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## Full Collective Poetry

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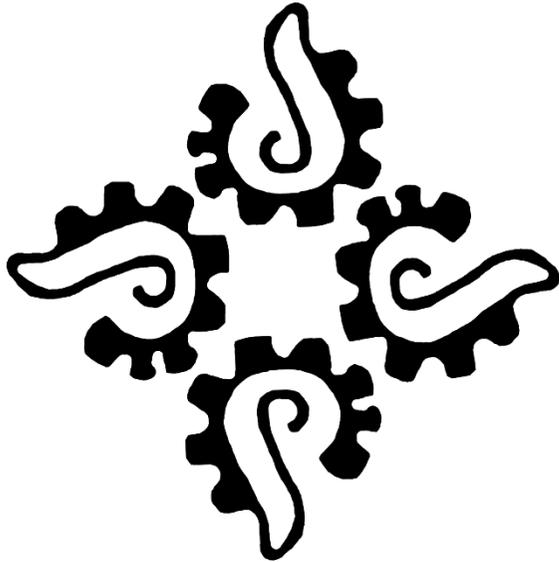


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# Collective Poetry



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# Pantoum One

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**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.*

# Pantoum Two

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Briana Corona, Susana Padilla, and Dakota

Porter

*They think Latin@s don't have pale skin and green eyes.  
The girl in class says, but you're not really Mexican  
But now I'm left with the "What ifs"  
I had to take it into my own hands!*

*What is "not really Mexican?"  
I have a history of many generations; warm blood in my veins.  
I had to take this into my own hands!  
Spanish was my first language. It is what makes me feel at home.*

*The history of my family's generations, runs through me like warm  
blood.*

*For some unexplainable, mysterious reason, things happen to us.  
Spanish was my first language, it has taught me a lot of cultural  
lessons.*

*But I have faith in our place in the universe. We are in it, and of it.*

*Mysteriously, unexplainably, things happen to us.*

*Sometimes I Dream and I wish I wouldn't.*

*But I have faith in our place in the universe.*

*I am a cultural cloud, my life is my present reality; I am a melting  
fog.*

*I have had dreams, and I wish I hadn't.*

*But now I am left with the "what ifs".*

*I am a cultural cloud, my life was a present reality, I am melting in  
a fog.*

*Latin@s don't just have pale skin and green eyes.*

# Pantoum Three

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## Jonah Platt, Elizabeth Rosales, and Monique Yzaguirre

*[Who] am I?*

*I've experienced hundreds of injustices*

*Attitudes decide destinies*

*and he was ripped away from me*

*lifetimes of injustices*

*Young women with faces covered in dirt hide in cornfields*

*and they were ripped away from me*

*she began to cry, endless tears as if her eyes held oceans*

*dirt covered faces hide in cornfields*

*and sometimes, I dream of you*

*she began to cry, endless tears created oceans*

*please hold and tame my heart*

*Sometimes, I dream of you*

*the guitar strings seep into my skin*

*they hold and tame my heart*

*Con la música, te recuerdo*

*the guitar strings sing our song*

*our attitudes decide our destinies*

*Con la música, nos recuerdan*

*[Who] are we?*

# Pantoum Four

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Jacqueline Barrera-Pacheco, Magdalena

Cortez, Lei Hou, and Amy Nuñez

*[Who] am I?*

*What does being a female really mean?*

*Beauty should not be a harm or danger for a girl.*

*All people should be protected regardless of their differences to one another.*

*It means having courage to represent our title.*

*But yet he still has power over me.*

*Injustice!*

*Which I have not yet confronted HIM about.*

*Is it love?*

*I began to cry endless tears as if my eyes held oceans.*

*Should I confront him?*

*I just want to run away from it.*

*I want to learn how to stop crossing oceans for him.*

*But knowing me I won't.*

*Should I run away from it?*

*Porque solamente quiero vivir una vida segura*

*But knowing my luck, it won't happen to me.*

*My beauty has marked my destiny for the worse*

*Cuándo sabré cuándo realmente estaremos libres?*

*[Who] am I?*

# Pantoum Five

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## Idette López, Tyree Love, Luna Uch, and Katrina Uribe

