

## Four for the Fourth of July

### 1. YOU CALL IT

Freedom— You wear  
red, white, and blue. Grill  
red meat and gather  
with your family. Drink  
dark liquor, beer, or wine.  
Around the white table, hands tied  
together and pray before  
the feast. You thank God  
for the meal and family.  
When the sky starts to flush,  
you grab the matches,  
and light fireworks on the side-  
walk to celebrate the land.  
Meanwhile there are people in cages  
stained blue, unfed, unsanitary,  
and tortured.

### 2. Neighborhood ,

Firestone & Long Beach Blvd,  
slow traffic and empty  
sidewalks. I stare at every  
vehicle for identification,  
*civilian or federal*. Abandoned  
cars are stranded on the lots.  
Torta on the floor, lunch bag  
untouched, and cargo bed open.  
Vicious fear roams the air.  
Unlawful seizures of  
gente de color. I peek out  
the window for signs of  
resistance. Across the street  
there's a dealership,  
American & Mexican flags  
hung limply.

### **3. Hey Zocorro,**

Have you seen social media?  
It's true, estan aqui. The way you see it.  
They're not just on screen—  
agarraron el florero, the one I bought flowers  
from para mi abuela. I saw the bucket half empty  
and deserted on the sidewalk. They hit the carwash,  
enfrente de la Iglesia. Raul told me the story,  
he heard screaming and turned his head  
to see La Migra, atacando a los trabajadores,  
loading them up in a white van.  
Some ran and got in random  
cars and drove away.  
Mi ama saw them yesterday too,  
she went to buy some camote  
tomate y aguacate from the bodega  
down the street. She saw a man running  
y un oficial corrientándolo.  
Y mi ma, se pelo!

### **4. Guadalupe**

She stands facing me, on the right  
wall, behind a slate gray that washes  
her tan skin. She has been standing  
there for years, almost invisible.  
Never moved or touched, dust  
gathering in her curves. Her head  
angled virtuously, empathizing  
with ache. Her dress heavy,  
weighing her down with the  
prayers of those battling  
en la calle. Her hands tremble  
with duress of injustices.