

## WE WOULD LIKE YOU TO KNOW

We would like you to know  
we are not all  
docile

nor revolutionaries  
but we are all survivors.

We do not all carry  
zip guns, hot pistols,  
steal cars.

We do know how  
to defend ourselves.

We do not all have  
slicked-back hair  
distasteful apparel  
unpolished shoes  
although the economy  
doesn't allow everyone  
a Macy's chargecard.

We do not all pick  
lettuce, run  
assembly lines, clean  
restaurant tables, even  
if someone has to do it.

We do not all sneak  
under barbed wire or  
wade the Rio Grande.

These are the facts.

We would like you to know  
we are not all brown.  
Genetic history has made  
some of us blue eyed as any  
German immigrant  
and as black as a descendant  
of an African slave.  
We never claimed to be  
a homogeneous race.

We are not all victims,  
all loyal to one cause,  
all perfect; it is a  
psychological dilemma  
no one has resolved.

We would like to give  
a thousand excuses  
as to why we all find  
ourselves in a predicament  
residents of a controversial  
power  
how we were all caught  
with our pants down  
and how petroleum was going  
to change all that but  
you've heard it all before and  
with a wink and a snicker  
left us babbling amongst  
ourselves.

We would like you to know  
guilt or apologetic gestures  
won't revive the dead  
redistribute the land  
or natural resources.  
We are left  
with one final resolution  
in our own predestined way,  
we are going forward.  
There is no going back.

From Ana Castill<sup>o</sup>'s My Father  
Was A Toltec. West End Pres  
1988