

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## The Modern Poets and Composers Club: Sonnet Crown

The Modern Poets and Composers Club · Wednesday, June 27th, 2018

### Grandparents

#### *Roots*

**Will Anderson**

A potato famine, an old rickety boat, a great teal lady  
A new opportunity, a chance for rebirth  
The Great White North, Polaris  
But a different kind of Polaris, a star of hope, not direction

A Land of Ten Thousand Lakes, with loons galore  
A place of Wild, Twins, and Vikings, a Scandinavian Safe Haven  
Where my family roots are strongest  
My true environment, my true people, my true home

Minnesota, where a shamrock and golden crown were linked together  
Where two families from different backgrounds connected to become one  
To most people, a cold frozen tundra with nothing to do  
But I see it as the Great White North, a Polaris

We are not here permanently, we are not Angelinos, we are just squatters  
Squatters that have a place they yearn to return to...

\*

#### *Where it All Began*

**Nick Yvañez**

Lenny and Barbara Amato, my step-grandma Linda too, and Eva and Ruben Yvanez.  
Their blood running through me, yet so very different.  
Lenny, that Sicilian upbringing, he comes from my grandparents who came through Ellis Island.  
Barbara, that Jewish, German, and French Canadian background, talk about a mixture.  
Linda, well not much is known, but thank you for all the opportunities given to me.  
Eva, fresh from El Salvador at the age of 16, already with 3 kids. 14 kids in total, you are strong.  
Ruben, straight outta Jalisco, Mexico. My middle name is you. I wear your gold chain everyday.  
All of you so different, yet the same. The same? Yes, they are all connected to me.  
I know, SHOCKER! I am Jewish, German, French Canadian, Mexican, and Salvadoreño.

For some reason I am just a “beaner,” but there is so much more to me than that.  
 I have culture and history running through my veins. A combination of hardworking cultures.  
 My great grandparents names are on Ellis Island. I am a product of immigrants.  
 Leonard Franklin Amato, my great grandfather had the first main Italian Deli in LA.  
 My grandpa Ruben took care of everyone, even my Tios and Tias that weren’t his spawn.

\*

### ***Oblivious***

#### **Parker Renick**

Grandma took care of her kids, but did not always agree with them  
 formed their own ideas of what was right  
 Taught me to love everyone like my kin  
 Raised in a melting pot of a city

From a family that was conservative  
 They lived together in Hauppauge New York  
 The whole town looked like homogenized milk  
 Used to things that were not realistic

They did not mean to be hateful but were  
 A new generation changed their thinking  
 Their kids were raised in a different time  
 They saw the foolishness in their parents

They are both born and raised in Queens, New York  
 Their children much different than themselves

\*

### ***4 Stories to One***

#### **Michael Bearden**

From a generation much different than our own  
 Stories from north, south and east  
 All come together to create something  
 More than just a family

St. Louis  
 Home to a boot wearing gun toting military man  
 Chicago  
 Only 19 when she took his hand to start anew

Chattanooga  
 Pain and despair riddled all he saw from Lookout’s peak  
 Little Rock  
 To Tuskegee university where it all came to

4 stories miles apart

Somehow come together to make us who we are

## Parents

### *Thank You*

**Nick Yvañez**

We are different, but Mom and Dad, the life you've made together is one of beauty and hardship.  
Dad, straight outta South Gate, defending your life on the streets everyday.  
When people look at you they think "gangster and ex con." But that's not who you are anymore.  
You are an OG, but people don't get that gangs were a brotherhood and family.  
I get there were territory fights, aside from all your past demons. You are a changed man.  
You have your own company and you are very successful. I am not me without you pops.  
Mom, well your much more different than dad. You had a secure white picket fence upbringing.  
School was a certain, and college was where you would be going, no other worries.  
Grandpa, regardless, pushed you and made you work very hard. You started from the bottom.  
Made it all the way to CEO and were well known as BOSS LADY.  
Mom and Dad, it is crazy that this all started when you worked for mom. LOL. She fired you.  
Although you have been together since your first date, Grandpa was still disappointed.  
He did not approve and it took years for him to be a man and tell you, Dad, that you did it.  
You proved him wrong. Look what you did and where Sanny and I are at in life. Thank you.

