

# Viaje

I walk with an unbreakable soul.

Unsure of what I might be built of.

The overpowering fear lingers inside of me.

Leaving behind what I had for what I hope to receive.

Fear of the populace's uncontrollable and unpredictable brain power

With no way to determine my image in the shattered mirror.

Hoping my puzzle piece will fit somewhere, somehow.

Building opportunities for generations to come

Wishing to not let my assumptions fog up the fractured glass window ;

Carrying all my baggage

filled with the pressure

of what I hope to become.

# cuatro años

The overwhelming fear of reality is always lurking in the shadows.

All could change, on someone else's decisive and discarding opinion,  
Hoping the next suit will not find me defective.

Knowing that all I have become and have built,  
could be ripped apart by the negative assumptions ,

Categorizing me, among others.

They refuse to understand.

This battle of the brands will never end.

All is rooted in my manufacturer and my perceived design.

Knowing one day,

My low unsturdy shelf

might just fall,

leaving me

in shattered pieces,

unsure how to re-build.

# Jorge Garcia

What I once called mine is no longer my own.  
What I once thought of as understanding and accepting  
I now think of as harsh and indifferent.

What I love and care for is no longer close to me  
I used to be connected and complete  
What once was a puzzle of four has been broken up

Wondering when all will be reunited  
I used to be a perfect piece  
But now I am misshapen

What once I overpowered  
Can no longer be defeated  
Leaving what I have always known

For something I find foreign.

# Raíces

The extreme deprivation overwhelms me with starvation.  
Wishing only to be given the chance to thrive.  
To bloom like the others next to me.

Only they have all the nourishment.  
They all share the same roots

We all share the same pot  
Without the opportunity to receive what I need

I will never be given that chance.  
All because of my Raíces