

Dreams of a dreamer

I am accustomed to the culture that I grew up with  
 I am accustomed to rock n roll  
 Not some Mariachi band  
 I am accustomed to peanut butter and jelly sandwiches with apple pie  
 Not some dish I can not pronounce  
 The veins that run through my body bleed red, white, and blue  
 Not red, green, and white

I love America  
 It gave my family a new beginning  
 America is my home  
 This seems to be an unrequited love  
 I am baffled by this  
 I work just as hard if not harder then my "legal" neighbors  
 I had the same education

High school is where my education came to a halt  
 My mother being an immigrant had low income  
 Which meant financial aid was quintessential for me to pursue a higher level of education  
 But I feared the government  
 I feared deportation

After high school I watched my hopes and dreams miraculously disappear  
 Every ounce of the aspirations I once had drifted into oblivion  
 The dreams I had were simply unethical

In an idyllic world I would be a doctor  
 And I would triumph  
 I would live without fear  
 I wouldn't have to Hide or lie  
 There would be no prejudice  
 Just open arms

But these are just dreams of course  
 And when I wake I wake up to a somber world  
 I feel despondent as I get up to my job of manual labor

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This was the only job I could receive  
As I lift bags of dry cement  
I like to think I am lifting up America  
As I install support beams  
I like to think I am supporting America  
All this without recognition  
But I am here  
I am living the American Dream