

# Tapestries: Interwoven voices of local and global identities

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## Espero

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# Espero

By: Jocelyne Cardona

The wind's whisper rushes to me  
Wanting to tell me the secret  
I listen and it screams  
WAR

I put away that foto of us  
Showing our teeth stained  
By the sweat and tears  
Of the life we leave behind

I heard that the smell  
Of that soil is different,  
Ours is rotting  
As that soil, they say,  
Smells like rosas

Twenty soles of feet  
Cry as they walk beside the rusty  
track  
Bones whisper in darkness  
Warning me to look back,  
To return

I hold the wrinkles  
That have always loved me  
We travel, but the bombas  
Are shattering the bodies of babies

I hold on to that foto  
The memory is all I have  
To remember

We walk as our hips begin to crumble  
As the heat burns into my brown skin

The sun's fuego tells me to run back  
To the waters of my home  
But they are no longer blue

We arrived at the line  
Línea were on the other side  
There are rosas



Photo by Caroline Karamja

I run to freedom  
But those wrinkless  
Cry as I cry  
As I clasp hands with betrayal  
As they blur into the horizon

The world is grey  
Forcing me to forget  
My identidad  
I am now a rock  
Waiting to be held  
Waiting to be cared for

Espero, I wait  
I wait, Espero

If I could run  
I would take the train  
But this life  
Has taken me

I am an immigrant  
Looking for freedom  
Esperando for that line to disappear

I am lost  
I am young  
I am afraid  
I am confused  
Espero.