

## Iza - *Compañeras*

Have you ever had a *compañero*?  
And by *compañero*, no quiero decir "your friend".  
Your best friend  
Your boyfriend  
Your girlfriend  
Or even your parents.  
*Compañero* does not mean family  
Hermano  
Hermana  
Primo  
Prima  
Tío or Tía

When you have a *compañero* you know  
Because when you are confident, you feel their hand on your shoulder  
Because when you are happy, you feel them stretching your cheeks  
They are the warmth in your heart when you feel love  
They are the arm that you latch onto when you know you are a part of  
Something bigger

*Compañero* es la persona que daría todo por  
Someone who you dedicate your every word to  
La persona you learn from, cherish, adore  
Porque sabes que en batalla they'd die for you too

Two (show two fingers)  
I have two of them.  
Two mitades me hacen whole  
Two manos for me to hold  
Two sisters  
I kiss their foreheads y juntas marchamos

Before I had my *compañeras*, I was simple  
I let the world cleanse me of my heritage  
Paint over my culture  
And release me of the "burden" of my mother's tongue  
Strip me of my history  
Deprive me of my strength  
Until I became unrecognizable to everyone  
To my people  
To keep sleeping

To stay peaceful  
To stay dreaming

I forgot that my eyes were more than just white  
Iris brown like the never ending fight  
For liberation  
And for transformation

But I didn't see what was happening here  
Here where I stand  
Here where we stand  
Here where we must take a stand  
Because back then I didn't have my sisters  
A forehead to kiss or  
Anyone I could march with

"Despierta Iza"  
Me llama  
They pull me up and sit me down  
Me muestran el problema in front of us

Y luego, I saw

Una revolución does not come from thin air  
Una revolución comes from being aware  
Por toda mi vida I was sleeping  
Mi corazón was beating  
But just because you can sentir el aire in your nose  
Y tierra pushing beneath your toes  
It doesn't mean you are not dreaming  
Softly slipping into the roofed lullaby that they sing you  
"Equal opportunity"  
"All men created equal"  
Solving our problems like an equation  
But con mis *compañeras* I saw that equation does not add up

I knew that we could not fix it by blaming it on the poor  
Pushing the "problem" under someone else's door  
Or pretending that it didn't exist  
That will only let it persist  
But I used to think we could fix it with love and pixie dust  
Pero ahora entiendo that we've had enough  
It takes so much more

For the people to win a war

It doesn't come all at once.

My dreams were vivid

I was so sure that I had lived it

But we cannot continue in a world that was built on backs

Either their spines will crack

Or they will stand up

You'd be amazed at how easy it is to see

Cuando abres tus ojos

You'd be amazed at how easy it is to understand

When you have someone take your hand

And show you