



Legacy // Legado

Poetry by Rosanna Alvarez

Legacy . . . *Legado*

Legacy:

- the long-lasting impact of particular events, actions, etc. that took place in the past,
...or of a person's life.

Similar to . . .

bequest, inheritance, consequence,
...or effect

Legado:

- *Cosa material o inmaterial que se deja en testamento o se transmite
... de generación en generación.*

Similar to . . .

herencia manda o transmisión

Makes me think

about how our braided languages don't always
translate the heart of words unspoken

And how *they are lived*

Legacy . . . *Legado*

Braided poetry

Be-cause

Poems...like people
...are interconnected

Talk back

ceremoniously
across space and time

Our lives

A Braided Legacy



Legado

A poetry of *fuerza, resistencia, corazón*

showing the ripples and interconnected
trenzas de nuestra fuerza,
legado de resistencia

Legacy . . . *Legado*

When I play with words
I step back and let our legacy
feed this hunger of *memoria,*
heed the advice
of my indigenous native elders
who kept our teachings safe,
passing them on in codes,
at times in plain sight,

Junto con la sabiduría de nuestras abuelitas
Their *ejemplo* a coded legacy,

Alive in the land,
tended to with brown hands, *floricanto* - *flower and song*
Siempre cantando

Legacy . . . *Legado*

They say we don't have to struggle to learn,
We just have to remember

Knowing the hostility of the terrain of what it took not to forget

I plant
mis pies descalzos
humildemente
into the ground
and I breathe

Remembering the songs
of *nuestra gente* braided
into different constellation points
in my *memoria*



Legacy . . . *Legado*

Cuando declaran cantando

No, no, no nos moverán

Across space and time

Dando gracias a la vida

en mis tiempos with orgs like Somos Mayfair

unidos de la mano

And all the moments of tender voices joining in...

from el campo to elementary school blacktops with

De colores, de colores se visten los campos en la primavera

Or the witty lines of *El Picket Sign*

And the ones dedicated to our brown-eyed children of the sun

And I wonder about the various constellation points of Cesar's life.

Cesario Estrada Chávez as a newborn,

Cesar Estrada Chávez as a brown-eyed child playing in the sun,

Cesar Chavez as a suited spiffy resongón,

César E. Chávez, a father, a son,

a person, before he accepted the *manda* to push forward with our
collective *demandas*

De dignidad

And I wonder

as I wander through my own lived ripples

of his celebrated braided existence

of resistance

what else

he might have imagined

if he'd had more time

And I remember

the expression often spoken

"Hay más tiempo que vida"



And I remember
How we all imagine

So I call on us
to join our imaginations turned reality
through this braided journey, active legacy,
living movement, of accountability

As we imagine:
a world . . .
where everyone owns . . .
the poetry that flows in their veins . . .

Where farmworkers have names
And dignity and economic parity;
And their grandchildren are treated
Rightfully...as heirs to our collective melody

Honoring their legacy
With the poetry of the *manda* in our destiny

Legacy, *Legado*.

César Chávez ... ¡Presente!

Campesinos ... ¡Presente!

Siempre, con dignidad y corazón.