

2016

Pantoum One

José Manuel Hernández
Humboldt State University

Zitlaly Macías
Humboldt State University

José Manzo
Humboldt State University

Catherine Sanchez
Humboldt State University

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos>

 Part of the [Bilingual, Multilingual, and Multicultural Education Commons](#), [Chicana/o Studies Commons](#), [Civic and Community Engagement Commons](#), [Community-Based Learning Commons](#), [Creative Writing Commons](#), [Curriculum and Instruction Commons](#), [Domestic and Intimate Partner Violence Commons](#), [Educational Sociology Commons](#), [Ethnic Studies Commons](#), [Feminist, Gender, and Sexuality Studies Commons](#), [Gender and Sexuality Commons](#), [History Commons](#), [Inequality and Stratification Commons](#), [Latin American Languages and Societies Commons](#), [Latina/o Studies Commons](#), [Modern Literature Commons](#), [Politics and Social Change Commons](#), [Race and Ethnicity Commons](#), [Reading and Language Commons](#), and the [Theory, Knowledge and Science Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Hernández, José Manuel; Macías, Zitlaly; Manzo, José; and Sanchez, Catherine (2016) "Pantoum One," *CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives*: Vol. 1, Article 36.

Available at: <http://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos/vol1/iss1/36>



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial 4.0 License](#)

© 2016 Department of Critical Race, Gender & Sexuality Studies (CRGS) at Humboldt State University.

This Collective Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Humboldt State University. It has been accepted for inclusion in *CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives* by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Humboldt State University. For more information, please contact kyle.morgan@humboldt.edu.

Pantoum One

José Manuel Hernández, Zitlaly Macías, José Manzo, and Catherine Sánchez

*Yo se que pasaremos toda la vida trabajando.
Through my sobs I tell her what I had witnessed.
The strum of the guitar tickled the core of my soul, I could hear my
pain.
Reached down for the star shaped fruit.*

*Through my sobs she listens to what I had witnessed.
For some mysterious or unexplainable Reason, things happen to
us.
Reached down for many other fruit.
Young women covered their faces with dirt, hiding in the
cornfields.*

*For some mysterious or unexplainable reason, things happen to
us.
Witnessed and experienced injustices, so many I've lost track.
Young women, sisters, mothers, and daughters battered in the
cornfields.
My scars are a mere reflection of all you have sacrificed for me.*

*Witnessed and experienced injustices, so many I've lost track.
I just want to give up, but knowing me I won't.
The scars are a reflection of all the sacrifices for us.
Vale la pena ser pobre y feliz?*

*I can't just give up, I know I won't.
As the last strum of the guitar vibrated, my pain lifted and carried
away.
Vale la pena ser feliz!
Seguiremos trabajando toda la vida.*