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Future Tense: Iowa Looks Ahead

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.