

I Am Woman
by Irene Cerda

I am a woman...
The cry of my people calls me.
I drift in a sea of storms.
The sweat of my people beckons me.
I am mixed in an array of confusing standards,
The dreams of my people blind me.
I am unwilling to blend in with a strange civilization.
The strength of my people drives me.
I am a woman...
I am judged for no apparent reason,
The history of my people saddens me.
I am concealed by humanity,
The suppression of my people angers me.
I am ruined by humanities immorality.
The diminishing of my people pains me.
I am a woman...
My blood, my people,
Their despair impairs me.
They are spellbound in a mist of poverty.
The cry of my people calls me.
But, they have conquered.
The sweat of my people calls me.
Preserving the fundamental ways of life,
The dreams of my people blind me.
And Now! I am a woman...
The strength of my people drives me.
I am torn between,
The history of my people saddens me.
The paradox of,
The suppression of my people angers me.
My hopes and my reality,
The diminishing of my people pains me.
I am a woman...
Love is all,
Their despair impairs me.
Or
Living no man's land,
The cry of my people calls me.
My destination remains unknown,
The respect I have for my people gives me an identity.
I am a woman...
I hear your cries,
I feel your pain,
I seek your dreams.

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