

DREAMS - María Guadalupe Aviña Hernandez

What you see by looking at US
Untalented, Uneducated
Delinquents dress unsophisticated
Getting faded
Gang affiliated
Their jail cell dated
Living a “gangsta life” because the media says it
Road to failure and teen parents
Growing up to be the criminals of tomorrow
Throwing fits at one another
Our own brothers
Using only their code language Spanish
Not knowing a pinch of “proper English”
Because they are too busy drug trafficking to educate themselves
If they cared they wouldn’t be drawing, drooling, texting, snoozing or doing other things in class.

You see Us
The wetbacks, Beaners, Swine-flu
Illegal aliens destined to
Fail under the laws of the government
Working harder than the average human
Making less than what you’re assuming.
Being amongst the most misunderstood
We know we are not defined by the neighborhood
In which we live in.
Who we really are will come to a shock
To those who think they know who we are
Just as Martin Luther King Jr., We all have a Dream

A dream to end the chain of poverty
To not work at jobs that will damage our bodies
To make for a better society and to
Have a voice in democracy

A dream to get a higher education
Surpass the American tradition
To fail under the system of no determination
Of no end, no hope and imprisonment
Take a breath mint
Speak cleanly about my people and the real history
Here we are telling the true story
Not the censored version
Our lives and views corrupted by another person.

How much control do we have on our own identities? None
I’m not Considered Mexican in my own country because I’ve been too “Americanized”
Not considered American because I’m not the right pigment
I don’t deserve to wear that Mexican Flag while I’m living in this country
I don’t deserve to be in this country because I was born in another.

My rights as a human have been corrupted on both sides
There is only one world and I don’t know where the one I belong on, lies
The real me, slowly dies
I become two faced. It’s a challenge
Knowing in the end it won’t matter but I still manage
To keep both worlds in balance

People degrade us and say we can’t make it
We get fired up and prove them wrong. Make them eat their words and have them sit in silence reflecting on their own ignorance.
We’ve been through enough struggles in our life for your words to take any affect.
They say that those who’ve gone through the worst become the strongest
We’ve been broken down till it no longer hurts
And yet we’re not dying, not lying but trying and striving to make it through, alone
Parents are foreign to this country & still have much to learn
Getting through by paying for a family and taxes
While trying to learn English and struggling to do so with their sixth grade education. It’s tragic.
Now top that with being the first born, unborn in a country of “opportunities”
Having younger siblings watching us break down every barrier in our way
People have their up and downs in life but when you are a role model you just hope that those looking up to you don’t see your train as it wrecks.

Pulverized into dust
Our struggles become a thing of the past.
But as we look back we see our barriers being re-built
The kids following behind us can’t see the same path we took
Unable to apply for financial Aid, or student loans, better yet
Not being able to get the same benefits because their parents made love in a different country,
The fact that we have lived here for as long as most others has no meaning in this society.

If only the world were blind
Our ears would be the most used sense to determine the future of a life.
Of a being wanting to make change
Not for just ourselves but for those marching right behind us.

Humans go through struggles. But when you have humans vs. humans and laws vs. humans it feels as if there is no way around it.
Dreams have a goal, goals have barriers, barriers are broken down by people, people have a passion for change, and change is what will happen.
We won’t stop until we get what we want and need.

Now, can you SEE US?

