

100 THOUSAND POETS FOR CHANGE

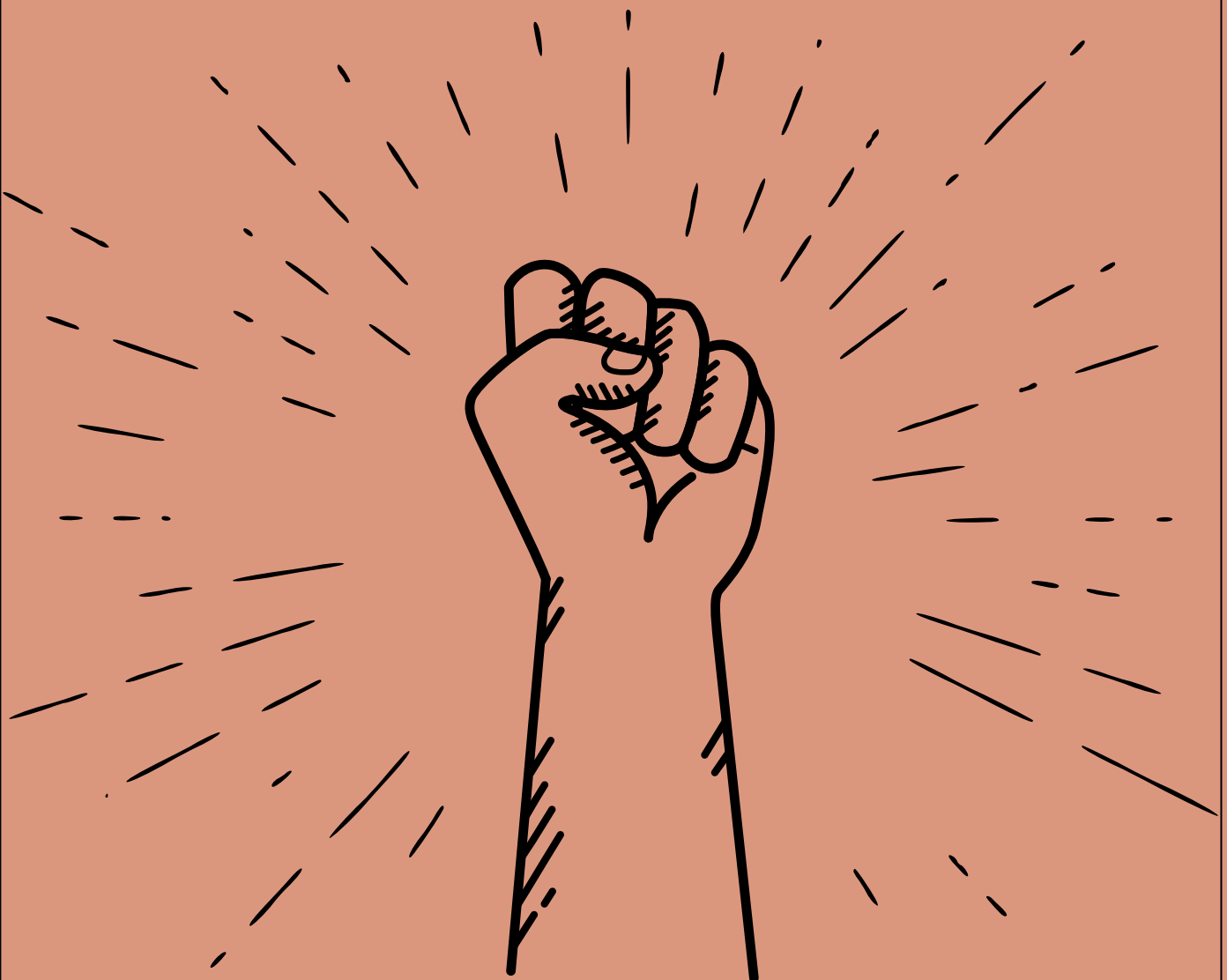
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Santa Maria, California

Poetry Collection
Volume 1

A CELEBRATION OF LOCAL ART AND CULTURE

CORAZON DEL PUEBLO

Cultural & Creative Arts Center
of the Santa Maria Valley



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100 Thousand Poets for Change

100 Thousand Poets for Change is a global organization in which poets, musicians, and artists unite to vocalize current environmental, political, and social issues. It is a creative outlet for artists to promote peace, in which as a community we create a platform for these issues to be acknowledged and discussed.

To learn more about the international organization please visit
100tpc.org

Corazón del Pueblo

Corazón del Pueblo is the Cultural and Creative Arts Center for the Santa Maria Valley. We provide community-based programming in the arts with a mission of advancing social justice and equity in our region.

