

MY PEOPLE

People,
My Mexican people:
the struggle they have.
They cross the river to come to
this land.
They work real hard.

La raza unida.
La pobreza.
How many people suffer to come to
this land?

Dancing cumbia when we celebrate.
It's fun when I see my people smile!

The way they talk,
the way they dress.
The way my mom dressed
when she came to the United States:
Like a nun!
It was different.
She was all into
that Catholic thing.

La raza unida.
I was down for my brown skin.
I went to the street
to find my real family.
They were there for me when I needed them.
They gave me what I needed.

I thought it was cool.
I had a lot of respect.
I thought I had power,
that I had everything
I needed.