



2-6-2019

## Caravan I Do Care

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Pangol, Melanie, "Caravan I Do Care" (2019). *SURGE*. 336.  
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# Caravan I Do Care

## **Abstract**

A pair of legs that breathe in

Strong feet that has cross endless borders

Hands that have cultivated millions of trees

For you to take away the fruit

Traveling on the path of the wind

Coming without warning

Each day had begun enthusiastically and happily

Even though they hate us because we represent dreams of aspiration

Of being something more than just work labor

Of daring to dream as brown and poor [*excerpt*]

## **Keywords**

Class, Diversity, Race

## **Disciplines**

Civic and Community Engagement

## **Comments**

Surge is a student blog at Gettysburg College where systemic issues of justice matter. Posts are originally published at [surgegettysburg.wordpress.com](https://surgegettysburg.wordpress.com) Through stories and reflection, these blog entries relate personal experiences to larger issues of equity, demonstrating that –isms are structural problems, not actions defined by individual prejudice. We intend to popularize justice, helping each other to recognize our biases and unlearn the untruths.

# SURGE

[ VERB ] : to move suddenly or powerfully forward or upward

## CARAVAN I DO CARE

[February 6, 2019](#)

A pair of legs that breathe in  
Strong feet that has cross endless borders  
Hands that have cultivated millions of trees  
For you to take away the fruit  
Traveling on the path of the wind  
Coming without warning

Each day had begun enthusiastically and happily  
Even though they hate us because we represent dreams of aspiration  
Of being something more than just work labor  
Of daring to dream as brown and poor

He says: "Passport!  
He says, "legal papers!"  
He says, "background check!"  
Where are you headed?  
Isn't this time so ugly?  
Look at gringo watching you?  
Look how the road is!  
Look how they are throwing tear gases at us  
It's terrible!"  
No, man, how can you say that?  
The gringo  
The road,  
The tear gases  
are the least (of my problems)  
What is important is to make it

For those without identity  
We are identical  
To those who came without warning.  
Making the impossible possible  
Crossing endless borders

I have peace of mind  
For those who are no longer here  
For those who are here  
And for those who coming  
I set out to roam the entire continent  
Without a compass, without time, without an agenda...  
and if not by the legends  
by stories packaged in cans  
by the stories told by the moon, I learned how to walk without a map.  
To go for a walk  
Without luxuries but with necessities  
Protected by saints and witches  
I learned how to hide,  
How to cross  
How to be invisible  
To survive I have adopted no identity  
Because in this country I am not consider a human being  
And with the same language that shakes the planet  
I learned that my pueblo prays every day  
For their children to not be recruited as barrio soldiers  
For the hunger to not swallow their stomachs  
For the authorities to not take away their few cents  
For an opportunity of being more than just objects for exploitation  
  
I learned to swallow my reality with an American Dream  
  
For those without identity  
We are identical  
To those who came without warning.  
Making the impossible possible  
Crossing endless borders  
I have peace of mind  
For those who are no longer here  
For those who are here  
And for those who coming  
  
In your smile, I see a guerrilla,  
an adventure, a movement, a resistance  
Your language, your accent,  
I want to discover what has already been discovered.  
Being an immigrant, this is who I am  
Today I go north without a passport, without transportation  
I am an intruder  
Without an identity  
I go beneath the earth  
so the border patrol won't see me and the dogs won't smell me

Abuela no te preocupes  
In my neck I carry la virgen Maria  
I have strong legs that have supported my patria  
They keep me going  
The blowing wind is my coyote  
I have a backpack full of dreams  
I have so much fear that I do not fear anymore  
He llorado tanto que ya no tengo lagrimas  
I am going to make it

*This piece is an adaptation of the song Pal' Norte by Calle 13, using the same structure and chorus.*

Melanie Pangol '21