

Hardworking Hands Poetry

Introduction:

in this small book,i would like to give whoever may read these poems a peek into my life, growing up in the U.S as a Mexican immigrant and the difficulties that i was brought upon. I want to bring you the beauties of my culture and my people as well as the raw more crude parts of the realities we have to face. In this book i give you my tears,my sorrows,my joys and my passions and a part of my heart and soul that continues to grow with experience. Thank you to my family and friends for helping me find what i'm most passionate about: my roots.

In memory of all the people that have passed
Trying to seek a better future in the United States and respect for those who keep their heads up during these tough times.

*No acabaran mis flores
No cesaran mis cantos
Yo cantor los elevo,
Se reparten,Se esparcen
Aun cuando las flores
Se marchitan y amarillean
Seran llevadas alla
Al interior de la casa
Del ave de plumas de oro.
- Nezahualcoyotl*

Desperation

The first wail that parted from the sea of her lips
Brought upon darkened deep waves
Of agony and fear
Along with it came a rebirth
Her mother was restless and her father was weary
This was only the beginning
The sirens hadn't sounded
And the angels hadn't sung
But sooner or later
We would really learn to run.