

## **I dream...**

I dream of a day that  
peace will prosper through  
our joints.

I dream of a day that  
all will conquer our  
hatred and sadness.

I dream of a day that  
sickness will turn to  
health and all will be well.

I dream of a day that  
All tears won't be full  
of fears, but joy.

I dream of a day that  
all will finally have  
a place to call home.

## **My Dark**

It was as if the world froze  
And completely came to a stop  
Everything became so shallow  
All past hardships I forgot

I cried because I felt  
That somehow this was all my fault  
I had never been so scared  
And never had so many doubts

But then I saw you  
And all became right  
I knew it was going to be so damn hard  
But I also knew I had to fight

And now that some time has passed  
I am still very sad  
But I think I'm handling it much better  
Because I now realize what I have

I have two amazing people  
Whom I love with all my heart  
Who make all the shadows disappear  
By bringing their light into my dark.

# I am from

I am from red roses and  
the land of fairy tales I am  
from the smell of home cooked  
meals of steak and greens I  
am from nick names I am from  
my families past I am from big  
cities and family get togethers I  
am from grandmothers who care  
I am from a family a little bit weird  
I am from tall tales and old stories this  
is just some of me now that you  
know this do you still judge me?

# **My Family Tree**

Black face, inter race

Light skin, nicely blend

Brown skin, white skin,

Black skin, bright skin

Some Rican, some white

Some Indian, some just light

All different yet all the same

Some real dark yet no one's to blame

Some tall, some short like me

But yet this is the story of my family tree



IT HURTS TO  
BE LOOKED AT IN A DIFFERENT  
WAY ||| |||  
• • • • •

It hurts to be looked  
at in a different way  
James A.

# I Wonder Who

Who's face is that in mine,  
within my skin and complexion intertwined?

In these, his soul I may never see  
whose eyes are looking back at me?

She never presents a discourse of this man,  
the woman of my origin.

I am to disregard, forget,  
the memories I do not have.

Still as I look at my reflection,  
I wonder of my perception.

Foreign features on this face,  
traits without a case.

My existence I owe to thee,  
the man one day I may never see.