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Dear reader,

Our lives oscillate between struggles and achievements, sometimes lingering longer than we would like at one end. This is true for all of us, and yes, that includes Berkeley Law students, as intent as they might be on fronting otherwise. Students here continuously overcome the barriers in their paths. They carry vivid markers of their experiences and push forward despite what tries to set them back. To honor this shared journey, the theme of the fall 2019 issue of ; see also is resilience: its origins, its development, and its lessons. We are so thankful to our contributors as they plunge deep into vulnerable spaces and bring out poignant reflections from their processes. We are excited for you to witness their takes on this theme.

In poetry, we have five contributors:

- Amanda Almeda’s poems each describe resilience as something learned. In “Children’s Dictionary,” this learning happens by the simple fact of growing older—of being overwhelmed with years of “loss and sentimentality.” In “Corazón” and “This Is Girl,” being a woman catalyzes the learning: “Your love is an endless prayer even when he won’t let you go to church.” Why is resilience so important? Amanda gives us the beginnings of an answer in “Halfhearted,” in which the speaker “Had a halfhearted love affair / Because total lonely was too much.” The path to resilience, she suggests, is the path to living fully.
- Luna Martinez Gomez’s “Out/Loud” examines what we must be resilient against. The poem features a speaker who has learned to “cry without making a sound.” The speaker considers the word no and then declares, “I don’t / think / you should / ever / have to hear it, / in order to / stop.” In this sense, Luna’s poem gestures toward a sinister consequence of celebrating resilience: that it normalizes shifting to the “resilient” party a burden that more justly should fall to someone else.
- Loc Ho’s “The Bantamweight Champion” takes the voice of a speaker addressing “Le” in a boxing match. The speaker starts with acknowledging Le “gasping for air” and boxing with “hands cracked and bled.” Then it recounts the toils Le faced leading up to the championship match. The piece reflects an iron-clad testament to both physical and mental resilience in tow.
- Angela Moon’s “Thoughts of Resilience in Seasons and Time, Part I” travels through a powerfully shifting landscape of emotion. The poem reflects different facets of vulnerability through the seasons, the speaker eventually crafting a strength “delicate and sure” that comes from - and beyond - elements of the past.
- Yongbin Chang’s “un-DACA-mented pt 2” expresses the speaker’s deeply emotional response to DACA and a call to action to “work together, in solidarity, for all of us.” The poem courses through others’ people’s reactions to the undocumented, delving into personal experiences, while holding steadfast to calls for dignity, respect, and humanity.

In nonfiction, we have four contributors:

- Ari Chivukula’s “Transit” juxtaposes the past memory of being a target of racist bullying, with the present: blatant sexual assault from a stranger on the bus. Throughout the bus ride, Ari realizes “you never stopped trying to push him away” and finally makes the journey home, recognizing “You’re not alone. You’re not afraid.” The essay’s use of the
second person “you” and unique narrative structure presents a subtle but powerful portrayal of what it means to endure and reflect on these encounters.

- Savannah Carnes’s “The Oakland Marathon” talks about running as a metaphor for how she has learned to live: “I improvised.” After dropping out of high school and leaving an abusive boyfriend, Savannah rebuilt her life in the manner of running a marathon. She received a bachelor’s degree in chemistry; she spoke out at sexual-assault protests. “Whenever I felt burdened by the weight of my memories, or felt that I wasn’t good enough for the world,” she writes, “I would think of accelerating on that steep downhill. I continued to press onward.”

- Angeli Patel’s “Magic in the Shower” describes a personal transformation in mindfulness before and after a shower. The essay delves into a deep appreciation for the shower’s calming effects on the body, and Angeli discovers inner strength when “my mind came into alignment with the present.”

- Angela Moon’s “Thoughts of Resilience in Seasons and Time, Part II” illustrates the growth that follows from honest self-reflection on moments of struggle, realization, and connection. Angela goes through this process of change with a nurtured resilience, described as ever-present roots that emerge with the potential to sprout into ”a thriving tree.”

Finally, we have a four-part visual-art series by Alex Harvey. Each picture shows a wound from its freshest moments to its gradual stages of healing, as Alex captions it: “the natural human ability to maintain internal well-being despite changes in the world outside.”

Happy reading!

