

our sacred
community.



Dedication:

This book is dedicated to all the Latinx people in our community who feel the same pain and experiences we do.

This book is also dedicated to the past and current families of North Denver, including Anna Hernández, who are impacted by gentrification and white appropriation. These photos are meant to show appreciation of an old authentic Northside that we, as students, choose to remember and preserve.

Overview:

This book is directly based upon the multimedia text “We Trust Our Wings” created by Photographer Juan Fuentes, Colorado Poet Laureate Bobby Lefebre, and Warm Cookies of the Revolution. These cultural workers from our neighborhood introduced us to a method in which we could express the love for the spaces we share.

Every picture in this book was taken by students.

Every word in this book was written by students.

Where we come from is art. Through this book, our students prove it. Pa'lante.

All these people drive through on
1-25, and they don't know that they
are driving past important stuff.

Like the Northside

Like home

Like me





You stole our land,
Forced us to leave,
Forced us to pack the stuff we didn't need.
Leaving the ground that we made with our bare
hands:

The hands that feed our family;
The hands that get hurt;
and leave scars as we work;
The hands that tie our little girls' shoes;
The Hands that painted this with pride;
The hands that always leave a trace behind.





We never planned to leave.

Our buildings didn't want to be destroyed.

When a building falls the memories and good times don't go with it,

Those are here to stay.

The land will always be there to look back so we can move forward.

Change comes in different ways.

We can't predict how change will impact us.

Change is always good, but not as much when you are FORCED to change your lifestyle-

Especially when you had roots that held your life.

As the water flows new,
it poisons the roots
and foundations we grew.

As the poisonous water flows
through,
our culture and home has been
broken through.

As the birds in the sky once
flew,
So did the memories and
traditions we once knew.



Barrios con significado,
historias, y memorias.

En donde las
hermandades fueron
creadas.

Escuelas, parques
nombrados con
apellidos extranjeros.

Destruyendo la historia.
Invadiendo barrios
ajenos.



DONALD
Germany—

H. WARREN

WOOD
Iwo Jima—March 3, 1945

THEODORE




WOODBURY BRANCH DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY



DENVER
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

WOODBURY
BRANCH LIBRARY





From the begging of time this library stayed
in the Northside.

A spot i've seen that hasn't been taken away
yet

Why our home? Why a spot that has nothing
to do with you?

Nothing but having this place to make
memories. Now soon all it will be is
Memories.

What will stick is seeing white folks mess
with what will always be our homes.

These Lines lead to high rises,
high rises that show & present linear
gentrification within our implanted roots.

Roots being ripped out and cleansed right in
front of us and replaced.

These old lines rich with culture overflow
with the stories and traditions of the past.

They are being replaced with a culture that
isn't ours.

These lines are old and new, but we shall
remain even when faced with white
appropriation.



We can't walk down our own
neighborhood without being
looked down on.

They want our culture,
but its us they have the right
frown on.

Innocence preyed on
and it's all a setup
made for us not to survive.

Why should society
be allowed to make this world
impossible for us to live in?







When the bridges we worked so hard to build
have been burned and remade
on a foundation built on our backs,
they will never acknowledge that the
empires they have built are weak and
will one day crack.

Their ignorance gives them a right to
look at us as aliens, and when we walk
down our streets, we see people who
are pale

again.

Everything made is for their benefit.
Even the bridges built on us.
it is not for us to use according to the
supremacists.

A path from our city to our
neighborhood.

Downtown to the highlands.

Always new housing to welcome new
ones,

using old land now our natives can't
afford one.

Next to the bridge lives a red sculpture,

Under is the roads of our people,

which leads to where the broncos play,

Where our Northside brothers wish to be
some day.



Yesterday is history,
something you can't change.
Tomorrow is a mystery, it's a
surprise.

Today is a gift to be alive,
that's why it's called "The
Present."

A life without problems is
equal to a school without any
lessons.

Remember: problems don't
rip away your life, they help
you make solutions



DENVER NORTH
HIGH SCHOOL

HOME OF THE
VIKINGS



100 YEARS OF EXCELLENCE
CLASS OF 1994

100 years in a park all
native plants and we still
not getting accepted.

Staring at you, life is the
story we are writing and it
passes by 100 years at a
time.

No matter what we do,
You can live endless
possibilities.

