

Who Am I?

Alexis

Silver Creek High School, ACCEL Middle College Class of 2027

Who am I?

I can be anybody,
But I know who I am.
I've always been me.

I am me.

And being me is the best thing ever.
I don't have to fake it.
I don't have to pretend.
And if the people talk about me,
That's okay
Because I don't care what they think.
And that's one of the things that makes me
who I am.

Proudly, I am Mexican.
To some, I'm an immigrant,
To others, just a "beaner" or a "wetback."

But they don't know my superpower.
They don't know that deep inside,
I've turned those words to dust.

To me, they're words I have redefined.
Another word to say, Mexican,
Another word to say, strong.
Another word to say, someone who left
everything behind,
Hoping for a better life.
Just another word to say, unbreakable.

Because I know who I am.
That's Life

"You are riding high in April,
Shot down in May"
That's life.
That's what Sinatra said,
And his words are true.

One day, I was one of the most capable
athletes in my country.
The next, just another immigrant in a pun-
ishing land.
Just a number.
Just a statistic.
Just another minority.

I was a king.
Then a pawn.

A poet,
Then a pauper.

And sometimes, I'm back on top,
Only to be shot down again.

But that's life
That's what everybody says.

Todo lo que dejaste atrás,
Eso que nunca experimentaran los gringos,
Frijolero,
Otra palabra para,
Hijo de los dioses.

TEATRO VISIÓN



Created as part of POETRY. POWER. PLACE.,
a collaborative poetry initiative by Teatro Visión
and the Culture Counts Reading Series at SJSU.

Life After Death

Ariana

Silver Creek High School, Class of 2027

When I die, let it be peaceful.
Peaceful and loving,
As I always tried to be.

Let it be beautiful and free.

And when you walk along long,
Earthy trails,
I hope you remember me.

Reading books that free your mind,
Knowing I would've loved to be beside you,
Helping you to become the best version of you.

And when you do,
Please know I am proud of you.



Created as part of POETRY. POWER. PLACE.,
a collaborative poetry initiative by Teatro Visión
and the Culture Counts Reading Series at SJSU.

Ariana

Silver Creek High School, Class of 2027

Home

A home does not have to be a house.
It doesn't have to be a person or thing.

A home can be somewhere you go within
yourself,
where you feel comfortable,
free,
understood,
and loved.

I know I'm home
when I read books that stir my mind,
Do activities that release my energy,
hike along long, beautiful trails,
and spend time with the people closest
to me.

When you can find a home within
yourself,
you are the most free you can be.

Untitled

When something you've known for so
long is taken away from you,
It hurts.
It's scary.
It can make you feel undeserving.

But when you're able to sit in pain,
Understand it,
And grow from it,
Then nothing was ever taken from you.

Because you're always becoming,
A new version of yourself.

So don't be scared of change,
We've all been there.

And remember,
One thing no one can take from you
Is how you see what's best
and understand what is true to you.

TEATRO VISIÓN



Created as part of POETRY. POWER. PLACE.,
a collaborative poetry initiative by Teatro Visión
and the Culture Counts Reading Series at SJSU.

Beto

Sofia

Silver Creek High School, Class of 2027

My Abuelo Beto,
A grandpa, a best friend, wherever we
would go.
Never a no with his Jokes and kindness, he
had it all,
Fishing and going to Mexico, he would al-
ways answer the call.

Baskin Robbins, our sweet getaway,
Ice cream treats, our favorite thing to end
the day.
After school surprises, I couldn't wait,
Pan dulce or toys, brightening my day,
My abuelo being somebody I could never
hate.

But the bottle was trouble, his continuous
fight,
Liver issues, giving many frights.
Hospitals, needles, endless trips,
Every visit my worry would slowly start to
rip.

Stubborn and strong, not giving a care,
Ignoring the rules, claiming they weren't
fair.
Mexico, he'd sneak off with no time to
spare,
Ignoring the danger, a hospital bed, he'd
appear right back there.

