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Cuban Refugee on His Journey

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Cuban Refugee on His Journey

Shirley Schneir

Mami!
Tengo frio.
Tengo hambre.
Tengo sueño.
When will we at last be there?

Mommy, I'm cold, tired, and hungry,
Won't you please, I beg of you.
Appear to me now, Mommy,
This is too much to go through.

I want to be free,
That is all I ask.
I want a safe place to raise a family.
Will that really be a hard task?

But what if I never get there,
To that land of great fortune?
I'll be a good boy, I swear.
Just please, enough of this torture.

Oh! What is that I see?
Land! Look! It's land!
Yes! The land of the free!
My! This is grand!

Just a few more minutes,
We will be safe.
Oh, my goodness!
Look at those people wave.

Castro is now at the back of our minds,
America is deep in our thoughts.
Cuba is now left behind,
Oh, I'm so happy, I'm going nuts!

But oh, what's going on?
These people do not wave,
They point to us with shotguns.
Are we not safe?

"Go back to your homeland!"
They shout at us.
But... please! Give us a hand!
All we need is help; don't make such a big fuss.

But instead we go to Guantanamo.
What kind of help is that?
That is it, our journey failed.
We will now have to share tents with rats.

This wasn't my idea of free,
I guess I just expected more.
Oh, I want to die. Seriously.
Oh God, won't you open for me Heaven's door?

Now I'm stuck in a "cell,"
Cursing that my dream never came true,
Missing my family, living in hell,
I still want to be free. I really do.