*Attitudes decide destinies.  
Who am I?  
Con la música, lo recuerdo.  
It feels like bliss.*

*Who am I?  
I just want to give up, but knowing me, I won't.  
It feels like bliss.  
Hard to raise me every other weekend.*

*I just want to give up, but I won't.  
Vive con la fé que siempre tendrás algo bueno en la vida.  
Hard to raise me, pa salir 'alante.  
"Do you need help, Ma?"*

*Vive con la fé.  
Quiero vivir una vida segura.  
"I'll help you Ma."  
I dream.*

*Quiero vivir.  
In music I remember who I am.  
I live my dream.  
My attitude is to decide my destiny.*

# Pantoum Six

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## Karla Amaya, Arturo Arce, Mondserrat Ortiz, and Cynthia Rojas

*Vive con la fé que siempre tendrás algo bueno en tu vida.  
For some mysterious or unexplainable reason, things happen to  
us.*

*Quiero vivir una vida segura sabiendo que siempre estaremos  
libres.*

*An unspoken thing that only she knows best how to grieve.*

*For some mysterious or unexplainable reason, things happen to  
us.*

*She sat down and began to cry, endless tears as if her eyes held  
oceans.*

*An unspoken thing that only she knows best how to grieve.*

*Absence fills my imagination of what could have been and what  
should have been.*

*She sat down and began to cry, endless tears as if her eyes held  
oceans.*

*I want to run away from it, but the things you live are what makes  
up the person you are today.*

*Their absence fills my imagination of what could have been and  
what should have been.*

*Con la música, te recuerdo.*

*I want to run away from it, but the things you live are what makes  
up the person you are today.*

*With small but curious eyes the color of dark chocolate, only to  
melt in the sunlight.*

*Con la música, te recuerdo.*

*I feel like I'll keep learning from faith, it has so much to teach and I  
am willing to listen.*

*With small but curious eyes the color of dark chocolate, only to melt in the sunlight.*

*Quiero vivir una vida segura sabiendo que siempre estaremos libres.*

*I feel like I'll keep learning from faith, it has so much to teach and I am willing to listen.*

*Vive con la fé que siempre tendrás algo bueno en tu vida.*

# Found Poem Uno

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Patricia Cortés, Mireya Ortega, Cynthia

Paredes, Javier Rojas

*Do you need help, Ma?  
I hear her voice.  
My body tingles, my heart races.  
I just want to hold on to it.*

*Yes, mother was very strict when it came to our education,  
But I am very happy she was.  
A small child,  
with small but curious eyes.  
The color of dark chocolate,  
Only to melt in the sunlight.*

*I am in a Dream.  
And if my life is my present reality, then it is just a dream.  
She sat down and began to cry,  
Endless tears,  
As if her eyes held oceans.  
We have to understand  
that when somebody knows your bad habits, it is hard for them to  
disappear,  
even after you've changed...*

*It was hard to raise me every other weekend.  
Where do I go when I dream?  
Vive con la fe,  
Siempre tendrás algo bueno en tu vida.  
Con la música, te recuerdo.*

*Amor.  
It feels like bliss.  
You don't realize what you have until it is gone.  
Do you need help, Ma?*

# Found Poem Dos

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## Mitchell McGowan and Mateo Ramírez Yelton

*A dream is only a dream after all.*

*You come back to me in my dreams, to remind me that I could still fly.*

*At times rest is not so restful,  
like light never quite fading on the horizon.  
Home is where you make it,  
not where memories are held, but where your family is.  
We followed the empty highway, white lines guiding us towards  
our destiny.*

*You come back to me in my dreams, to remind me that I could still fly.*

*The moving boxes were heavy,  
laden with the memories of a place we called home.  
And this time we finished the journey.  
Then I knew that guys and girls were  
separate, different, opposite, segregated, others.*

*You are free, and I am chained.  
Shackled to life in a prison without bars.  
Sadness doesn't exist and "real men don't cry."  
Someday, we will meet again.*

*A dream is only a dream after all.*

\*This poem, like the previous pantoums, draws its inspiration from the collective classroom freewrites. However, it does not adhere to the structure of the pantoum. It is, however, a beautiful found poem.