Sincerely,

Angela Moon
Ari Chivukula
Bill Nguyen

Dru Spiller
Elena Kwon
Iman Shah

Luna Martinez Gomez
Olivia Gee
Saffa Khan
Previously

At

bagels

begging

mansions,

that

scared

My

helped mend my broken sense of self.

on

teach

seemingly never

when I normally would have stayed at home, hidden from the world.

exercise

appreciated the present on my training runs.

Oakland oxygen to first barely lose a time blocks to me was of and to I normally would have stayed at home, hidden from the world.

And

The Oakland Marathon
by Savannah Carnes

When I threw myself into running, I was a sixteen year old high school dropout who had barely gained the courage to leave an abusive boyfriend. I had been beaten and belittled for so long that I jumped at loud noises and didn’t make eye contact. I was small, fragile, and lost. The first time I pulled on an old pair of sneakers and forced myself to go for a run, I only made it three blocks before trudging back home. Somehow I kept going and soon found that it was easy to lose myself in a run, when all I could think about was the repeating rhythm of my steps, the oxygen rushing into my lungs, the gravel crunching beneath my feet. After building my confidence with six weeks of jogging, I surprised even myself when I committed to run the Oakland marathon. My future was unclear, and my past was intolerable, but I very much appreciated the present on my training runs.

Running mimicked my approach to life: I improvised. I didn’t have a coach or a running team to guide me; I trained myself by reading racing manuals at the library and listening to exercise podcasts. For months, my customized schedule forced me to get out of bed on mornings when I normally would have stayed at home, hidden from the world.

The first time I ran ten miles I called my father, crying in disbelief. When I managed to run seventeen miles, my feet were so sore afterwards that I could only wear sandals for a week, never mind the winter rain. As I continued to prepare to run a marathon, I found that this seemingly impossible project served as both a distraction from my grief and a mechanism to teach me that I was stronger than I felt. I used the marathon as a reason to be brave. I used it as a reason to leave my house when I felt tired and scared, or when my brain began to replay the past on a loop. I felt myself grow stronger each time I pulled on my sneakers and every mile I ran helped mend my broken sense of self.

After eight months of training and four hundred miles under my feet, race day arrived. My father woke up early to drive me to the starting line and I confided in him that I was so scared of failing that I felt nauseous. He didn’t offer to turn the car around and he didn’t tell me that it was going to be easy. Instead, he rolled down the passenger window, just in case I needed it, and drove me to the starting line. As I started the race, I took comfort from the words my father didn’t say: sometimes things are scary, but that doesn’t mean we give up.

And so I ran, still terrified of failing. I ran past cheering spectators, abandoned lots, gated mansions, honking drivers late for work, and cops on their beat. When my body was already begging me to stop at mile two, I high-fived grandmas and befriended fellow runners. I ate bagels and drank espresso shots while skipping over potholes at mile seven. A firefighter threw me over his shoulder for a block at mile twelve and I unsuccessfully tried to return the favor, laughing through the pain.

Mile fourteen introduced a long, slow incline that wound through the heart of Oakland. At the peak I saw the city unfurl before me: a quilt of Victorians, skyscrapers, and liquor stores. Previously in my training, I had sprinted up hills but had always walked back down, foolishly
underestimating the challenge of steep downward slopes. Now, as I began to run downhill, gravity propelled me faster and faster. Afraid of going so quickly on my wobbly knees, I naively dug in my heels to regain a sense of control and immediately felt my shins protest. I realized that running downhill could become easier if I leaned into the speed and zigzagged down the hill. And so I accepted my fear and carefully carved myself a new path.

It was in this spirit of creating a new trail that I precariously rebuilt my life in the following years. I went to court and was granted a restraining order against my abuser. I attended community college and fell in love with the deductive reasoning of science. I read new books, met new people, ran new routes. My chemistry courses fascinated me and I focused my intellectual curiosity to earn a bachelor’s degree by the age of twenty. Whenever I felt burdened by the weight of my memories, or felt that I wasn’t good enough for the world, I would think of accelerating on that steep downhill. I continued to press onward.

Like running, healing from my past experiences became easier the more I practiced. In the following years, I shared my story with my local community and opened up to journalists. I didn’t want pity or sympathy; I wanted to call my peers to action and let go of the shame I carried from having been victimized. I spoke at sexual assault protests about how violence had affected my life. I was overwhelmed by the number of strangers who responded by shouting back, “Me, too!” I researched sexual assault protocols at universities and gave a speech on Berkeley’s famed Savio Steps about both policies and personal experiences. People I had never known reached out to me to share their own stories and together we mourned the past. At first, speaking out was painful and frightening. My hands would shake with a mix of outrage and stage-fright as I scanned the crowd looking for my abuser. But each time I made my voice heard, it became a little easier to find my way forward.

