

Poem

Reflection

By: Wesley Correa Carmenate

I Wake up everyday, knowing who I am,
when I look myself in the mirror, I know
what I have done in my Past...

This Government
see me and is wierd that some of them just
see my Black, But when they hear me talking
they think me more than that...

Is Crazy and
Errsane that this Countri is like that. Some
Prefer judge the skin than judge the
hearth...

When Tomorrow start without me
and I am not there to see, if the Sun should
rise, don't Find yourself with eyes all filled
with tears, I wish you would not cry...

I Close my eyes and my spirit Soars Across
my scars, I win those in Battles, but I lost
my Freedom and I roar just like that...

Now I am
Caged like an animal, but at night I Close my
eyes and I Take a Flight, And in my home,
My home land, My beautiful Island, that
is were I land.