

“Kings And Queens”.

By. George Sanchez

The band,
I'm melting...
I'm like rain...
I'm melting as the
Caramel under the hot sun...
The band,
The guitars,
I'm melting...
Melting
As the
Ice, as the South Pole
Melting under the
Hot sun... I'm melting...

The sorcerer's hands form
Magic,
The witch in the
Trap is hands on
For the magic...

Korean restaurants
Are magnetic,
Are a force
Attracting *Mexican*
Families...
The small jobs
In *Los Angeles*
In
America,
Are magnets for the *Central*
Americans,
South Americans,
The Mexicans...

The *pesos*
The 200\$ *pesos*
That are 10 dollars
Aren't
Well.

Mexicans are in *American* cities

Because

The jobs

Pull them, attracted

Them

And

That was

Taken advantage of

Because

The threat from

The boss...

Call *ICE*

Or work for 5

Dollars an hour...

African Americans cry from the injustice felt,

The trouble and the violence from the very law enforcement!

Mothers, Brown and Black

Its okay...

Spell, write

Hope on your finger.

Any finger...

Spell, write the

G with double E...

That's the letter

To begin gorgeous

With...

That's the letter

To begin Genesis

With... to begin

God with... to begin

Green with...

And that's the letter

To the beginning

Of a

Revolutionary hoping that

You

Hope as much as

He does...

You are all in the
Letter, what it
Began...

Mothers, queens from
Mexico...
Brown loves from
Perfumed forests...
Perfumed signatures of queens.

Mothers... Black and Brown,
The role
The responsibility
Of a mother,
Be that
Which is on your
Finger...
And
I challenge
Your tests
And get involved
When I should
Be minding my
Own
Business...
But
Let's see...
If the man
Who
Closed your eye
And opened your
Glitter;
Breaking your crown
Could
Break me...

I have went
To war with other
Men...
Other men have went to war
For the reason and code
Of conduct, the code

Of Thug...
I went to war,
Other men have
Broke to other men...
Men
Have punched,
Have given the
Power, pressed their
Inner ambition to their
Arms to
Make other men bleed...

I have went to
War with other men...
And lost blood because
Of it...
Have broken things in
Me because of it.

Kidneys won't be healthy
And stocked
As they
Had been...
The eye sockets
Won't be as opened
As they had
Been, because
Man went to war with man...

Soldiers,
Armies loaded in
Hearts and
Self talk to
Be what's on your
Head... the crown.

The melody,
As I'm melting
But the bands
Like a twilight...
My prayer is a
Record
And my

Story is as
Me, the caramel
Melting
Because I've
Been on the
Concrete,
Without a wrapper...

The sneaker
Melts too...
And the
Hershey...

Going
Physical, violent
And war with man...

I was arguing
With women
For love tricked,
Lust masterminded
The moments...
I was betrayed
And
Fear with anger were reappearing
Like a restock...

Have your rights,
Have your kingdom and fight for what needs to be set, what needs change...

Get your deck,
I'm a fool...

Win the gamble,
Pay the debt,
Pay the poker,
And give the waitress
Her
Tip.

Go to bed... go to
An apartment...
Destinations of

Those discriminated And those hated for their skin color

As

The destinations of poles and

Boulevards, the street corners

Like

Destinations of

Exes

And career,

Positive girls...

Destinations

Of Black kings and queens,

And the brown kings with the brown queens...

And

There's

The tattooed

Queen as the

Chola

She is...

there

War with

Men... Blood!!!

And

Love arguments

Love screams of

Disagreement and

Relationship cheating

With

Women... brain damage!!!

On the freeway,

The sad journey...

The way I stare at the rearview mirror as the entire country of America lost the people because they failed as a government, let the people scream!

Where I sit in the

This vehical,

A living proof of

Winning is to

Be

The melody

The sadness this

Freeway needs

With
Spanish speaking folks
With ghetto slang
Speaking folks...
Both with skin black, with skin brown screaming at the rich man!

Everywhere I'm
Sent as a phantom,
The
Shadow of non-fiction,
The
Shadow of legend...
In jail,
I suffered
With
Hispanic populations
And *African American*
Populations...
As I
Suffer and manage
The paycheck
At the destruction, the containers
With
Black and brown...
Stare more out the world
Stare at America
Stare at the
Brown and Black feeling empowerment
Being road on
By brown kings,
Black kings,
Brown queens, black
Queens.

On your fingers,
Spell hope...
Any finger, spell
Hope...

Hope for the
Bless, and the
Test... metro
Busses, jail systems,

And warehouse
Jobs... low incomes...

Hey, you queen...
You forgot your
Crown...

She gets back her
Crown as she
Gets in her *uber*...

Hey my man,
Here, your crown...
He gets it as
He walks to the
Bus stop.

Getting back
Their crowns,
Getting on their bikes
Their friend's car,
Their own rusty car...
Or the *metro*,
Or the *uber*...

Some breathing to do,
Misunderstand,
They matter...
I was a thug... the
Angel with
Horns...
I'm your angel with
Horns and hope...

Martin Luther,
March again...
Malcolm X, roar again...

In the metro,
Always remember
Praise *Rosa Park*...
Here is your seat,
And ma'am

You don't have to
Get up and won't
Get arrested for it...

The angels
As
Michael
And Gabriel
Battle for
The mortals
Who
Suffer...
Kings and queens
Who have been
Brain damaged...
Memory loss,
And ride in rusty
Cars, *Ubers*, bikes
And the *Metro*...

The angel with
Horns with them,
The mortals
Get the crowns because the caramel
Has a wrapper and the South Pole
Has a freeze that made the sun slow it's heat...