

American Dream Poem Collection

“Different Worlds”

There's a man who travelled
stressfully and unconventionally.
He accepted the first job *he* was
accepted in. Fortunately, an envious gig.
His bosses are flexible and work with him.
They teach him how to read, and learn
English.
He sells purses, and shoes. Sometimes, handy jobs too.
Traded the red, blue, and yellow
for red, blue, and white.
But supposedly a better life.
Rumors of air conditioning and stories of
stores filled with everything; his eyes widened
with admiration. “Work hard,” were the words always relayed to him.
He saved every penny he earned.
Maybe one day he'd own his own bakery.
A decade and a half worth of saving, until one day he received
an unwanted calling. His mother was ill, in need of help to
pay for doctors and treatments to keep her from falling.
“Anything to save her life” he told himself.
He sent his savings over week after week to help his
mother in need. On a Tuesday morning she calls,
just pleading one thing.
To see her long lost son while she is still awake.
He closes his eyes, conquering the nerve to not yell at the sky.
He agrees, and holds back tears.
He musters the courage to tell his kind boss of all those years,
that he must go to be at his mother's side, she will not heal.
His boss growing dependent on him all those years, understands.
He hands him a hefty bonus, and cracks open two beers.
Not to celebrate, but to commemorate.
Both knowing their paths will never again find each other's way.
Their last goodbyes.
In silence they drink, thanking one another with every sip.
He uses his bonus, to go back to Honduras.
The country he fled, no dreams, or opportunities.
He'll remember America, with great fondness and kind people.
A chance to dream.
Even if not always well received.
Biking, instead of driving.
Fearful of those with blue hats and a badge.

He must now go back and start over from scratch.

“Haunted Daughter”

My mother tells me I must be kind to the daughter
of her employer. She is younger than me, but terribly rude.
She says I need to be thankful,
they extended a helping hand, considering her status.
I lie awake at night in our shared bedroom
of our shared home, thanking of this
and why I must be kind
When she is so rude.
She is better than me? Her parents have status,
mine does not. She has both parents, I do not.
She knows both languages,
And I... do not.
Am I truly a nuisance to this nation? Am I a problem?
The problem?
I'm alone in my thoughts, and confusion.
No one to confide in, who understands me,
or my circumstance.
I hold my soggy teddy bear tight, drenched with my tears.
What will happen to my mother if the men in blue find her?
What will happen to *me*?
Am I to pray the boss's daughter will be kind to me,
or just continue showing endless mercy to my mother.
Anger rushes through me.
I throw my teddy bear to the ground.
I release my thoughts that meet me again in my dreams.

“Is this a Sin”

Is this a sin?
Depriving my innocent child of a choice.
I think this is the best for her.
This country, these schools...
Not frightful of life enders nearby,
Or money haunters around the corner.
I am consumed with regret, or
The thought of future regret.
Will I be separated from my daughter
at the after-life? Her in heaven? I in Hell?
For presenting her with different obstacles,
That I forced upon her.

Or is my sin having her at all?
With an unloving man, in an unloving country.
Now, fearful of law enforcers policing these new streets.
Shall I run away back? Just you and me.
Before she wonders why I can't participate in all
Her school retreats. Will God forgive me?
Will I forgive myself? Why, oh why.
Can we all learn to co-live in a place
where forgiveness runs deeps, and kindness is assumed.
Everyone loves, nobody hates.
All accepted, hand in hand.
A co-existing universe of predestined choices,
the best for us all.
No mountains of worries, hills of sorrow,
lakes of regret, puddles of pessimism.
Only strong, joyous energies surrounding us all.
Is that what Heaven is?
Will I ever know?

“A look to the Ocean”

At the brick of turning
the age of adulthood.
But I don't celebrate.
An even better event ensues.
I am leaving this place, this treacherous,
tragic hell disguised as my home. All
Brought upon by a man with a convincing vision.
An undetectable blood type, undiscovered.
Evil. Like no other.
I pray on this raft.
Pray all the way, that it fails to deflate.
That I won't die out here the same way I would in
Cuba. With no food, or drinkable water.
I look at the water.
A glistening royal blue.
The only think keeping me sane, all these years.
A look to the endless sea, is one less thought
That keeps me from thinking of all my misfortunes.
Family and friends taken in prison, money stolen,
Food difficult to come by.
But the ocean, always steady,
Always waiting for me.
A swim down in the depths of the salt water,
I come by urchins to snack on, and fish to eat.

The salty air, the maracas to my ears.
The sand in my feet, the bongos that make the song I hear.
I don't need to close my eyes to hear the music.
A look to the ocean, I have my beloved salsa playing.
This ocean is my home.
And the mode of retrieving me to safety and sanity.

“Siblings Separated”

I watch my sister depart on her journey.
May she come to safety, a fulfilled life
Of endless pillars of joy, changes, and chances.
I will miss her.
She did not want to leave me,
but I forced her on to the raft.
I said I'd do the same.
But I could not risk my children's safety.
She said she will come for me one day.
But I know she won't,
she can't.
She will send me supplies, things I will need,
Toys for the children,
decent shoes to walk on.
She will be our source for medicine,
for my sick father.
She will have a grand life,
one worth living.
And anytime I look to the sea
I will think of her rosy red cheeks, hazel eyes,
and warm smile.
When I dance to our beloved salsa, I will imagine her as my partner
Meet her with a warm embrace, and let her lead.
We will dance all night.
We will dance again, one day.
Maybe not in this lifetime,
Or on this earth.
Maybe in our dreams, or in the after world.
But, surely when I look to the sea
and make the music we both
love to hear.
We will dance, without stepping on each other's feet.