

Somos

For this third anniversary of the Half Moon Bay shooting

We are the shadow of every morning
We are the sun that couldn't make it through customs
We are the ray of light that slips through concrete
We are the splinter of light that cuts across the hill

We are the ones who never rest, the ones who tell their kids, keep going
We are the ones who ate tortillas and salt, the so-called frogs
We are the ones who preached: where there's floor, there's a bed
We are the blanket just pulled from the dryer
We are the plum tree branch where my grandmother hung the clothes

We are the smile, the unhurried ones, the hello and the laughter
We are the children of the generation that received amnesty
We are the gap between here and there
We are our parents' greatest pride
We are the last dawn of our homeland

We are the last ones in San Benito's
We are the dream of the sack, its wildflower
We are every manager's nightmare

We are the smell of wet earth flooding the nose
We are the reason our children live here
We are the tears my mother swallowed for twenty years
We are the hummingbird buzzing through this valley

We are the Zumba classes your friend no longer goes to
We are the big-ass truck that thunders down the street
We are the horn that makes your father happy

We are the priest, we are the hangover, the example, and the cure
We are the scolding waiting for you at home, cabrón
We are the unease, the salt, and the health
We are what warms your mouth
We are the shot your homies fired
We are the shots the farmworker fired

We are the sprout born in winter
We are the wound that opens every January
We are the farmworker the Virgin covered in her mantle

We are the thousands of crosses that fill the desert
We are the bullets that shattered the silence
We are the babies who sleep on the floor

We are gardeners
We are cooks

We are
We are the best this country has to offer
We are Half Moon Bay

We are the corrido you hear all along the freeway
We are Purisima
We are blessed
We are 507
We are the food boxes that arrive on Saturday

We are mothers
We are nieces
We are the reason you have food
We are Grace
We are forgiveness
We are the silence the bullet broke
We are the blow that lands in your heart

We are the incense
We are the silence
We are the coffin carried in the sky

We only came to work
We only wanted to retire
Only on Sundays can we rest

We are Americans
We are Venezuelans
We are China
We are El Salvador
We are the Mexico that Mexico forgot

We are daughters
We are

We are the mushrooms still buried
We are dancers
We are danzantes

We are pochos
We are alone

We are the hope waiting at the bottom
We are hunger
We are justice
We are duty

We are Marciano Jimenez
We are Jose Perez
We are Zhi Shen Liu
We are Ai Xiang Zhang
We are Qi Zhang Cheng
We are Ye Tao Bing
We are Jing Zhi Lu

We are the corrido you can hear all along the freeway
We are the other half of the moon that greets you at night,
that hides its face—its darkness,
what splits in two and offers you the light
that illuminates your path