No drinking allowed, his weakness exposed,
Yet another sip he'd take, no care showed.
Hospital doors, a frequent place,
Why was his health always in second place?

Years passing, then that fateful day,
In fifth grade I awoke, something lacking,
no one spoke.
They whispered the news, it was hard to
bear,
My grandpa, my best friend, was no longer
there.

Numb and silent, I went to school,
As my tears built up, like a tide pool.
Questions asked, but I couldn't speak,
My grandpa was gone, and my heart was
weak.

At home, we told memorable stories we
couldn't help but hold,
Of my grandpa with a mark, (he) left so
bold.
"Like a cat with nine lives" my aunt com-
pared,
My grandpa receiving many chances at
life, yet this time one did not spare.

Abuelo why did you leave so soon,
I miss seeing you every afternoon,
All the memories filled with joy,
Now leave me sitting here crying like a
child with a broken toy.

Oh, Abuelo Beto, we miss you so,
Your memory lingers, how your presence
shows.
A friend, a guardian, forever in our heart,
A cat with nine lives, who will never depart.

TEATRO VISIÓN



Created as part of POETRY. POWER. PLACE.,
a collaborative poetry initiative by Teatro Visión
and the Culture Counts Reading Series at SJSU.

So I Could Dream

Melany

*Silver Creek High School and
ACCEL Middle College Class of 2027*

My parents came here chasing a better
life
Cruzaron la frontera.
Left behind their home,
their family,
everything they knew
Just to build something from nothing.

However they never rubbed it in my
face
Or made me carry the weight of that
sacrifice.
They gave me everything.
Not just food on the table,
A roof over our heads.
But a home full of laughter,
Amor,
And the kind of guidance, hope, and
support
That builds any kid into a dreamer.

My dad, día tras día
Trabajando bajo el sol.
Working relentlessly
So I could sit in an American classroom
Pencil at hand
Full of esperanza.

Since I was little
me inculcaron a ser mejor.
Do good in school mija,
Always put your best out there,
So I tried.

Even when times get rough,
When assignments pile up,
When others push me down,
Pressure built and self doubt starts to
seep in me
I hear constantly,
Cómo va a poder una niña como ella
hacer en la vida?
Ta pero sí loca si piensa que va poder
hacer una carrera.

So I studied.
Le eché ganas.
I dreamed.
I pulled through.

Because even if for others it is just a
grade
A small success,
To me it is a thank you,
A thank you to my two hearts
Who gave up everything
So I could have something.

TEATRO VISIÓN



Created as part of POETRY. POWER. PLACE.,
a collaborative poetry initiative by Teatro Visión
and the Culture Counts Reading Series at SJSU.

Como si nada

Melany

*Silver Creek High School
and ACCEL Middle College
Class of 2027*

Sometimes I wake up before the sun
It wasn't from an alarm
It's the fearing waking up with pounding at my
door, breaking the silence
Here to take the people I love

I hear cars passing
I listen
But not of what they are doing
Where they are going
But what may happen next

How strange it is having fear become constant
Brush your teeth
Get ready
Get going
Pray your family will stay safe
I hope this fear isn't showing

They say that the only deport "The bad ones"
The only crime my mother committed
Was leaving her family behind
In search for a better life

And my dad,
His hands knowing the weight of work
More than giving hugs of comfort
He works all day to make this place better
Yet they still don't want him here
A lo que les conviene
Treated like an alien day by day
As if he shouldn't stay

But what really is worse
How normal it is now
To be gone is just a second
Not death like gone, but gone like gone
They act like it's fine
Like it shouldn't sting
Que te arrebaten tus padres
To take your home since it's "their land"

Knowing that at any moment if it were to hap-
pen
I would have to drop everything
My studies
My life here
All the hard work I put in "para que mis padres
no sacrificaron todo para nada"
To go with them
Now my turn to leave everything
To build something

