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La Verdad en La Sangre

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La Verdad en La Sangre

Sarah Gonzalez

Along a well traveled path, navigating like I Am The Urban Sprawl,
I saw a mother and her child standing among the weeds that trace these
train tracks,
Waiting for gasps as each blue-eyed young blood watched as they trekked
by.

Glass glistens in the ghetto like a peace offering gone astray, walking the
black pavement swiftly turned gray,
like the discolored skin of a labor worker working a 9 to 5 day.

These are the true people, falling down like ring-around-the-rosie
and this time it's not soft from clanking jugs of wine,
We're smearing war paint on our cheeks this time.