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To my father's hands

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To every blister and callus,
 Created under the burning heat
 Of broken Toyota Camrys.
 Within your crevices
 You whisper tales of my father,
 Walking miles past blazing ants,
 Just to get some water for the day.

Your worn-out palms
 Remind of us when
 His mom dragged you to the states
 In search of *el sueño Americano*.

But it turns out that the American Dream
 Was actually bullshit.
 And Springfield Massachusetts wasn't a place of prosperity
 It was just a place where people like my father had to
 Learn a new language
 Learn a new style
 Learn to erase himself.

But while he conformed,
 You continued to be
 Rougher than the San Juan sand
 Browner than the coconuts in the trees,
 Strong as your ancestors,
 Who were forced into submission,
 Stuck on an island,
 Where they had to conform.

Now you're calloused
 Years of pretending to be Joe
 Years of translating words in your head
 Only to be made fun of when you use the wrong form of your.
 And as you wrap yourself around my hands,
 Smooth as South Carolina clay,
 Lighter than cold brew coffee,
 But still as strong as our ancestors,
 My father knows that you keep this alive,
 Even in a land that wants our ancestry
 Washed off with soap.