

Chris' Text for Syndic #6

The Shell

To you, I come, to quench the thirst of my longing,

Everything has been so full, so complete,

Except the empty place, the shell, on the sands

Of my ocean, where you live

In the island of my heart.

I walk the shore, I pick up the shell, I admire it,

But it is only a beautiful reminder of you, empty.

I listen to it, I hear you, the sound of the ocean

On the telephone, an open line...

I keep it with me, on a lanyard around my neck,

It is only a shell, but it helps me remember you.

Oda a los Trabajadores

En el valle de Sonoma trabajan las viñas
en el verdor de las uvas, tierra por debajo de las uñas

Dondequiera en California limpian las casas, cortan el pasto, lavan
los platos, excavan las zanjas

En El Norte tan caro el alojamiento
una sola casa entre muchos comparten

Les falta la libertad y tienen miedo dondequiera
que vayan, en la calle, en el trabajo
por temor que La Migra les halle

Por los caminos temen la Chota
su carro pueden llevar, por no tener licencia de manejar
ni seguro, ni registraci3n ninguna

¿Y como los consiguen?
según la ley no merecen número de seguro social
no pueden poner su dinero en el banco, lo guardan en un costal

Se sienten ciudadanos de tercera clase
fugitivos, viven con ansiedad entre las masas

Los Gabachos les parecen llenos de prejuicio
pues, quitamos la educaci3n bilingüe a sus hijos

¿Si queremos que trabajen porque no les dejamos tener orgullo en lo que hacen?
no tener que vivir al margen de la ley
al margen de la sociedad

Añoranzas tienen para una vida mejor, hacen los trabajos más difíciles
sucios, la mano de obra peor, permitanles dignidad a cambio
por su humilde sudor

Ode to the Workers

In the Sonoma Valley they work the vineyards
in the greenness of the grapes, dirt under their fingernails

Everywhere in California they clean houses, mow the lawns, wash
dishes, dig the ditches

In El Norte housing is very dear
in a single house many share

They lack liberty and are afraid wherever they go
in the street, at work
for fear immigration might find them

Along the highways they fear the CHP, who can take
their cars, for no license, insurance nor registration

How can they obtain them? when the law doesn't allow them a number
for Social Security. They can't put money in a bank, its kept in a sack

They are third class citizens, fugitives
living with anxiety among the masses

North Americans seem full of prejudice
We took away bilingual education for their children

If we want them to work why not let them have pride in what they do?
to not have to live marginally on the edge of the law
on the fringe of society

With longings for a better life, they do the hardest, dirtiest jobs

the worst manual labor. Let them have dignity
in exchange for their humble, honest, work

Land of the Free

My country tis of thee sweet land of lost liberties of thee I sing
Land where the pilgrims cried, land where our fathers died,
Land where the rich pay a lower percentage of taxes than the working class and poor

Land where the deer and the antelope played, dogs must be kept on leashes
On beaches and in the back country Let fear of freedom ring

This land is your land where bipartisan politics makes a mockery
Of issues that really might be coming close to liberty and justice for all
And the solution to everything is money, most of it going to another
Sophisticated bureaucracy to manage it of thee I sing

Land where helmets are required by law, but assault weapons are OK
Land where seat belts are mandatory, but health care is a luxury let freedom ring

Land of the homeless, land of disintegrating inner cities, of thee I sing
Land where children pack guns in school let freedom ring

Land where what is just ethical, environmentally conscious, and humanitarian
Takes a back seat to the land where what is economically feasible and profitable
Is paramount of thee I sing

Land that is threatened by unprofitable change and assassinates it
This land is your land where conservatism is synonymous with Americanism

Land of education cuts and sanctions, where educators are second class citizens
Sports and movies stars being the highest paid and most prestigious of thee I sing

I pledge allegiance to the fad of the United States of America and to the republic
For which it once stood, one nation under God, out for profit, divisible
With freedom and justice for those who can afford it, at any cost, to the oblivious
Uninformed, punch-drunk, and tabloid terrorized populace of thee I sing

Land of minority scapegoating of thee I sing
Land of marketing violence of thee I sing

I hold this truth to be self evident, that all men are created equal
But they are not treated that way

Land of covert activities of thee I sing
Land of credit predators of thee I sing
Land of fear and isolationism for all of thee I sing

Let freedom ring
Let freedom ring

Thank God almighty
Let freedom ring