

## 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.