

Reality Sting

His stomach grumbles. He asks, Dad, can I have more food to eat?
Had a tortilla then drank some sugar water, oh, so, sweet.

While tapping his feet, to the fiery mariachi beat,
He sees how music makes him feel, he smiles, shows all of his teeth.

Father's eyes, welled up of tears, failing to provide for his own,
Mother is thin, and all of the children hungry in a zone.

To see this made him feel sad, and a little less than zero,
He's the oldest, and dreams of bring home mucho dinero.

He daydreams to one day sing in a band of mariachi,
Wants to make it big, dress the best Louis Vuitton, Versace.

Thinking nothing can stop me, Mexican people are colder,
Thinking of going to the U.S.A. when he gets older.

Doesn't have the luxury to dream cause reality stings,
Mother says, your seven, and we need food what can you bring.

My voice is good like taffy I can feed you all if I sing,
Mom says, careful son! When your dreaming, reality can sting.

I always wanted to be a singer, now my dream is dead,
I'm forced to do what I don't want to do, damn it! The boy said.

By Francis Sepulveda

Universal Visa

His parents are still poor and old, his fiancée is pregnant,
If he cross the border he can survive off of what's remnant.

Native of America, way before the Europeans,
They were already here, and treated them like human beings.

Passport in the D.N.A., it says, Universal Visa,
Your local Busboy, The Dishwasher, Delivers your pizza.

He says, so why do we get a hard time crossing the Border,
To get there, we have to walk through walls, walk on top of water.

!Sneak into the land that I'm from! All I want to do is work,
A job that nobody wants, Trump has a cold heart, what a Jerk.

It does no good to complain, still I have to get to that land,
But to sneak in, Damn, hope not to run into the Ku Klux Klan.

Or any hate group or Minuteman, trust me, That's no my plan
Must feed my family, as my fiancée's belly expands.

Not going to the U.S.A. to do wrong, but work the farm,
You pay less for a head of lettuce, trust me I mean no harm.

Poor people of this planet should come together and network,
May Guadalupe protect me as I cross the hot desert.

By Francis Sepulveda

The "So Called" Wetback

He packs his shirts, hat, and adventurous vocation to be,
Six advices, seven pictures, and a thousand memories.

He packs his desire to transform- has not been succeeding,
He cries out to that Crucified God that is also bleeding.

Did whatever he had to do, and perforate the border:
The only reason he would break the rules of Law and Order.

The Moon - slips away caused by a cornice without permission,
And others have to prove that they are not in prohibition.

The So Called Wetback is wet from the tears - produced by his eyes,
The Undocumented - has too many burdens and tides.

Fugitive because his name does not appear in the archives,
His only motivation is to keep his eyes on the prize.

There should be a freeway that leads to his house along the shore,
Silence - an approval of pause has been taken since his tour.

They're born with The Universal Visa, Death then admission,
But for now, The Sky Consul has granted them permission.

By Francis Sepulveda