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The land of promises

Back home, alarm clocks never shook me

The sun kissed my skin, the breeze hugged me

Laughter drifted through windows wide

Where Life was simple

And there was no need to hide.

At six, I left all I had known

My friends, my home, the loved I'd grown

They said America was golden, a dream so bright

But dreams can vanish in a single night.

On the plane, just me and my Barbie tight

The word felt so empty, the air too white

A practiced smile, a lifeless shell

Going through the motions, you could tell

People whisper in Spanish, their words sharp and cold

“ella cree que ella es grade” or “Tu eres un mierda” I was told

I gripped my Barbie, trying not to cry
While all I could think of was where is my mom and why?

We landed, and families laughed, reunited
And there I stood, lonely and uninvited
I dialed my mom, my heart beating fast
But all I got was silence until she appeared at last.

Then came school, the polished floors, the halls
The smell of cleaning, the sound of children's calls
The words flew past me sharp and fast
I tried to speak but none would last
I watched them twist crash and fall apart
While silence wrapped around my broken heart

“NO HABLAS INGLÉS NO AYUDA” they said
A wall around me icy and dead.
I begged her to say to learn to try
But their eyes just passed me by
Not a surprise
The language trapped me made me small
a little girl who felt she had lost it all

They said this place was built on chance
On freedom justice and fair stance
But look around what do i really see

The governments broken and so are we

America land of promises huh

What happens when those promises rot.

You brag about greatness yet slam every door

Ignoring the people you claimed to fight for.

Greed leads compassion fades

Leaders play games while the people decay

You shut down systems faith your fight

While kids like me are still chasing the light

I came here chasing my mothers hope

But found a country that couldn't cope.

Now i see through your silver screens

Your "american dream " isn't what it seems

Still I speak my accent loud my voice clear

Because this voice survived every fear

I am the girl who crossed the sky

And still wonders why she had to fly

You can laugh at my words ,my look and my name

But i wont play your silent game

My story isnt neat its not your theme

It's the truth behind your dying dream

So here i stand Dominican born and american made

Not in your image but in my own shade

And if it Americas greatness is truly done

Then maybe it's time to let our voices be the new one.