

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

If I Could Only Be My Father

Abraham Alvarez · Thursday, October 20th, 2016

Before me there was a story
A story of trials and tribulations
Of immigration
Of poverty
On deception and lies
Before me came a man

—

A man who looks like an Aztec warrior
Deeply rooted in the heart of the motherland
A man who followed a cheater & snake

—

Looking for leadership he learned to lead on his own
But leading isn't in his blood
Leading came through love of
His values and morals

—

His mother left at home
As he crossed the border

His hands are always dirty
Full of grease & iron shavings
A hard night of work just to provide for his
Children

—

But it began in the fields of the San Fernando Valley
Picking watermelons, strawberries and whatever was in season
Riding in the back of truck to a stranger's house to sleep
The hard floors were he laid to rest

Only to wake up and bear the sun's heat

—

But he did it to provide
Provide the money being sent back home to Nayarit
Where his mother was left with mouths to feed
And no man of the house
Only one way to lead
Be the man at 17 and work to prove that values
Still ran his heart

His survival was key in manufacturing dreams
Dreams of a Mexican immigrant
Whose education only got him to 7th grade

—

These dreams were called to make you American
Even though the Mexican culture would never fade
His examples laid the groundwork for the disciples
He would create
With a beauty from Agua Prieta, Sonora
He got so lucky to meet
In the barrio of Los Angeles
Huntington Park that is
Where Raza was Raza
And Chicanos were born
As the 1st generations of hard work

—

Hours and Hours of work
Never gave way to his dedication
of family fun
Where carne asada was his thrill
Add salsa made from scratch, molcajete style
Or even fresh nopales with corn tortillas on the side

—

A man of little education, no english, and small pockets
However no excuses were made
Instead education came through leading by example
English as you go
Small pockets became bigger
And materials were provided as his family did grow

—

Perfection however is not the story
 Perfection is how well he accepted the challenges
 His father chose another family
 So he became the man at 17
 His education cut short to make cash
 So I got two diplomas, one for him and one for me
 Not to mention a World Series ring
 Small pockets
 Were always just enough
 His values were principle in his actions
 Love your wife, love your mother, take care of your children
 And you'll survive on respect and honor

—

Nails full of grease and iron shavings
 Just to make ends meet
 Learn the trade and you will be handy
 to teach me the simple things
 Changing my oil
 Changing a tire
 Bbbqing or cutting the grass
 the Responsibility to be on time
 Loving something or rather loving someone
 More than you love life itself

—

This man looks like the descendant of an Aztec warrior
 Tough as nails
 Stone-faced

—

This man was an immigrant
 Loyal to his family
 Being Mexican was how he was formed
 Now American Dreams
 Is what he owns.

If I could only be my father...
 That is a dream of my own

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