Pantoum One

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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.