

"Ancient Eyes"

You little sister,

the one with watery brown eyes.

The one with hair that reflects night.

You are beautiful.

Your body doesn't reveal who you truly are.

It only reveals the bad intentions inside

the hearts of men.

Men who want you to hate who you truly

are inside.

So you fall prey.

Covering your face with masks.

Masks that reveal nothing but insecurity.

Can't you see?

They want you to see someone else in the

mirror when you stare.

Not the reflection of rivers and valleys

but abandoned buildings and alleys.

Not blue skies nor Flores de Nopal.

But smog and broken-down cars.

But you are beautiful.

Your skin

brown as the Eagle who blessed you

at birth.

Bony cheeks

like Tunas over a prickly Cactus.

See yourself as a humble woman del campo

There is no shame in loving where you come from.

For shame makes you forget

your mother, father, i hermanas

Your ancestors,

the heritage they blessed you with.

are then traded in for illusions.

For black words on a white board

that become erased with time.

With age.

You forget your name.

your race.

your beautifulnes.

But you sister

you are beautiful.

Dressed in feathers, moccasins, deer skins

and colored beads.

For the Aztec blood which once fed the sun
runs through your veins.

So see yourself through the eyes of the
ancient who raised pyramids towards the
sky.

Through the eyes of those who built
cities over lakes.

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See yourself beautiful

And beautiful

you will forever

remain.