

## ***Brown Dreams***

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I guess I got those not so brown, brown dreams...  
The ones that stuck to me like the those thorny things I picked up on  
my shoe laces and pant legs when we played in the over grown weeds.  
I'm having trouble trying to see...  
If these dreams are really mine...  
Searching between half cast memories and inner longing that divides me  
These dreams where I play my biggest enemy and am only held back by my  
own fear of accomplishment...  
In these brown dreams I'm scared...  
like a child left to fend for himself in a crowd of unfamiliar faces...  
like I'm not supposed to be here...

Like a child I grab my arms and wrap them around my knees...  
I hold tight feeling the warm breathe bounce off of my passed down  
denim and slowly peek through the cracks in my fingers.  
I see the faces of grown men postured and perceiving...  
And the inquisitive eyes of women and children questioning my presence  
as if to ask are you one of us?  
but they all belong...  
Synchronized like the rhythmic background music...  
Their souls pulses to rhythm foreign and strong...

Their pride permeating like the scent of the food the creeps through the  
hallways...  
But crouched in my fearful stance I get the feeling like I'm not welcome...  
But I've got nowhere else to go...

You see my brown dreams are different from others.  
They're not painted on barrio walls or capture in symbolic phases  
cascaded over conga drums...  
They are not idolatrized in movies were played out actors play out  
roles of played out images of homeboys...  
They are not graced by the presence of romantic poems and heartfelt  
corridos that rise from the depths on ones stomach and belt out the  
feelings trapped inside...

My brown dreams are silenced.  
muted by a tongue unable to pronounce the words...  
commanded by the ears that can barely understand...  
and moved by the body that knows it should do what its told if it can  
only figure out what that is.

You see my brown dreams can become nightmare if dreamt on the wrong night.

how can you be brown when there is so much white fading your color...?  
I've come to the painful realization that it's an  
exclusive club on both sides and I haven't been invited to either...  
It takes a lot of white to fade brown down to a tan...

But you even a drop of brown can be noticed on an all-white canvas...  
One look in the other direction and I'm quickly assured that I'm on the right side of the  
tracks...  
Cause' my dreams are brown for a reason... and ever since I could  
remember it's been that way.

Even though I never could repeat what he was saying...  
I took the stage every time Richie came on...  
And as I trot across my father's couch singing "para bailar la bamba"...  
With my brown belly sticking over my elastic mc hammer pants...  
They used to be long to my big brother and will soon my belong to my  
younger brother cause' that's the way we did shit...

And I would bang the car dashboard just like my father as he sang  
salsa tunes out the window of his multicolored ford escort with a  
brown paper bag he pick up from the corner store stashed behind the  
driver's seat....

And from the day I was born He was called Papi to Paps to Papa...  
and I had more Tia's and than I'd ever had aunts or uncles...  
and I might not be able to talk it but I could damn sure say my vowels  
with an accent...

A.E.I.O.U.

and my forest were always jungles and my lakes were always oceans and  
my mountains were volcanoes....

And the city to me...  
was la mission and la parque dolores before the hipsters and gay people.

My brown dreams always had the right back drop  
I just felt like I wasn't the right actor...

But the more I dreamt them the more I can to see...

that peering through those lightly tinted brown fingers was a boy  
trapped in his own nightmare...

Afraid that I wasn't brown enough I never went outside and got a tan.

Some time we just need a little light to bring the brown out...  
So those thorny things still stick to my pants. as I race across the  
over grown weeds, and those songs still play from the second story  
windows as I walk through my neighborhood...

That's where I know why all the homeboys say  
it's all about getting down with the get down...