A FLOWER THAT BLOOMS, DEFINING HER OWN WORTH.

THOUGH MY HANDS NEVER PICKED THE FIELDS,

MY FAMILY STILL TILLED THE SOIL, HARVESTING DIFFERENT YIELDS.

MY TONGUE MAY NOT CARRY THE SPANISH OF OLD,

BUT MY ROOTS REMAIN STRONG, DEFIANT, AND BOLD.

BAPTIZED IN THE WATERS OF A FALSE, HEAVY FAITH,

WHERE FAMILISMO DEMANDED I SHRINK TO A WRAITH.

I WAS TAUGHT MARIANISMO, A SLOW BLOODLETTING.

TOLD A HUSBAND IS A GOD, A SCRIPT I'M FORGETTING.

I REFUSE TO LET A MOTHER'S DEEP GRIEF BE MY TOMB,

OR LET A FATHER'S GREAT SACRIFICE KEEP ME FROM BLOOM.

THEY SAY YOU MUST SUFFER TO PROVE YOU ARE BROWN,

BUT I WILL NOT BE MEASURED BY HOW FAR I FALL DOWN.

POLLINATED TOO YOUNG, MY SEED EARLY SOWN,

BUT LOOK AT THE MAGNIFICENT LIFE I HAVE GROWN.

I AM THE MOTHER, THE SHELL OF THE PEARL,

AND SHE IS MY JEWEL, THE LIGHT OF MY WORLD.

FROM A SHARP SPECK OF SAND IN A TURBULENT SEA,

GREW MY GREATEST OF TREASURES, MY TRUE LEGACY.

SHE WILL NOT BE RAISED TO BE TIMID OR MEEK,

SHE WILL NEVER BE PUNISHED FOR DARING TO SPEAK.

SHE WILL CLIMB HIGHER, BOLD AND FREE.

WATCH HOW WE FLOWER, HER AND ME.