



Epilogue

NUESTRO NORTE

by Martin Blanco & Isavela Lopez

Míranos bien.

We have been here longer than the stories ever said.

Dreams in the soil,
roots in the earth.
Southern sun in our veins.
North Star in our eyes.

Inside every face, there is a world unfolding.
A memory that traveled far.
A vision still taking shape.

*Pero el legado es una verdad
que todavía estamos descubriendo.*

I wish my parents would ask,
“¿Por qué brillan tus ojos?”

I wish I could answer,
“¿Vez tu reflejo en mí?”

We move forward with the harmony of survival,
with the sacredness of migration,
With the movement of our Indigenous ancestors guiding every
step, every jump, every hope

For we are the shadow of the warmth of our mothers,
the maturity of the trunk of our fathers.

We are the threads of the river,
Lineages woven from different colors,
different rhythms, different names,
growing without borders,
yet moving toward one horizon.

This place has held our joys
and our struggles.
It has shaped us,
and we have shaped it back.

Éste es Nuestro Norte.

Our home, and our direction.

