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Future Tense: Iowa Looks Ahead

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Article 1

Mi Raíz (My Root)

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Mi Raíz (My Root)

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My abuelito's hands
are a golden brown.
Like a desolate desert,
canyons span the length of his palms.
His landscape-like skin
rough and cracked.

The fields of Iowa
made his hands
appear dirty...
peppered with sunspots
and stained by the soil
from tending crops.
No soaps can wash that story away.

His skin weathered,
his bones brittle,
his trembling hands
ask for more work:
more fields,
more crops
to keep them busy
as he watches T.V.

He is not bitter towards the fields that forever hold his youth...
forever hold his health...
The cracks and pops of his spine were not for nothing.
He has built everything I know.

His hands help hold the books I read everyday.
His hands glide across the page as I write.
His hands are mine as I hold the ballot.

My hands will speak for him
and the path he has paved for me.
A voiceless man from Mexico
gave me a voice this election year
and I shall vote
because the canyons of his hands
run as deep as his blood in mine.