

A poem to white nationalists that believe in "The White Replacement Theory."

Coming and going from place to place like a plane,
I take a look at the sky, airplanes flying above the birds,
Looking down at us as we are the birds, and whites are the airplanes,
Why are you allowed to fly anywhere while I can't?
Is it because I am not white, or less capable, or unable to fly among the clouds,
Is it too much to ask? I want to be accepted as you are in airports worldwide,
I come to your land not to replace you but to be part of it; welcome the aliens,
I carry the burden of your belief; I don't want to replace you,
I want to be part of your land as you are welcomed in any state in the world,
Is it that your land is too small? My land is not significant as yours, and we welcome you in,
Why wouldn't you welcome me? Is it my dark skin color or my lips that speak the truth?
White replacement? No, I want the American dream to bring bread to the table,
Is it too much to ask? I want to live and help the needed, I am a colorblind person,
Why is it that Latinos are considered to be a replacement? White Europeans are the majority,
I am black, yes, I am, but why does my color bother you when yours does not affect me,
But your actions, your words hurt me as when a bird has its wings injured, and I am human too,
I can't fly anymore; I am too tired and hurt; at least let me rest or better,
let me heal in your land and strive for the so-called American dream,
I used to be an ant seeing the world through a white lens, but seeing so much suffering made me a bird,
I want to keep flying and reach the top as it is my dream, the so-called American dream,
Replace; I'm not too fond of that word. I like opportunity; yes, I like the word "chance" to succeed,
Is it too much to ask? You go to my land, and I welcome you and give you the best seat in my house,
Why can't you do at least half of what I do for you? Let me sit as I think about what to do tomorrow,
I like to dream as I'm awake; welcome me the alien as I greet you in my land,
My life is for God; why do you have to decide it? Why do you think I want to replace you?
I want the American dream as your ancestors did,
I want to keep flying.

By Jesus Cerda