

CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives

Volume 5 *CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives*

Article 21

2022

Ser Chicano, Ser Yo, Ser Hombre... Una Canción sin Final

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Recommended Citation

Neri, Abran (2022) "Ser Chicano, Ser Yo, Ser Hombre... Una Canción sin Final," *CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives*: Vol. 5, Article 21.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos/vol5/iss1/21>



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Ser Chicano, Ser Yo, Ser Hombre... Una Canción sin Final

By Abran Neri

To be a Chicano in Higher Ed
Means you're doing something right
But nobody knows all the wrong you've done to get here
Nobody prepares you to be alone
Too busy trying to get you in the zone
They fail us
Because they ain't us
Never gained my trust
Always exposing my lust
Never tried to speak my Native tongue
Making me work so hard
I could only breathe through one lung
This is the kind pressure
You don't measure
But you feel, just as real
As a man of color
These are my troubles
Unlike all the others
My story gets told by others
But with my pen & paper
I write my own history, trauma & victories
You just wait and see.

My life struggle
Is like a bubble, waiting to be popped
And shown to the world
At least I did what was told
I couldn't be bold
Just doing what was told
Five years of my life, has me feeling old...
Time is lost, that's everyone's cost
Sun shines so bright
But at night I still feel cold
I still do what I'm told
Because that's all they know

A cycle of despair
Because they weren't taught to care
Let's just keep them over there
Until there's too many to share
Because I'm replaceable
Is what I was told
Told I couldn't stay away from trouble
Told I wasn't working hard enough
Told there's always next year
Well that "next year" turned into a million tears.

This is where I went from Abraham to Abran
Trying to figure out life
Navigating and managing so much
All while missing my mother touch
I trust god has a plan
For you and me
From sea to shining sea
Picking up every clue
Who would have thought
That I'll be here singing the blues
Because this campus
Has given me nothing to choose
Aside from assimilation or confrontation
But my journey here
Has been that of communication
With others
But with myself as well
I'm no longer waiting
for the bell to set me free
But
I'm waiting for you to come and see
Our new adaptations
Our new hires
Our deepest desires
& The man I will be.

