

Ivan Hernandez

Chica Esperanza...

For my niece Iliana

She filled a space
where
the universe collapsed

Dentro de la calavera

Her young eyes
Less than a decade old
Show wisdom of the centuries
As she focuses her imagination

Existe un sueno

Watching as
her small hands
manipulate colors

The canvas becoming land, fire, sky

Blending the dark
and the bright
with the tips of her fingers

Donde la esperanza no se dobla

I'm awe-struck
by how
The world
is at odds
With itself

But
Her

Curiosity

Becomes armor

Aqui la alma conquista

She knows I exist

She understands I would lay my life down for her

Y la Sangre se conoce

Her smile is genuine. It isn't a nervous tick. She doesn't do it to be polite. She smiles as the world becomes worrisome for me. But she reminds me that there is a future. That there is a spark. A fight that can be won.

El amor nunca falta