You can connect with us and learn more at
www.corazondelpueblo.org



Mario Espinoza-Kulick

We live

by Mario Espinoza-Kulick

We live in a complex world
Indeed, we are complex peoples
Yet, some humans like to simplify
Minoritize
Minimize
Erase
Our experiences
Our as in mi familia,
Our as in mi comunidad,
Our as in folx categorized as other
Our as in folx categorized as "something else"

We live in a beautiful world
A world that includes our generous planet
Yet, some humans taint it
Harm it
Kill it
Steal from it

Drench it in the blood of our brothers,
sisters,
fathers,
mothers,
Primos
Sobrinos
Tias
And Tios
Our children
Our families
Our friends
Our neighbors

We live in a hopeful world
A future envisioned as glorious
Colorful
Joyous
Free

A world where "tu eres mi otro yo"
"You are my other me"

A world where we are not penalized for dreaming

Walking

Shopping

Breathing

Sleeping

Driving

Living

Laughing

Loving

Until then, We Live as long as we can

We live
by Mario Espinoza-Kulick

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\$horty DuWop

Child Of Mine'

by \$horty DuWop

Why must I suffer in this life of mine? to live is to suffer that's the price of mine, from the outside I look alive but I'm dying inside..

feel like I'm speeding near the dead end driving blind, peace and happiness is what I'm trying to find....

The homies pushed me down the mountain I was tryna climb,
If God gave my ass a job why would I resign? I was taught to handle all the shit that I'm assigned...

Know lil man gon probably hear this in bout 5 to 9.. & if I'm gone by then I pray that he could shine thru time..

realize that he a king & what divine defines... there ain't nothing you can't do up in your life and Times,

I set the blueprint for your greatness part of my design..

I look at him and I see me and damn near cry at times his spirit at that age was bout as free and wild as mines, a pistol don't make you a man so Weaponize your mind..

in the future if you ever seeking my advice Just play my shhhit n pay attention n you'll find replies
tell your mama that I love her til the end of time, & that that love was never lost so I'm just sending mine.

(Hook) Get yo ass up lil man it's time to rise and shine, he ain't my blood but I still see him as a child of mine, get yo ass up lil man it's time to rise and shine he ain't my blood but I'll still treat him like a child of mine get yo ass up lil man it's time to rise and shine I look at him and I see me & damn near cry at times his spirit at that age was bout as free and wild as mines he ain't my blood But he'll forever be a child of mine

Verse 2: God where did I go wrong?

to make em wanna put in work after they play my song to make my closest homies wanna see me dead n gone the biggest mfs weak until his head is strong..
is this destiny or fate?

Sleep is the cousin of my death that's why I stay awake. If you a chosen one up in this life you could relate.

I studied all the greats that's why a mf great wait, now they study me the only difference is they don't truly got love for me, they tryna side bust n snatch the crown above from me, them actions gon have consequences if you f*** with me.

Maaaaan y'all live a fantasy where slavery never existed & this land was free.. where everything that cost a fortune was just fronted G, where love was pricy but the prostitutes was fuckin free' Lord have mercy on my soul know if they dealt with what I dealt with they would probably fold, you cowards couldn't walk a block up in the shoes of me.. sometimes I'm feeling like the universe is using me.

I am the truth of the 805 just know y'all got a fuckin problem if I stay alive, if I live to see my 30's I'm gon shake the globe as quick as stick up kids who told chose to break the code,

watch how they try to rob my shine ain't talking bout the cars the jewelry or dollar signs..

they hit a lick up on my happiness n steal my image typa betrayal that make a real one feel Diminished.

You mfs are my kids, could take the lingo but you can not take what's truly his, the aura & his presence that was gifted from the heavens..
all that lil shhhit that turned me to a living legend, what homie what y'all wanna do?

I brought you in I'll take you out n all yo partners too, I know I told em that I never would walk out like this.

Spank Em one more time n put em in timeout n shhhit, all you ever wanted to do was be like me no doubt gave y'all the game n tried to flip it back on me for clout,

tell my Momma that I love her til the end of time my enemies is just my children not no friends of mine ,

(Hook) sit yo ass down lil homie you done lost yo mind he ain't my friend this mf just a child of mine, sit yo ass down lil homie take some time to find you aint no competition fo me just a child of mine' sit yo ass down lil homie you still trying & trying you ain't my enemy no mo you just a child of mine da homies pushed me down the mountain I was tryna climb you all my sons you my babies you a child of mine....

