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Denied Truth

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DENIED TRUTH

I am,
Hated on and looked down upon because of my race
I am,
Discriminated because of the latin resemblance on my face.

I am,
Stereotyped by those around me
I am,
Assumed retarded because of my disability.

I am,
Made fun of because I lack money
But I am,
Wealthier in experience then those around me.

You are,
The ones who cruise through life
But I am,
The one who struggles to survive.

The one who watches her family struggle,
Because only one person works full time in my household
And you would think that it's enough,
But with loans and debts, the going gets tough.
And unlike others, we don't get going,
We work even harder at what we're doing
But we don't get appreciated by the boss,
And so my mother's forced to sell chiles rellenos and
enchiladas.

Words will never hurt me,
The term wet back isn't insulting
Go ahead and call me mojada,
I'll never deny I'm a mejicana.

You can push us down as much as you like,
But as always, my people will rise
and take you down from your pedestal,
Just to prove that you ain't powerful and cool.

Till then, I will fight,
To not let my people fade into the night
But rather help them survive,
Because my pride will never die.

My words will never be silenced,
Much less dismissed
Just listen and maybe you'll hear,
The steady thump of our heart, loud and clear.