

2020 POETRY OURSELVES CHAMPION

Untitled

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Don't judge me because of the color of my skin,
My complexion is fair but don't mistake me for your kin.
I am born from the dirt that my ancestors rubbed against their skin
I am born from the prejudice my ancestors endured,
when?
Years ago before I was even a thought,
they lived off the land
to protect the Mother Earth who was so grand,
they fought for what was right
but see the invaders believed that they had seen the light.
They pillaged and crusaded and truly believed
that because their skin was white,
they were always in the right.
So indict me.
Charge me with the crime of having insight,
charge me with the crime of believing this isn't right.
You know nothing of what it's like
to lie awake at night
hoping and praying that you won't have to fight.
Everyday is a struggle.
I'm trying to organize the pieces of the puzzle,
our efforts fall short, we in trouble.
Que vamos hacer?
Mi gente esta tratando a comprender,
to understand what we've done so wrong
to be treated like we don't belong.
See ICE is banging on our doors,
they're breaking them down and stomping on our floors.
They separate our family by force
and somehow they look in our eyes and feel no remorse.
So in truth,
your crimes have begun to weigh on me heavily.
Your lack of empathy had made you my enemy.
What happened to treating people as equals?
What happened to everyone treating each other as people?
Much to my dismay
we got lost somewhere along the way,
and maybe it's because of the things we never got to say.