



IMMIGRANT'S

by
Camincha

**We are a voice that screams
tearing the silence of conformity.**

**We are a voice that screams
revealing our talents: contributions
to progress, peace, innovation, solidarity,
like a magenta flower, an aphrodisiac,
we seduce with ideas, its perfume
wrapping you, in bright elixir swaying
opinions with its maddening scent.**

**We are a voice that screams
memories brought with our luggage
from other lands: Flower petals hidden
between pages, of a book. Letters
turned dried-up-ink-flakes on worn
out paper, broken doll, childhood
companion. Mother's watch with worn
out silk band. Father's moment of glory
in faded yellowed photo. Veil and
ribbons of most Sacred Day, of her
First Holy communion. Prayer book
with blessed stamps of Guardian Angel
wings spread out protecting little girl.**

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