\$horty DuWop's Music is available on

Spotify: <https://tinyurl.com/ShortyDuWopSpotify>

Youtube: <https://tinyurl.com/ShortyDuWopYouTube>

Soundcloud: <https://soundcloud.com/hortyduwop>

Apple Music: <https://tinyurl.com/ShortyDuWopApple>

Crocodile Tears

by \$horty DuWop

They shedding crocodile tears for me don't nobody really care for me and if they did they would've slid for me kept it 1000 like I did homie x2

They shedding crocodile tears and I've been noticing for years woke up Sunday morning asking God why I'm still here? My vision getting blurry remember when the sh** was clear

I ain't afraid of death that used to be my biggest fear.

Mirror mirror mirror on the wall tell me will I stand or will a motherfucker fall?

Scriptures in the sand & graffiti on the wall God I need your hand the only reason that I called

I got a heart full of gold but a mind that's full of stress Elijah in the Bible last real motherfucker left

50% cursed n 50% blessed spirit of a souljah but some thugs up in the flesh

Let's see this world for what it is forcing every smile and the tattooing of tears

Lying to myself that they really give a fuck. The love was never real if that's the way that they give it up but...

Don't nobody really care for me and if they did they would've slid for me kept it 1000 like I did homie shedding crocodile tears.. x2

I should've known it from the jump cause as soon as I fell down they wasn't there to help me up

fell in the quicksand wit out a plan n now I'm stuck,

if I don't find a way up out it soon I guess I'm fucked.

Trust that ain't nothing but a five letter word reincarnate me as a butterfly or bird

so I can fly up out this mf anytime put yo trust in them they'll disappoint you everytime. I'm jus a wingless angel fighting demons.

When things start to go good I start to feel like I'm just dreaming..

.

and I don't wanna wake up cause when I do it's just a nightmare.

Sucka punched by all these demons who scared to fight fair

they pull up on me like there that mf go right there give me all yo peace & yo happiness
plus yo Nike airs emotions on my sleeve all these mfs gon hide theirs crocodile tears when
I die so why should I care?

Don't nobody really care for me and if they did they would've slid for me kept it 1000 like I
did homiey shedding crocodile tears.. x2

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Youtube: <https://tinyurl.com/ShortyDuWopYouTube>

Soundcloud: <https://soundcloud.com/hortyduwop>

Apple Music: <https://tinyurl.com/ShortyDuWopApple>



\$horty DuWop



Kali

***Hindu Goddess of
time, doomsday, and death.***

Pretty is a Liability

by Lata Murti

Beware the aging beauties,
 stuck in the glory of their youth
 with all its getting their ways and wants
 with a
 "Sure thing, good lookin'!"
 and a
 "Anything for you, pretty girl!"

Until the man of their dreams
 leaves them be
 for another,
 younger
 pretty girl.

And they are all alone
 feeling
 disempowered
 disenchanted
 having to get their own,
 to find their way
 and convince everyone
 they're okay.

No, they're better than okay.
 They don't need a man!
 They need no one!

They're strong!
 They're survivors!
 They're fighters!

Actually,
 they're bitter.

Trying to wield their erstwhile power
 with those they imagine to be weak
 —the nice girls—
 —the trusting girls—
 —the accommodating girls—
 like me.

Beware the aging beauties.
 They know the power
 of flatteries—
 cheap weapons they use well
 as unsuspected bullies.

Because no one ever told them—
 "Pretty
 is a liability."

Ambiguous Loss: A Quasi Poem Inspired by the AYA Educational Institute's Challenging, Healing, and Creating Workshops

by Lata Murti

Thirteen and a half years ago,
 I stood in the shower,
 my 9 week old not quite baby
 slowly dying inside of me,
 asking myself how to grieve the loss of someone
 I had never known.

I never found the answer.

But thirteen and a half years later,
 I am asking the question again,
 because to be born in the United States without
 a clearly defined racial identity
 --in a country that defines everyone racially
 but tries to deny it--
 is to die slowly inside of yourself.

Officially birthed Caucasian,
 married Asian,
 without either fully claiming me
 nor I them,
 I had never fully claimed myself
 for 45 years.

I have never fully known
 who I am.

But today, I start grieving the loss of the self I never knew,
 in the only way I know how,
 by writing my self
 however partial
 however fragmented
 however shattered
 into existence.

Today I start claiming my loss as part of finding myself.

Today I start healing in a community that fully claims me
 because they see me not for who I am
 but for who I am not:

Someone who has found the answer.



Lata Murti

We'd like to give a special thanks to:

Mario Ezpinoza-Kulick

\$horty Duwop &

Lata Murti

For sharing their art with the community and
allowing us to create this booklet with their art.

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