

I am the other America©

How many Americas are there?

We have South America, we have Central America, we have North America
We have this America, and we have the other one too.

We have the rich America, we have the poor America
We have the prosperous America, and we have the other one too

I am the other America, the colorless, the odorless
The one with dreams, the one with hopes
I am the dissenter, I am the objector, I am the protector, and I am the other one too

I am the one who works,
I am the one who craves
I am the one who long
I am the one who cares

I am not Americo
I am not Cristobal
I am not Bolivar
I am not Marti

I am Aztec, Mayan, and Inca
I came from Europe
I came from Asia
I am African too

I am a pilgrim
I am a fighter
I am a writer
I even speak in tongues

I AM the other...America
I am the one you can't see
I am the one who you prefer not to exist
I am the one who you do not wish to hear

I AM...oh yes, I AM America too!



My Country is dying©

My country is dying and you are paying for it
You work, you pay taxes
We use your taxes to kill

You give us money but your money is not good
It is not good to build dreams
It is not good to build opportunities
Your money is not good.

You know what it's best for my country
You know how to fix it
You know how to build it
Look how pretty yours is.

Please give us more money
Please give us more weapons
Keep sending us money
Keep paying the death

My country is dying, dying by the hundreds
We are using your money
We thank you for your support
2 million refugees and counting thank you too

You made us number one
You married my government
You make such a beauty
So handsome, so rich, so bloody wonderful dyad

I thank you for your support
Please continue paying taxes
Help us in our agony
Help to deliver the death

We too have a war
A war against terror
The terror of your taxes
The terror of your vices

You are not to blame, we are the ones
We thank you for your support
We thank you for the opportunity
It is in deed the true: death and taxes, taxes and death
You give us your taxes
We give you our immolated death

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Differed dreams©

They came to tell me
They came to say
You are not
You have not
You must be not

They came to say
I can't stay
I am not allow to behold

I dream of leaves
I dream of days
I dream of food
I dream of you

But they came again
They were more this time
They came to tell me
I can't stay
I can't be here
I must be gone

But I too bare the dream
I nurtured the dream
I must stay
I must exist

They came again this time to yell
The dream is bitten!
The dream is down!
You must go home!

My home is here
My home is my dream
My home is my love
I need to stay

They came again
This time to push
I said go ahead push me
I won't push back!

They came one day
The day I was gone
The day I said,
I better be gone



The R Word©

Is religion dead?
Is dead religion?
Is religion opium?
I must have some more.

Is religion an art, I wonder?
Or is it wondering a religion
Is amazement in religion?
Or is it just religious faith.

Is it perhaps a myth?
Or is it a must have need?
Is religion a forbidden fruit?
Or is it a forbidden truth

Is religion up there in heaven?
Or is it down there in hell?
Is religion what makes me think?
Or is it what you hear me say?

I wonder what makes you believe
Is it what you eat not?
Is it what you wear not?
Is it what you hear not?
Or is it what you just said?

My religion is upon me
It is what I behold
It is not what I must know
But it is what I must become

Would you believe me if I believe?
Would it happen if I just pray?
If I shut my eyes tide enough
May I know what is the truth?

I don't truly care about your truth
I don't even know what my truth is
I believe therefore it must be truth.



Note it©

Note it make it happen
Wait, stop, do not move
Look up, Look down
Notice!
Silence. Be quiet
Notice!

What's going on?
Shut up! We are noticing
Noticing what?

Noticing the notice
Noticing the note
Noticing the do's
Noticing the don'ts

Don't be silly stop!
Look, there is nothing to notice, OK?
Everything is well
Everything is OK
It is business as usual
Nothing is wrong, come on!

But...
But nothing, life goes on
But... what about
But nada move on
But what about
What did I just said?
But what about
But nothing, no more, no nada
Could you please notice no more?

Ok I must go
Wait...close your eyes before you go
Close your eyes don't bother to note
Go on and notice not.

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Trinity and Trilogy©

Let me tell you about my grandma
Let me tell you about my mama
Let me tell you about me

Ageless love
Everlasting women
Wisdom what more?

Never give up, always adapt
Be grateful, be polite
Work hard, be

Oh trilogies of trinities
Oh marvelous creation
Mama, grandma, and me



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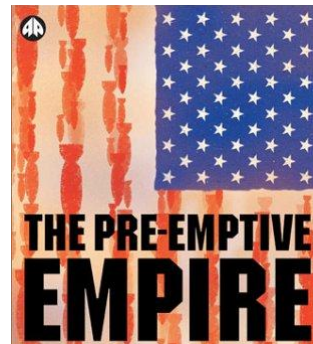
I doubt therefore I may be©

Enquire the facts
Seek the answer
Tell me the truth:
Is beginning more important than belonging?
Is belonging more important than the true?

I wonder, I ponder ...
I don't know
Propagate the idea, disseminate the information
Who cares if it is true?

It sounds reasonable
It sounds coherent,
it sounds!
It must be true

It doesn't add up... who cares
It doesn't make sense ... says who?
It does hurt ... too bad
It does ... I know



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