People talk about it like it's nothing
It's just how it is
For me it's a lump in my throat everytime my
parents go outside
When my dad is a few minutes late
When the phone rings too late

We built the backbone of this country
I see my parents
How hard they work day by day
Yet at the end of the day
To be seen as temporary
To be seen as just a burden
As a mistake

But they aren't
They are my home
My structure
That shouldn't be threatened
It shouldn't be temporary

TEATRO VISIÓN



Created as part of POETRY. POWER. PLACE.,
a collaborative poetry initiative by Teatro Visión
and the Culture Counts Reading Series at SJSU.

Stolen Land

Darlene

Silver Creek High School and ACCEL Middle College Class of 2027

A war in my head that never ends.
It's an everlasting nightmare I can't escape.
They call it the land of freedom,
But all I feel is hell in this place.

Displacement of families.
It is ongoing.
It makes me wonder,
Will it ever end?

Kids shouldn't ever be alone.
Risking everything in search for a place to call home.

We are told we don't belong
In a land that doesn't belong to them.
They say we are rapist and criminals, but
We know it's the farthest thing from the truth.

Struggle, loss, pain.
They'll never understand.

They don't know us,
Our history, or our future.

But we are a beautiful people,
We won't be erased.

We speak up and fight back on stolen land.
With our amor, cultura, y lenguaje,
We create ways to belong.

TEATRO VISIÓN



Created as part of POETRY. POWER. PLACE.,
a collaborative poetry initiative by Teatro Visión
and the Culture Counts Reading Series at SJSU.

Who says it's not ok to cry?

Darlene

Silver Creek High School and ACCEL Middle College Class of 2027

They say emotion makes you weak.
Like if crying is a form of losing control
What's so bad about a tear in your eye?
Who says it's not okay to cry?

Vulnerability is not a flaw.
It's a sign of a heart that has been
through it all.

Let's get rid of the stereotype.
We're all humans just trying to grow,
Letting our pain show.

I've cried behind closed doors,
Pretending like all was fine,
Just so people wouldn't think I was losing
my mind.
Struggles haunt me day and night
But I held it back, unsure to let it go.

No tienes razon por que llorar.
That's what I was told,
Our feelings a shameful thing to have,
but
We're just humans with stories that want
to be told

Aguántate no muestras dolor.
But I'm not made of steel or stone.
There are times when I break, cry, and
feel alone.

My father was taught not to cry.
So was I.
But I stand here today to tell you,
It's okay to cry.

TEATRO VISIÓN



Created as part of POETRY. POWER. PLACE.,
a collaborative poetry initiative by Teatro Visión
and the Culture Counts Reading Series at SJSU.

Hija Mayor

Darlene

Silver Creek High School and ACCEL Middle College Class of 2027

La hija mayor.
The second mother.
The Built in role model.

You're older, so you should know better.
That's what I was told.
I hid my tears, kept them inside,
Feeling like I had to always push my
pain aside.

My parents work long hours, late nights,
leaving so little time.
They work to give us everything we
need,
Even if it means they are left with nothing.

I had it all except for them.
Waiting for them to come home,
For them to have some free time again,
Hoping one day they'd see
I needed them to spend time with me.

I know it is not their fault.
But I can't do anything but feel sad.
I desire their attention,
Someone to ask about my day,
Someone to notice when I go quiet.

I turned to school.
The only way out of the pain.
I made it my number one without a
doubt.
I thought if I excelled they would care
Because all I wanted was for them to be
there.

I learned to do it all alone.
Wiping my tears on my own.
Pushing the pain away.
And wearing a smile even when I am not
my best.

La hija mayor,
I understand.
They are doing the best they can,
But I still wish they could be here by my
side the way I believe a parent should.



Created as part of POETRY. POWER. PLACE.,
a collaborative poetry initiative by Teatro Visión
and the Culture Counts Reading Series at SJSU.