I crossed the marathon’s finish line in five hours and fifty six minutes, earning a medal and losing a few toenails for my effort. I haven’t needed to run away from my past in years, but I will always be better for the wisdom I unexpectedly gained while trying to. I healed from trauma the same way I ran a marathon: one foot in front of the other, never dwelling on the past, forever trusting myself to figure it out, and always pushing myself to go a little further than I ever thought possible. I take solace from both the marathon I ran and the one I lived, and in finding closure I discovered a fierce resolve to create a better future.
Your love is a letter written in a different room
A secret, stolen time
Not your own paper, your own story
But annotations between lines in a prayer book
Of how this passage reminded you of your grandchild
Of God’s grace in the sunlight shining in a parking lot
Because you weren’t allowed to chase your own heaven

That’s what this life is all about
Your love is an endless prayer even when he won’t let you go to church
Your love is an apology
Your love is your whole life
For him

Where did we learn to be such brazen granddaughters?

Corazón,
Forget sleeves
We wear our hearts on our hips
Cocked and ready to fire
We don’t know how to love without fighting back
We don’t know how to love without giving up
The love we know is a black and white novela
None of us learned gray

Corazón,
We wanted to know what devotion felt like
So we etched it into our skins
We wear the love we learned like a scar
Heavy, we carry the weight of it
We beat, we pendulum
It flings us far from where we’re from
It holds us back from who we are
Can loyalty make us into our own people?

Corazón,
I want a love with my whole heart
But none of my indignity.
This is Girl
by Amanda Almeda

Poised in pink peplum
Sweet in lace overlay
I charm in chambray
And bite with snapdragon finish.

Mary-Janed
And pencil-framed
I am sleek robotique
With voluminous crown

But this isn’t princ-(ess)
Or god-(ess)
Or any other “S” word
For that matter

It’s not “whoa whoa whoa” (wo)-man
Some double-plus ungood
Prefixed to signify a lack of something.
This is Girl

Qualified without the qualifier.
This isn’t anti-man—
This stands for itself
Legs uncrossed and ladylike.
; see also

Halfhearted
by Amanda Almeda

I halfchomped the honeyloaf
Because I wanted halfskinny

Waded in the water till my halfpoint
Hugged my chest with a halfsmile

Moved halfway to the city
So I could enjoy/afford

Had a halfhearted love affair
Because total lonely was too much

BUT IF COMFORT WASN’T SO IMPORTANT
IF COMPROMISE WASN’T AN EASY EVIL

I’d be meatypretty in the thighs, smacking lips
Licking drizzle from my fingertips

I’d shiver…deliciously, precipitously
Dripping belldrops from my mermaid skin

I’d queen the city, become the city
Let it maybe crush me into little sparkles

I’d have a bottle shaken, fizzing over
Top to toe kind of love or independence.
We skim the spines in
the bookstore, inherit language and
histories, nostalgias we don’t yet
recollect. At twenty-something, we
occupy a page or two, but not
a title. Certainly (hopefully) not
a genre, when I spot
a memory of mine nestled on
the shelf. How retro (but not yet
wise): a children’s dictionary with
a whale, an astronaut. We try
an exercise: Guess What’s Missing–
SAT words, chemicals, when
Elaine tries Maudlin.
Ennui. Bereavement. And I think of
loss and sentimentality and
everything I’ve learned. I half
smile, half there, my hand tracing
circles on the concave of an
empty womb. I shield a future
daughter in ringlets and nouns. I
swaddle a pink and brown baby
in sounds.
I have taught myself to cry without making a sound,
so when the weight of your arm rests against mine,
you can hear nothing but the up and down of my chest,
breathing slow,
deep,
echoes
of rusting metal
that only I can hear twinkling inside me.

I have learned to cry with my eyes open,
springs flowing downstream effortlessly
so when your body pressed against mine falls asleep,
the last it sees is my unmoving gaze fixed on the eye of the moon,
an inner river cruising through me,
and only us,
the moon and I,
know to call it tears.

It tears me open
to hold my own hand and hum a silent lullaby to the fractured orchid I am,
quivering
in quiet disappointment at my own self
for breaking that fragile,
crystal vial
that held the trust I had in me.

