

# Somos

*For this third anniversary of the Half Moon Bay shooting*

We are the shadow of every morning  
We are the sun that couldn't make it through customs  
We are the ray of light that slips through concrete  
We are the splinter of light that cuts across the hill

We are the ones who never rest, the ones who tell their kids, keep going  
We are the ones who ate tortillas and salt, the so-called frogs  
We are the ones who preached: where there's floor, there's a bed  
We are the blanket just pulled from the dryer  
We are the plum tree branch where my grandmother hung the clothes

We are the smile, the unhurried ones, the hello and the laughter  
We are the children of the generation that received amnesty  
We are the gap between here and there  
We are our parents' greatest pride  
We are the last dawn of our homeland

We are the last ones in San Benito's  
We are the dream of the sack, its wildflower  
We are every manager's nightmare

We are the smell of wet earth flooding the nose  
We are the reason our children live here  
We are the tears my mother swallowed for twenty years  
We are the hummingbird buzzing through this valley

We are the Zumba classes your friend no longer goes to  
We are the big-ass truck that thunders down the street  
We are the horn that makes your father happy

We are the priest, we are the hangover, the example, and the cure  
We are the scolding waiting for you at home, cabrón  
We are the unease, the salt, and the health  
We are what warms your mouth  
We are the shot your homies fired  
We are the shots the farmworker fired

We are the sprout born in winter  
We are the wound that opens every January  
We are the farmworker the Virgin covered in her mantle

We are the thousands of crosses that fill the desert  
We are the bullets that shattered the silence  
We are the babies who sleep on the floor

We are gardeners  
We are cooks

We are  
We are the best this country has to offer  
We are Half Moon Bay

We are the corrido you hear all along the freeway  
We are Purisima  
We are blessed  
We are 507  
We are the food boxes that arrive on Saturday

We are mothers  
We are nieces  
We are the reason you have food  
We are Grace  
We are forgiveness  
We are the silence the bullet broke  
We are the blow that lands in your heart

We are the incense  
We are the silence  
We are the coffin carried in the sky

We only came to work  
We only wanted to retire  
Only on Sundays can we rest

We are Americans  
We are Venezuelans  
We are China  
We are El Salvador  
We are the Mexico that Mexico forgot

We are daughters  
We are

We are the mushrooms still buried  
We are dancers  
We are danzantes

We are pochos  
We are alone

We are the hope waiting at the bottom  
We are hunger  
We are justice  
We are duty

We are Marciano Jimenez  
We are Jose Perez  
We are Zhi Shen Liu  
We are Ai Xiang Zhang  
We are Qi Zhang Cheng  
We are Ye Tao Bing  
We are Jing Zhi Lu

We are the corrido you can hear all along the freeway  
We are the other half of the moon that greets you at night,  
that hides its face—its darkness,  
what splits in two and offers you the light  
that illuminates your path