“Life is a risk carnal”









Buildings,
Buildings with a meaning.

But.

Not to everyone.

They stay strong and still.

Like us.

We must stay strong and
still, too.

Old buildings and new buildings
coming together.

The more they grow, the more We
get destroyed.

Por las calles camino,

En el frío camino,

Las calles te miro llorar.



Arte en las paredes.
Escaleras hacia el buen
camino.

Lugares con memorias.
Buenas o malas.





Memorias que jamas se repiten y solo quedan como recuerdos.

Lugares en los que gente viven y otros sobreviven.



We never left.
Never moved.
Never swayed.
We remained, persistently.

Picking your fields,
Laying railroads for trains we couldn't ride,
Mining the mountains you stole,
Mopping floors of restaurants we don't own,
Fighting your wars,
Inhaling tear gas,
Breathing blindness,
Exalting your ignorance,
Rejecting our brilliance,

Accepting apologies for your guilt we had no part in
Deciding you would one day have,

For what?

Through five suns we have remained.
And still we shall.

You tried to bury us,
but we are still here.

You did all you can to take what's ours
and turn it into yours--

Pushed us out thinking you would be free
of us.

You believed you succeed, but you can
not rip the roots of our people in OUR
neighborhood out.

We are like seeds: we grow no matter
what.

We will continue to grow,
we will stand with our chins up and will
take pride of what we created and most of
all we will be proud of ourselves.



Like plants we grow.

We adapt.

We survive.

But, we are not native to these lands.

Neither are the ones who hold the power.

We are given space in this world.

We are not given power.

So like plants we must grow.

We must adapt.

And to survive we must learn to be heard
for who we are.







As much as we go down,
we have a set of stairs to go up.
We all face adversity in our time in
life,
it depends how we face it.
Some people run,
some people wanna start over,
but some people will face it and stick
it out.
I tried to run,
but I ended up putting myself in a
worse situation and having to come
back up.
I overcame my adversity.

Now will you?

Over the fence,
Is freedom.

Over the fence,
I could climb it.

Over the fence,
The coyote was the third one to die
The third one in line for a refugee camp.

The fence, the gate, between both worlds.



Hard working
and also
how under appreciated.

we work from 6 to 5

leaving feeling like this
work
just makes us miss
more of what we had
back then







Alcohol
The call
Of a thousand sirens
Asking you to go toward
Their song
Of false joy
To dive into their temptation
Is to drown in their wicked arms,
Some may drink to wash the pain away
Some may drink to forget their past mistakes
Tears of happiness
A smile of sadness
Never made before
Clouds the reality
Of life it's not a fantasy
It's never going to get you far
It sparks the pain from those who hurt you before
It breaks the heart for what we are told
Told to be who we are not able to see
A pick of poison
Where you will not succeed

3000 W
Federal Blvd
W 37th Ave
3700 N



The streets are my friend. They wrap their hands around me. When I lay my head down at night the cold cement calls my name. It keeps me cold when I want to be warm.

The street made me understand the meaning of life. When I was down they pulled down even more. They pulled me down into a black whole full of depression. When I find something to hold onto it makes sure I lose my grip.

My neighborhood that made me go through everything will never go away. The streets have a permanent hold on me.

The Hood.

You look at someone too strong
because They will want to fight.

We bleed the same blood, live in the same community
but no love to be shown.

The symbols we see or the art we hear about them
trying to fit in.

They mean things to us.

Just writing a sign don't stop others from not doing it.

W 32nd Ave
3200 N



We Deliver F



WV

Graffiti:

Some see it as trash and vandalism

But to us

It's an art

A way to escape

A different way to express our
emotions that are too big for us to
handle

A way of speaking without words

To speak out on the buildings YOU
own.

Even there, in our neighborhood,

Something that was once ours

Will always be.



When other see this sign some people see
gangs,
violence,
people who don't take care of there
community.

What I see is community.
I see a family,
A home,
people who understand each other.

I see a community who is working together to
rebuild itself.

To make it ours again,
To show our culture.

For what we want.









We bleed the same color,
we hug each other like, we
hug the block.

We are born free people,
Yet there are always
restrictions.

Graffiti is a beautiful thing,
a splash of the soul in an
unlikely place, colors of life
thrown into the wall;

What artist do they picture of
the painting or what they are
gonna draw in the community

I can remember a time
when the neighbourhood bond was
strong.

