



AN ODE TO HYPOCRISY

I envy you. I envy your skin of noble copper, one that will always belong. You symbolize freedom, an unattainable ideal.

You radiate false hope with your beckoning hand, yet your flame slowly incinerates aspirations. You mock me, standing tall, your mild yet burning eyes of deceit looking down at me while I am so low. Am I yet low enough to be the tempest-tossed you yearn for? “Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp.” You wish for the tired, the poor, the huddled masses, or so you say. You project this, only to choose which unwanted you want, the rest left to fight for scraps. Enough.

Do you know of Ernesto Garcia? Do you know of Ma? Do you know of the suffering of the masses you invite to their own doom, under a false pretense, like a wolf playing with its prey? No. How could you, when you turn a blind eye, ignoring those derided still from your so-called isle of the others? Do you even want the unwelcome? Or, perhaps, do you yearn for the better? Just like any mirage, you are full of dishonesty and treachery. Indeed you are mighty. A lie lasting longer than most is definitely powerful. Your words echo, summoning those you swear to protect, your fingers crossed behind your back. You’re a hypocrite. Accusing others of being brazen without looking inward at your own twisted and ironic humor. You speak of the wretched, of your hidden shadow perhaps? You call, only like a siren, your malice lurking beneath your angelic voice. The imprisoned lightning you hold, a weapon. A weapon to strike those who trusted you as you filled them with hope. Just like countless others of your victims.

After all, we fell for your lure. Ma and Pa came here, hoping for the opportunities you advertised as a dream. They found nothing but the life of an outcast, constantly running from those who “welcomed” them. They still stayed true to kindness, only to find their actions disregarded. You allowed them to be shunned, to be exiled, from a land that was to be their heavenly refuge. You disgust me.

They were thrown back to the place unwanted by them. You orphaned me. You shattered Sophie. Her warm innocent smile, which could end wars and bring joy to all, was reduced to nothing but a pale emotionless curve. My life uprooted. No, our life uprooted. Her life is in chaotic ruins.

You call yourself the Mother of Exiles. As a mother, shouldn’t you know the pain of losing a child? Yet you allow innocents to be separated. Our life, like so many others, destroyed. You may as well pull the trigger. You call us illegal. I wonder, if my family's existence is unlawful, punishable by banishment, what of your actions then? Is it because we are “too ethnic?” We never wavered from the path of righteousness. It didn’t matter. What more could you want? We were still torn apart.

I see now, that over time, just as your personality, your homely copper has morphed into a greedy impure green.