

Felix Quintana

dedicated to tha  
Black and brown youth  
Fragments of  
Time, place, and memory  
of lives lived  
From stolen lands  
elay to san jo  
We  
still standing, peacefully  
Despite for lease signs and  
po-po harassing  
In spite of attacks on melanin  
We stood  
For a world without triggers  
a generation with no hands up  
where young scholars stood  
we mourn thru midnight  
in the parking lot spaces  
cruising in the no cruise zone  
posted in skate parks after school  
a site for paradise to upend the mundane

this is a series of lyrics for  
crossing the street with school spirit  
a corrido for tha handy people  
painting sides of buildings with their shadow  
For dreams of mothers and daughters  
Brown bodies stay blessing intersections  
On the pay phone scratching lotto tickets  
From the way home  
Paying bills on a dime  
Wireless wholesale  
99 cent qualities of life  
Like bottle cap blowing thru  
Speckled paint blues

This is a moment for the spaces  
Where tobacco is spread

An offering of layered love  
And blue palmas  
We here  
where lowriders be cruising  
by the minute  
carried us in pick up trucks  
for young rockers with cholo cousins  
reclaiming the surveilling eyes  
from tha screen  
another version of the ground  
this is a lil sumthang for us