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Homage to Maya Angelou

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“HOMAGE TO MAYA ANGELOU”

by Sydnie Reyes

“When You Come to Me”

When you send me letters, encouraging,
Asking me
Of dreams to be,
A future ahead.

Promising me, just as you would
a kid, a grand adventure
Compiled of halls so long.
Nights of never ending pressure.
Books of hidden treasure.
Thoughts of what could be,

I DIE

“Diverse Deviations”

When love is a public bathing pool
With water that clings
That leads to lusting wants
Where the Sihuanaba sings
Of desires tucked down deep

Of going again and again
Of rounded hips, inviting
A million silly me
And karma comes to play
They would be taken, drastically
To grey,
Where that face can haunt
And the mind is away

“Tears”

Sweat
The diamond glass
Cruel shards
Of a bent and tried soul

Pushing
A new land’s tragedy
Brown Birth
Of a misunderstood dream

"Mourning Grace"

If today, I follow them
Visit the empty wasteland
Tie the bandanna around my head
Through my education to waste
Jumped
Into that promised cage
with companionship
Sunken ship
Please,
Will you
Honestly
Take
The
Time to mentor
Me?

"We Saw Beyond our Seeming"

We saw beyond existing
These days of finger pointing

Of children speaking
different tongues
Out where the fields need picking

Of men all working and drinking
Within this better life sinking

Our tries brown fingers clawing
We know yet we will not look

Empowered and forgotten
We took what we could get

And now our souls are lost

Dry flowers without a pot

"My Guilt"

My guilt is "bent backs" for days
The sweat dripping onto my neck.
This season's strawberries.
This season's peaches
Is acid juice, spilling from my core.
My guilt made good grades
to avoid the chore.

My crime is those who try to prove
Caesar Chaves, Dolores Huerta,
Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Pablo Neruda,
They tried education, they were so smart.
My crime is I don't play the part.

My sin is in the schoolwork
No trace of sidetracking, it
makes them proud
I take studying like a job.
I do it in spite of my cultural bag.
My sin is not waving our flag.