

GOD OF THE AIR HOSE - *a microreview*

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Cesar K. Avelar writes with a raw type of honesty that illuminates life as a stigmatized identity. Avelar's poetry in his debut collection, *God of The Air Hose and Other Blue Collar Poems*, confronts the reality that is blue collar life for migrant workers in America, calls out the system of broken morals, and greed and manages to do so with beautiful lyricism and powerful imagery - "My back is wet because you've soaked it in stigma" (Excerpt from *La Paleta*).

The poetry in this collection works not only as a method of speaking out, but as a written statement of his goal to one day take over and be better. Avelar's words speak to a society desperately in need of effective communication while also screaming at a system which refuses to listen. Each poem is precise, addressing not only the injustices in a factory filled with workers young and far too old, but also the grievances of losing what was once filled with joy. The loss of your love, your children who resent the late nights, the bills piled high on the table. "No more dreams // Just bills // Bills without mercy // Just love // Love without flavor" (Excerpt from *Reflective Breaths*). Avelar's poetry speaks to those who have sacrificed and to those who continue to do so. The poems in this collection are felt so deeply it is as if the words themselves are saturated in the blood, sweat and tears this broken system demands.

God of The Air Hose and Other Blue Collar Poems is a testament to the power of poetry, illuminating the complexities of the human spirit. Finding beauty within misery and inspiration within sacrifice, Caesar K. Avelar writes what must be said with necessary emotion and understandable anger. "Blue collar hands create flowers of truth // they come from palms dancing with labor // they are roughness // that threatens power" (Excerpt from *Calluses*).

