

# Mi Raíz (My Root)

*Christian Michael Sandoval*  
*College of Liberal Arts and Sciences*  
*University of Iowa, Iowa City, IA USA*



My abuelito's hands  
are a golden brown.  
Like a desolate desert,  
canyons span the length of his palms.  
His landscape-like skin  
rough and cracked.

The fields of Iowa  
made his hands  
appear dirty...  
peppered with sunspots  
and stained by the soil  
from tending crops.  
No soaps can wash that story away.

His skin weathered,  
his bones brittle,  
his trembling hands  
ask for more work:  
more fields,  
more crops  
to keep them busy  
as he watches T.V.

He is not bitter towards the fields that forever hold his youth...  
forever hold his health...  
The cracks and pops of his spine were not for nothing.  
He has built everything I know.

His hands help hold the books I read everyday.  
His hands glide across the page as I write.  
His hands are mine as I hold the ballot.

My hands will speak for him  
and the path he has paved for me.  
A voiceless man from Mexico  
gave me a voice this election year  
and I shall vote  
because the canyons of his hands  
run as deep as his blood in mine.