

Traces of Distorted Reality

by Itzel Fernandez, 2006 (a Youth Arts Group member)

Looking out my window, 65 degrees, leaves falling down, winter's almost
here, it's running through my mind
Hungry and a bit cold, I search the kitchen for a bite to eat
In the deep under woods of my refrigerator, I see but a shiny red luminosity
Curious and eager for a little meal
I reach in and pull it out
It's an apple
Looking fresh, at its best
Ready to be eaten

Sitting back in my room
Singing along to the lyrics of Bon Jovi
While taking small bites at every chance I get
Then, with a sudden remark
I think about the life of the apple
Almost as if retracing its soul
Thinking about the journey it must have been
through before it came to me
The seed it once was,
The tree it once grew,
The branch it once hanged on,
The leaf it once left.
And then
I think more clearly
Of course, it could not get to me without a little help
Or more should I say?
Because, you see
The apple cannot talk, it cannot see, it cannot walk
So under its luscious cherry-looking skin
are the marks of small, brown fingers
Crescents of dirt under unkept nails
Working from dawn till dusk
For money worth less than dimes
Who work in a place where nobody knows who
Bon Jovi is or Marilyn Monroe.
It was grown in a place, where people work hard
Break their backs,
Expose their lives to pesticides.
Sometimes get treated badly for the supposed crime they hide.
Working hard.
Is that a crime?
The apple was picked from its branch to a bin
To the bag, to the truck, to the store, to my hands.

And now, as I lay still, thinking about it.
I smile because I know that if I join YAG,
I'll make a difference in my life and the one of others.