I blame myself,
blame the army of broken women that came before me,
for not learning to carry chaste bodies,
to suppress the warm scent of jacarandas and sunsets that hides between our legs.

I blame myself and each of you
for vibrating with the ancient chant of our wombs,
refusing to tame the rhythmic breath that resonates between our breasts,
owning the moans that run down our lips as if we deserved them,
as much as we deserve to say the word

no
And no,
I don't
think
you should
ever
have to hear it,
in order to
stop.

To stop
and recognize
that a body on fire
is not an open invitation for penetration
and if the only shield
between my garden of Eden
and your pleasure
is a two-letter word,
if you need a vocal reminder
that this flesh and bone home that I carry
is not to take as yours,
if in this dance of two
I am the one
that must stand up
to defend her right to feel safe,
then,
there is no space for you
inside me.

My skin
is a collection
of musical notes
that need to be sung in two voices.

I am dissonant at your touch,
off-key,
discordant
in this melody that is
but one thread
in the symphony of broken bodies,
sisters of mine,
to think that I want
no child
inside me
and in this dance of two,
my body is the one to hold the question,
fear in the space that once was a nest for the sacredness of creation, 
I use that word intentionally.

My bonecave, 
blank script for nature, 
receptacle of guilt 
for my inability to defend it from myself, 
for myself, 
I say I'm sorry, 
Moonchild, 
your smooth surface open to unwanted visitors, 
to hands that steal the unstealable, 
their footsteps leaving craters in their wake.

I'm praying for tidal waves, 
to wash away all memories, 
until the night comes 
when we can build a pedestal with our tears 
and standing on its sea 
scream our pain to the world, 
reclaim it, 
poemize it, 
give it the name that each of us has lost to silence, 
until we rise up and learn to cry out loud, 
unashamedly.

Because I've taught myself to cry 
without making a sound.

And I want my voice back.
Transit
by Ari Chivukula

Attention isn’t a bill to skip payment on when waiting for the bus. If you catch yourself: head in the clouds and fingers atwitter, you’ll end up having to run after the #6 when it passes your stop. If you catch it . . . Once you catch it, you’ll scramble to find the Clipper card and slink back toward an empty row. It’s then, when you’re 45 numbers and 11 names away from your street, that you can tune-in to that message\(^1\) you just got from a guy\(^2\) you’d blocked from your memory\(^3\) since high school. It’s strange to relive events\(^4\) you don’t quite recall from someone else’s newly woke\(^5\) perspective. You may have some absolution to offer him\(^6\), but he sure as shit\(^7\) has none for you. There’s no point\(^8\) in engaging.

That’s when he slides into the seat next to you. You wish it was just his man-spreading that grabbed at your attention.\(^9\) His face puckered in a way you have to resist mimicking once you catch his breath.\(^10\) His squint is aimed at you but his eyes dodge up and down your body.\(^11\) You’ll catch glimpses of him on this stretch of Telegraph in the weeks to come, but this is the only time you’ll meet.\(^12\) You attempt conversation about gender identity, but he’s sure he knows you already.\(^13\) It’s hard to ignore the migration of his hands up your thighs.

A stranger offers you a lifeline. They take pity and ask if you need assistance. You’re an adult. You’re not afraid. You say no. They get off.

Then the grabbing starts. You close your eyes for a moment; and wonder if the vibration of the bus and the fumbling of his fingers could almost be pleasurable. You look down Do you suck dick? and realize you never stopped trying to push him away. No answer can satisfy You know how big I am? save the one he can not have.

You’re about to miss your stop. You pull the yellow ripcord and shoot over both his legs as your parachute catches on the street sign. Your street sign. You’re home.

\(^1\) I hope all is well.
\(^2\) We rode the same bus to and from school in Okemos, and I was cruel to you.
\(^3\) I want to apologize for the inexcusable way I acted.
\(^4\) I can only imagine how it must have felt to be subjected to the aggression and racist taunts of a white, older student.
\(^5\) I was completely insensitive, and used my privilege to cause you pain.
\(^6\) I feel so ashamed, and while I do not know you, I do know it was no small thing you went through.
\(^7\) I am so sorry, Ari, you deserved so much better than that and I wish I had shown you care and kindness instead of cruelty.
\(^8\) Please let me know if it would help to talk.
\(^9\) — HEY
\(^10\) So what are you — anyway?
\(^11\) You dressed for pride — or —
\(^12\) — why are you wearing that?
\(^13\) No, but — how much?
Homeostasis
by Alex Harvey

The natural human ability to maintain internal well-being despite changes in the world outside.
I stepped into the shower a few days ago and came out a different person. I’m not new to reflecting or diving deep into my thoughts. Analyzing and philosophizing are old friends. But when I stepped into that shower, I was an exhausted, burnt out, broken and sad person. You see, I stepped in with the weight of the world on my shoulders.