When you could chat to one another
over the fence about everything going
on.

Resolving the problems that others had,
and helping them to get through.

Those days are in the past.

Oh, where has it gone?

The community spirit of long, long ago.



GRANDPARENTS
SISTER
FATHER ABUELA

REINHOLD
CARBON
ROQUE STEPH

TRASH NEXT DOOR
SCOTT

SON DAUGHTER

ITALIAN UTER

COUSIN

Hand-drawn graffiti of a stylized face with a wide smile and a mustache. Below it, the words "ROQUE/LEA" are written in a blocky font.



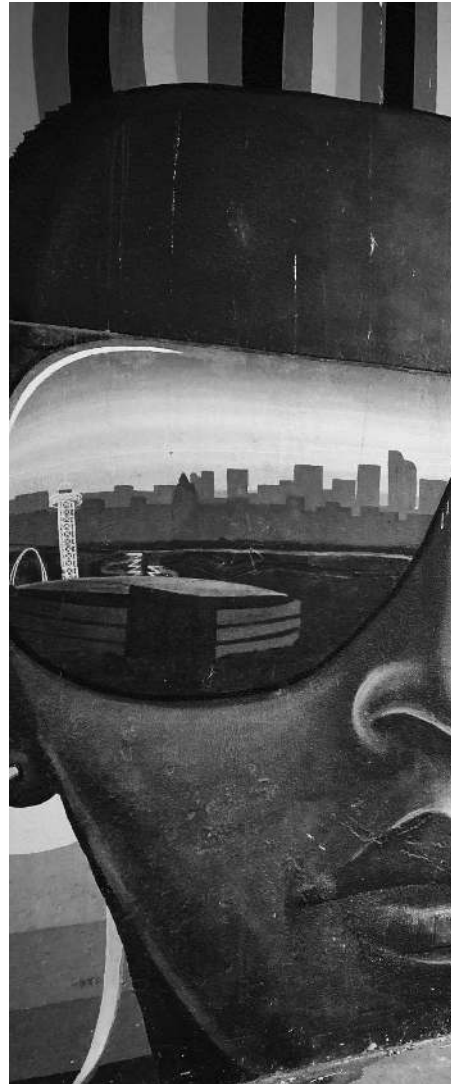
The reflection shows the real version our community.

Even though the northside causes trouble, the Northside is still respected by everybody in this community

When others stare at the North community, they see graffiti, gangs, homelessness.

when I see,

I see a fully built community









I see a stable community that so many people put time into to make it look beautiful

I can hear laughter from the roller coasters from the kids having a good time

A place where people take care of the community

The fact that people only see the bad side about the northside it infuriates me because this is what I see

The fact that people see all the negative things about the northside shows that people don't know the true things about the Northside

Our Community.

We are one.

Together.

We are a strong one.

One that can make a change in this world.

We are also a beautiful one,

One where we share our laughter, our joy, our frustrations,
our tears.

Although it is full of sweetness,

There is also a bitter taste to it.

We are stronger than what our differences makes us.

Even when we're beaten to the ground, we lift each other
up,

Because as a community.

We don't let each other down.





Our time.

Our focus.

The spirit engraved to one's passion,
creates peace to one and other.

Dignity for the community, obstacles
built by other concord by us.

Love a key to passion, passion a key to
love.

The past the present and future witness
ones time created to piece all can enjoy.

It stands proud and who it is.

Truly blessed.



WINE & SPIRITS



Authors / Photographers:

Bernadette Moreno

Lorenzo Guerra

Hope Navarro- Alvarez

Jacob Giron

Angel Contreras- Loera

Arnulfo Garcia- Morales

Leonel Ramirez- Cisneros

Valeria Garcia- Montiel

Ricardo Cabrera

Erick Alvarado

Martin Castanon

Carlos Rosas

Carlos Rivera

Mabel Perez- Carlos

Dayana Rangel- Hernandez

Vincent Culbert

Gagge Granados

Yaminah Flores- Escobedo

Marc Escobar

LaNae Garcia

Daniela Urbina- Valle

Israel Guerrero

Diego Gurrola

Sneyder Discua- Rodriguez

Jeremiah Perez- Manzanares

Dulce Zecena- Garcia



