

Texas migrant shack,  
dirt floor beneath the bed.  
Born Americano!

My Mother Americana,  
My Father, sin papeles  
until he buys, the Green Card,  
now free  
to work the fields with his children.

Detached from my roots,  
like an onion pulled from a hot  
Texas field.

Adapted without full benefits  
no access to tools,  
that make me relevant.

Inwardly white,  
an Oreo a coconut  
yet color coded by race.

Born Americano!

My Mother Americana,  
My Father, sin papeles  
until he buys, the Green Card,  
now free  
to work the fields with his children.

Altered *and* absorbed by American ways,  
my heroes fly, they are tall, they are white,  
y no se habla Español

Born Americano!

My Mother Americana  
My Father, sin papeles  
until he buys, the Green Card,  
now free  
to work the fields with his children.

I come from a line  
that left the other behind,  
to cross a bridge, to ford a river,  
chasing the help wanted sign  
From California to the New York island  
From the Redwood Forest, to the gulf stream waters  
picking crops for you and me and born Americano.