I had the worry of past and future generations weighing on my brows. The sadness of my loved ones chained to my ankles. Insecurity cramped in my stomach. Anger and unresolved emotion knotted in my throat. Shame and hurt attached to my thighs. And the indifference of my surroundings smudging my skin. And my mind? Well that poor thing was spiraling into itself holding everything together.

I might have heard someone talk about it or watched it on TV somewhere, but all of those Nayirah Waheed poems suddenly started to make sense. As I stepped into that shower, finally finding a safe haven away from the madness of my life, warm mist greeted my skin. Slowly, the water slithered down my skin and the indifference of society began to wash away. With my tired eyes, I started to see my skin as if I’d never really seen it for what it was. My skin, so tan and flawed looked so beautiful -- peaceful. I thanked it for giving me the sensation of touch and protecting me. And it responded-- it had never glowed liked this before. Inspired by this magic, I examined the rest of my tired body with wonder, as if seeing it for the first time.

I slowly kneaded away the weight of the world from my shoulders with cherry blossom soap. And they stood taller.

The warm water massaged away the worries of past and future from my brows. And in turn, they revealed the innocence of my eyes.
Mint soap ran down to my ankles to release the shackles of sadness. And they danced with grace.
The water pressed all of the insecurities out of my stomach. And I could finally breathe.
I inhaled the warmth as it untangled the emotions and anger stranded in my throat. And it began to weep.
I looked down at my thighs and apologized for hating them. And they embraced me with their curves.
And finally, as each part of my body received my attention, apology, and appreciation, my mind came into alignment with the present. It found strength from within itself.

Unlike all other times, this time, my body came to rescue my mind. How humbling it is to worship the home where your soul lives.
Thoughts of Resilience in Seasons and Time
by Angela Moon

Part I. Seasonal Affects- a poem

In the fall of 2018
I dived in too deep
A cliff face against an ocean, resolute
I fell expecting the ocean to be a cushion
My ears numbed
The water covered me
with a grip like
aggression

Spring of 2019
I dreamed of fires scorching the earth
Water tipping over the heads of people, half-dead
Branches snapping
Perhaps it was anxiety speaking, or fear
Well, I woke and found
An extended hand
A smile offered without reason
More than once
My fists, instinctively curled at my sides,
loosened a little

Summer 2019
We made candles
The wax was golden liquid, sugary solid
I watched the flame flicker, unsteady in the wind
The scent was
Delicate and sure

Fall 2019
Two days ago
I sat next to a flame
The wick trimmed from the night before
The smell of lavender filled the room
But it wasn’t the same
after we had fallen apart
But it was still delicate
And sure

Red embers, blue base, a gentle glow
Flickers in the night
Part II. Last Year- reflections
Last fall, I came to a place that brought me joy, challenges, and pain. It was a long and peculiar process, but looking back, I warmly and humbly accept these experiences.

My first year in Berkeley at law school was difficult because it felt evident that all around me, people had a clear sense of their future paths. It felt evident that I did not know as much as they did. It sometimes felt isolating, even though we were supposedly bound together in shared suffering. In sum, it felt as if I probably shouldn’t belong here.

My first year at Berkeley in other ways was difficult because I encountered a couple challenges in some of my personal relationships. I felt that I communicated what I wanted, but it was more likely I did not make myself clear. I felt like I was ready for something new to happen, but I also waivered in uncertainty. With each major step in my personal and social life, a small pebble of fear lurked in the corner. A fear that I may not have been doing things properly.

All of these melted together into scenes that sometimes appeared in dreams. Like being stuck in the sand, with nowhere to turn. And perhaps the next scene would have been quicksand (but that is a touch cliché).

In the end, I turned out fine. Much of my struggles were rooted in my internal psychology. When I turned to treat myself, like a nurse finally checking on a patient, I felt a little closer to being healed. This meant taking an honest look at myself – some of my insecurities, my deep-seated perceptions and wishes, my fears and shortcomings.

