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Caravan I Do Care

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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 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.

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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
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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