

3-28-2018

## Faith

Alberto Gutierrez

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces>

---

### Recommended Citation

Gutierrez, Alberto (2018) "Faith," *Forces*: Vol. 2018 , Article 23.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2018/iss1/23>

This Photograph is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact [mtomlin@collin.edu](mailto:mtomlin@collin.edu).



**FAITH**

Alberto Gutierrez



## SCAPEGOAT

Andrew Barba

*Winner of the Writers' Bloc  
Choice Award*

Clear Californian sky and a field  
Full of ripe grapes. I pick as fast  
As I can and put some in my  
Bucket. Thorns cutting  
My fingers as I go.

I am not the only one hunched  
Over in the same nauseating  
Rhythm. A six-year-  
Old girl wearing a yellowed white  
V-neck, jeans, and shoes with holes.  
She is plucking furiously. Her youthful  
Skin barely Torched by the ruthless sun.  
She graciously still moves. The hammer  
Of time has not crushed her yet.

There is also an old man  
In front of me. Straw hat and  
A faded plaid shirt and jeans.  
His skin scorched by the sun and  
Folding over, a raisin.  
His eyes transfixed at the  
Fruit he is picking. He  
Has done this for many  
A decades over.

There's nine-year-old  
Me. Torn oversized jeans,  
A super bowl t-shirt for  
A team that didn't win,  
And shoes that are taped  
Together at the sole.

We work by a highway and  
Every Saturday morning I  
See cars full of happy families  
Headed to the beach to eat the grapes  
I picked. I hope to one day  
Sit on that sandy Pacific beach  
Eating grapes and away from  
The Inferno that is this grape vineyard.

I haven't talked to many of them  
Except for the Overseer. They seem  
Nice. Except for the one on TV  
Who said I was a rapist or the  
Ones who say I am  
"Milking" the system. I don't  
Know what any of those things  
Mean, so I had to ask Papá. He  
Told me what "milking" meant  
But said I was not a rapist.

How can I milk the system  
when I'm in the field picking  
grapes every day? The sun milks  
My youth from me so the families  
Going to the beach can pay \$.89  
A pound for grapes that I picked for \$.25 per 5  
Gallon bucket. My parents brought me here  
Because they needed work. I'm trying to  
Help them.

Back home I went to  
School and had friends and a house.  
I go to different schools every few months  
And can't make friends. I live in a shack  
With no furniture and I sleep on the  
Floor remembering home and the  
Great things there. My Papá and  
Mamá say things could be better here.  
They aren't yet and I want to go  
Home.