

Conquered by my Raza, Traicion

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Don't tell me who I am or who I'm not
Just because I live on the west doesn't make me any less
Why? Because I don't live closer to the barrio?
My last name is just like yours, surprise...it's not indigenous.
Don't ignore, don't forget...our last name, a result of the conquest.
My skin is brown,
my soul is burdened by the knowledge of our people's past.
Yes our people, you and I, I crossed the border just like you,
your ancestors, mine, yes the border crossed me too.
I share the same blood, my history, our history,
yes yours and mine, like it or not.

You *mi gente* who look at me with anger
Not brown enough for you?
I don't wear my flag on my purse, on my clothes, on my wall, no.... I don't need to.
I carry it in my *conciencia*, I carry it in my heart.
I look in the looking glass and see it in the mirror everyday,
my history reflected in I.

Maybe you don't like the way I pronounce *Raza*
Not Latino enough for you? I mean Hispanic, I mean Chicano, I mean Salvadoran.
What is it that you call me? Oh...not down for the cause.
In that moment when you judge me
You prove you know not what *Raza* means and ignore our commonalities.
Not politically conscious you say, Ill never be like you. "pobrecita".
I guess you don't know that I march where you do.
You think I must not love my people the way you do, Yet I love them regardless if poor,
rich, educated, political or not, What About You?
You believe I do not raise my arm like you, I must not know what *!Si se puede!* means.

Mi gente, mi raza, my history, my present.
You judge me, demean me, like the Spanish in our history, you conquer me.
"She's not good enough for the cause, doesn't wear her flag on her clothes, she lives on
the Westside!"
You judge me, you don't know me, my story or my cause.
Even worst, you live a false definition of what Raza really means.