California

Sometimes the waves break Hawaiian hearts
While the cold chills the toes
Stretching out for the sun.
From everywhere comes the resident
Speaking Spanglish and Ebonics
Twisting the English tongue with cultures lost and renewed.
Desert, mountain, plains, suburbs, cities, and farms
Share more than the name
Especially when she quakes.
San Andrés’s fault
But it aint that shaky.
Solid in the lives of many
From actor governor and killer football
To construction father and nurse mother
Writer and reader.
Miss her
In the daily grind.
He is Mr. Gold
The wild west
Were America’s sun lays down.
Prisons erupt in hatred and attract tourists in San Fran
Calling the streets shots from lockdown.
The neighbors swim, crawl, run, drive, fly and die to get in
Four seasons or two, depending on the map
California is not all sun.
She is America’s rebellious daughter, too
Italy hates his wine
Texas hates his music
Florida her oranges
He/she is Hollywood
The world hates its gender
Mexico wants it back even if they have to sneak in.
California is the worlds reflection
With all the beauty and ugly
Staring at the mirror.