My friends and family turned out to be a great support system when I felt particularly overwhelmed. People were willing to help, with resources and advice. Humbly, I took upon myself to enjoy what I could. Even if I wasn’t completely sure what I wanted to do yet, I thought of seeing each opportunity I saw as a bouncy launch pad. See what I get and see what I can do with it. If I wobbled a bit, that was fine. A mindset focused on the present.

I learned from friendships and how to work on communication skills through trial and error. I learned to let go when some things in a relationship weren’t working and I had to accept it. And before expecting something of people, I started to consider whether I was giving enough to others first. Am I really right to judge someone when I too may suffer from the same flaws I am tempted to find in others? Through self-reflection, I came to a very humbling experience. I had to truly know myself.

Breathe a little deeper. Know the value of striving, but also carve out time for balance. Striving for my future aspirations did not mean I had to sacrifice other valuable things like health and well-being. Understand that giving compassionately is important.

Resilience was there with me, like the roots of a tree buried in deep soil. It took a lot of effort to push the roots above the surface. Later, it may grow into a budding shoot. Water it more, keep it open, and a thriving tree might sprout. It is a time to keep growing, whenever I face things that seem like difficulties.
Le, how is it?
   Gasping for air
Through those chapped lips,
Mouth dry, full of bare film and plastic,
Wearing gloves so none can see
How your hands have so
Cracked and bled.
   Le, how are you
boxing this golden cadet?
After ascending those three steps
to lift yourself into that ring,
And search, past his eyes,
For the last match to blaze
   what fumes remain;
After rising three times
From the resort-bed,
Sick and sleepless, Shivering
Again from steaming out
Those several pounds, Shivering
Again from the Demon
Hidden, ever ready
with its branding iron
to sear your knees Weak,
if you once more dared
tear up,
   fall down,
   And drown
sobbing.

Le, did you find that match,
The one to light this last time?
they remind me that I'm undocumented
while documenting my life
telling me i should have "come here legally"
rather than the way i did originally

though, they tell me that i'm a good immigrant
i worked hard and got good grades -- a "model minority", right?
what more could they even ask of me
I even pledged my allegiance to this democracy

but nope, that's not enough -- my life's just like a chess piece
moved from A1 to B3, from overseas to UC berkeley
then they told me that I wasn't a sinner, that now I was instead a dreamer
and that because of my great work, I should feel like some kind of winner

another friendly reminder -- "it's not my fault", they say
"the blame is on my parents", they remind me -- it's their crime.
but what crime do they bear but their crime of love for me
and ask yourself this: how far would you go for family? --
how far did they go for you?

or maybe, just maybe, it's the rules that are broken, because after all
we live in a system rooted and thriving on violence, exploitation, trauma, and racism
a nation of laws turned into a nation of flaws -- or maybe it began like that --
but thats another story for another day

it feels like a curse, always reminded I'm not equal
then they said I should vote to make sure there's going to be a sequel
as if my unwillingness as a participant in this elective democracy is a choice I willingly make
and if I dare complain, they tell me I'm ungrateful
to be able to live, that's all I need in order to be cheerful

and when you give a bit of food to a starving lion
they'll want nothing but more
DACA gave us a taste of what it meant to be normal
to be human, and not just criminal
to believe we are lawful and moral, and not just illegal
to dare dream that one day we may get to travel
to own a home and be a professional
can you blame our anger when, again, our lives are starting to crumble?

taking DACA away is like choking our throats
and we only learned recently how to breathe
and since then,
some of us forgot what it felt like to be strangled

and when you feed the lion, you better be careful
for a mistreated beast, with its chain unshackled
has nothing to lose and everything to gain

but let me tell you what also matters,
what really matters

all they did was stick two sticks (pause) into the ground of 11 million
and told them, quite simply, that only 800,000 of us had the right to be people
I ask "What about the rest, my father and my mother?"
you see, I did the math and every 1 person out of 800,000
is saved at the cost of 14 other family and friends

you don’t have to be a mathematician in order to figure out
that is a trade that we shouldn’t have to take

and I remind y'all and most importantly -- I remind myself
don't forget the people we often forget to think about
in finding our voice, remember not all of us shout
don’t just get caught in saving the “good immigrant”
the work is a marathon, not just a sprint
so don’t call it the end
when that green card comes in

let's move beyond DACA, let's leave behind our past doubts
let's not just pick up the crumbs and let's do more than discuss
let's work together, in solidarity, for all of us
from Zuckerberg to Obama, they say "save all the dreamers"
but what about all the other 11 million fighters and leaders?