

Poem by Lizzy Love (English below)

Aun recuerdo la primera vez que recorrí tus calles.

Vecindario extraño de matices grises.

es el “getto” me decían murmurando,

los que con prejuicios, no sabían de tus raíces.

Cada lugar cuenta una historia,

De sus días de gloria, de sus cicatrices.

Nadie sabe el temor que agobiaba,

A los ciudadanos que una vez acogiste.

Tu ambiente revela caras nuevas,

Edificios renovados y destacados

Dando un nuevo aspecto a tu pasado.

Gente vine y gente va

Añorando encontrar paz.

Generando sueños, buscando un hogar

Que les de dicha y estabilidad.

Vecindario rico en diversidad,

Lleno de culturas, lenguajes mixtos y libertad.

Das la bienvenida a quien quiera apreciar

Que somos parte de “un todo”

Somos uno en igualdad.

No son las razas, ni el color de piel,

No es el estado socioeconómico,

Quien te hace florecer,

Eres tu, soy yo, somos todos.

Pertenecemos a ti, y tu en nosotros.

Cully, Vivir aquí es un orgullo!

-Lizzy Love

I still remember the first time I walked your streets.
Strange neighborhood of shades of gray.
It's the "ghetto" they told me murmuring,
those who, with prejudice, did not know about your roots.
Every place tells a story
From it's glory days, from it's scars.
No one knows the fear that overwhelmed,
To the citizens you once took in.
Your environment reveals new faces,
Renovated and featured buildings
Giving a new look to your past.
People come and people go
Longing to find peace.
Generating dreams, looking for a home
May it give you joy and stability.
Neighborhood rich in diversity,
Full of cultures, mixed languages and freedom.
You welcome whoever wants to appreciate
That we are part of "a whole"
We are one in equality.
It's not the races, nor the skin color,
It is not socioeconomic status,
Who makes you bloom
It's you, it's me, it's all of us.
We belong to you, and you to us.
Cully, Living here is an honor!

-Lizzy Love

Every place tells a story

From its glory days to its scars.

You reveal new faces, longing to find peace.

Generating dreams, looking for a home

We are part of "a whole"

We are one in equality.

We belong to you, and you to us.

Together we bloom.