\*

### *The Pain of Nostalgia*

**Will Anderson**

You proved us all wrong, for that I thank you...  
It was never going to be permanent  
We came out here to pursue his job, for us, for his family  
His love is undying, that is why we uprooted  
  
He talks about returning and running a farm  
Wanting to take his wife back for when he retires  
And here am I, also on my way out  
And it is much harder than I ever imagined  
  
His road has many winding turns, many kinks in his travels  
As I am leaving now, eventually time will also be upon him  
He will leave, to a place he loves to be, where he wants to be  
But it will be much harder than he ever imagined  
  
When the time comes, he will be bombarded with emotions he doesn't understand  
Los Angeles will always be a part of me, apart of him

\*

### *Fine Dining*

## **Parker Renick**

Fine dining will always be a part of Los Angeles  
 love for all facets of flavor runs deep  
 Appreciation for the love in food  
 Essences and seasons build connections

A pasadena raised restaurateur  
 Taught the importance of a simple meal  
 Ran his father's baby, The Chronicle  
 Sought to share the joy of the fine dining

waitress fresh in town from colorado  
 She loved good food but worked to pay the bills  
 showed her what it really meant to cook  
 Together they would cook to feed our hearts

Food might just seem like a necessity  
 They showed me its sweet love – all i've ever known

\*

## ***Sparks***

### **Michael Bearden**

Sweet south side chicago – only place ever known  
 Each other since teenage years  
 South shore to chatham not far of a ride  
 Kindling for a connection lightyears away

She tried to leave once but had to come back  
 After graduation it was time to let it go  
 Lights camera action time to get on set  
 Leaving home sweet home far behind

3000 mile road trip  
 From the nation's capital to the entertainment capital  
 To follow something unsure  
 Listening to his heart, following the lead

This would be the settling place  
 It was time to make LA home

**US**

## ***California Love***

### **Nick Yvñez**

I made LA my true home in '14. The streets of Venice and Pico molded me into a young man.  
 These are the same streets that taught me and was home to me for 4 years.  
 These are the same streets that taught me to help those who need it. And doing so with love.  
 LA has been my home for 18 years now. I am LA and LA is me.  
 I am and always will bleed Dodger Blue. Viva los Doyers.  
 I am and always will bleed the Purple and Gold and will wear the Silver and Black.  
 I am what I bleed. I am an LA product.  
 I am from the 626. My style is the 626. I am not me without the 626.  
 I am a product of those before me. I have been brought up to make a change in this world.  
 I am not me without my great grandparents, my grandparents, and my parents.  
 I am going to Colorado next year, but I will be back.  
 I can't leave LA forever. It is the land of milk and honey afterall.  
 I am who I am thanks to LA. I am not me without LA. I am who I am thanks to LA.  
 Thank you LA. You have given me EVERYTHING. I AM Los Angeles.

\*

***The River of Me***  
**Will Anderson**

Los Angeles you have given me everything  
 I sit here today, writing this poem, reliving my experiences  
 Memories flowing through my mind, a rushing river  
 I'm a fisherman, trying to reel in the best ones

I don't consider myself an Angelino  
 I have been rooted all over the United States, East coast to West  
 Buckeyes, autumn leaves, frigid winters, childhood pond hockey games  
 All memories floating down the river of my own life

As the river continues to turn, rising up against the rocks, leaving the eerie whitewash  
 I reel in a new set of memories, something different, an unexpected rush of water  
 Lots of skyscrapers, the neon orange sun fading into the deep royal blue ocean  
 A sense of peace overwhelms me, a peace I would have never found

Everything is so calm, the river rushes softly through my mind  
 Los Angeles is everything I have ever wanted it to be...

\*

***My Way***  
**Michael Bearden**

My home is everything I ever wanted it to be  
 Reading street signs for the umpteenth time – How mom taught me to read  
 La Brea, Rodeo, Stocker, Don Miguel  
 All hot press branded into my mind

In the city of cars but I don't own one  
 Metro is my home

A little piece of orange plastic my key to freedom  
 Screeching bus brakes and blaring train horns bring me joy

Iron horse bringing people closer than before  
 More aliens in my hood too  
 But that's still not reason  
 To slander my sweet ride

A place so easy to call home  
 But now I have to let go

\*

### *Float Away*

**Parker Renick**

Music – showed me how to let go  
 helped me escape the emotions of life  
 Showed me all the blessings i had  
 Made me realize the love in my life

My brother showed me a foreign language  
 taught me how to find my deep emotions  
 He showed me a whole new LA subculture  
 New group of poets, with unique voices

From my eardrums bleeding at the forum  
 To dancing in the open spaces of the roxy  
 Different languages, same emotions  
 culture openness and sharing ourselves

beats and rhyme giving voice to the voiceless  
 creating worlds for our exploration

<https://youtu.be/pEMiVrMIy3E>

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