

Everyday Voices
by Marco Martinez

I woke up this morning
Searching for a dream
In the land of opportunity
Thinking of what I could be.
But I sit here quietly
Watching the TV;
I see people going crazy
Stabbing each other like it's a shopping spree.
Americans fighting for their rights
Whether it's for marriage, guns, or the freedom just to live.
And I don't know what to give
Of the given situation.
Stressing me so much it's caused me some deep procrastination
But it doesn't stop there,
So I put my head above the water
Gasping for some air.
Meanwhile the president pops up on the TV
Lights, camera, action and he's ready for his speech.
And just as I'm about to pay attention
The lady right behind starts hissing like a serpent;
I see her heart's a little bent and soon after she begins to vent.
She's working three jobs just to pay her rent.
But the girl sitting next to me gets offended and starts defending the guy on the TV.
"He's making progress for this country,
Fighting for the American dream!"
I break the noise off hoping the dispute will shortly stop.
I look in front of me, and all I see is a story.
Something in history speaking of the USA and its victory.
How could I possibly read about yesterday's glory?
It's a war out here,
And I foresee it getting bloody.
I'd turn to mom and dad,
But there's just no point in crying.
They'll probably just say that this is life
So I better start preparing.
So I turn to my friends but they're like a dead end: and there's no use in trying to get a point
across.

I'd turn to the church but the house of God is full of hypocrites.
They all show off their tattoos of Jesus on the cross,
Quick to quote their favorite words,
And fail to meet the correct interpretations,
From the book that is supposed to guide them to salvation.
It's funny that these people know my destiny,
Based on my sexuality,
But their sins are hotter than the fires in hell;
They believe I'm under a wicked spell.
But I don't argue
The man above me will be the one to judge me on my last day.

As my day proceeds I try to stay positive but my head only repeats the negative.
I count my blessings silently and think of my mother and father,
After all nowadays
Their opinion is all I need.
They are my inspiration.
Coming from another country just so my family could be free
And make something of themselves in the land of opportunity.
And now I'm here,
Searching for what I can be.
In hopes of succeeding to make my mom and dad happy.
And as I lay my head to sleep
I look down at my sheets
Hoping for a good dream,
Because it seems that's as close as I'll ever be to the American dream.