

*Like plants, always looking for the Sun
I still found myself dreaming about new horizons
Do not mind the heat, do not mind the drought
Like the desert, full of wonders, I am always overlooked and full of surprises*

*They say that we need to be the seeds of hope
but then take away our water
They say that the future is ours
but cannot put a mask on to save what matters
They like the idea of success and call me resilient
romanticizing and adorning my lack of access*

*Living so much in the darkness has never been an issue for me
In here, dark is not the absence of light or something bad
Dark is the soil that gives nutrients to survive
Dark are the hands of the first human being
No matter how dark we are, we still shine bright, and we still exist*

*I am not the leaves of the garden
always exposed to the beauty of the day
I am the roots of the planet
Belowground
working among others,
never receiving the acknowledgment of the flowers*

*Among my immigrant's fellows, the poorer, black-brown, indigenous, and trans communities
Women, essential workers, and farmers,
I am the roots of the planet
Not conforming myself as the underdog of the garden*

*I am the roots of the planet
and like they always say,
We always end up
coming back to them.*

- *Coming back to what we are: roots*
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