

Learned English with Barney  
And the *novela* hour, Babysat  
myself and *el gordo*  
during Saturday Baywatch and Sunday morning cartoons I  
loved those Cheeto days  
getting honor roll, perfect attendance, and award metals

Ay, I, brought by a desperate mother and an alcoholic father  
Born in the, so-called “wrong side”

tired of pleasing and  
trying to impress you  
jumping over every bump you throw my way  
while you try so hard  
to lead me astray

Why do you hate me, call me “illegal?” Why  
are you so scared?

Scared of me?  
my color? my  
people?  
Or our potential?

Nah, there is no need to debate  
my dreams  
are larger than your hate So  
like Fox News  
let me give you an update

--“We were here before 1492, back to the studio, Jim”

--[Insert your favorite commercial break here]

--Jingle: “*American family insurance...*”

CriminalICEd “indigenous immigrants”  
U.S. paradox created

Kati’s brown ICEs cry her  
punished parents  
Abducted for being born on southern side

I see white dreams fulfilling like it’s easy

I see my dreams betraying my ICE  
Telling me, "don't you realICE, you need a *milagro*"

A miracle to escape this slave, cage, they've put me in  
To escape the walls they build  
bars that they set glass  
ceiling, they Wind-ex  
To escape without fear

Minuteman, You need a *limpia* from your *susto* cuz  
I am not the criminal!  
the one to blame  
an "illegal" the  
other

I am you...  
your ancestors reaching this land Inhabited,  
feeding, sustaining my *antepasados*.  
Re-member your ancestors with Columbus  
Overstayed-uninvited-visa lacking-immigrants, too

& in case you were wondering  
I do not hate the Sheriff the  
fear and ignorance he emits  
makes me feel sorry for him

He has tortured me terrorICEd  
me  
still I stand free as a tree  
with deeper roots  
than you can ever imagine

if you deport us all  
YOU will have to clean your own toilets  
build your own homes and pick your  
own food

I know it is not convenient to end oppressions But  
we endure, and we will not give up...

when these dreams reach reality you  
will remember this poem  
you will remember me