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Así Es La Vida

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Así Es La Vida

Patricia Cortés

Me siento sola, aislada, vacía, en una comunidad donde no pertenezco. ¿Qué vendrá? Pura corrupción se ve en las noticias; homicidios, drogas, pandillas, asesinos. No es nada nuevo, lo mismo de siempre. ