

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 wrinkleless
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.