oppression
Within the walls of education
Amplifying things such as assimilation
I was told I had to adapt to the contrasts
According to race, and cultural backgrounds
I was foolish, I let my tongue be sliced
For a certain price
In exchange for a coveted and erroneous lie
Of acceptance
I embraced a subversive classroom
My purpose was to acquire keys to survive
But I came to a locked home
With a different voice that's heavily frown upon
I did what I thought I had to do.
Rhythmic, hypnotic instrumentals carried my time
Modal fowl sublime
I am revived, emotions coincide
Ideas collide with every stroke
Leaking jet black ink
Filled with stories
I look at you, noticing the same processes
But I also see an individual developing
Several messages inspiring
A new way of contemplating.
You say things such as
"What good does a label do to us?
Even with this broken language
We can ignite fire with poetry!"
Now expand on it and go,
Take Caliban's advice. Steal the books!
Let your soul healing trees
Grow positive aspirations,
Keep asking questions
"What is a border? What is art?"
Deconstruct things completely apart
Don't be afraid to explore
There's a lot to teach but even more
To learn.
I apologize to you and to others for everything
I'll sing, anything to make you go away
So you can change multiple worlds with your critical perceptions

Because in the end, you always had rebellion
Perched on your lips.
Love yourself.

Lost Sol

Vagrant appearance and a rugged face
His eyes displayed horrific hatred and pain
Armed with a Beretta and low slung baritone
He eventually transformed into a studio Capone
A container of predatory intellect and information
Shown through his placement of sins in syncopations
Using music as an addictive drug to shoot
Intense highs to the soul causing internal vibrations
Affecting both important actions and emotions
Of his peers, through the message of power
Morals are devoured in less than an hour
And to think he was a once a jovial kid
The former prized champion fighter
But no one taught him what to truly fight for
Hanged out with the habitual bettors
Since he had no father, a working mother
The fact that poverty was eminent didn't avail
A social hell to the angry young hustler
Slash future street prince entrepreneur
Lacked a dose of love that heals black doves
In his heart, replaced by vitriolic agony
And a truly harsh ghetto philosophy
At the age of ten with spray cans
He saw an expensive Benz
Instant lust for the Benjamins
Reality emerged, roads diverged
Either the small route of harmony
Or the chaotic highway of acrimony
The "easy" one was taken, earth shaken
Heaven cried over the idea of deadly lies
Stealing and cheating for a small piece
Of a dream, the famed American pie
All due to the lost unknown recipes
Causing penalties and felonies
Risking life for monetary gain
Jewels to buy the keys
To open locks on living chains
Is the present day thug mentality
That rose from society' sad apathy
Shit could be better if only the audacity
Of closing rec.centers and not funding schools
Didn't exist but fools instead chose gruel
Served by prisons, how fucking cruel
This kid quickly noticed about all of this

As he learned basic physics outside
Sad Sunnyside project windows
By watching people receive bullet holes
Velocity, wind resistance, and momentum
All thanks to opposing enemy's custom
Of acting like phantoms with symptoms
Such as the killer victim within the system
Acting so hard for the name of a clique
Even the toughest boulders of physique
Become weak through the flowing water
That tears asunder the crazy mystique
And summons fuckin' olmec dragons
When the corona bottle drops.