

## 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