

# 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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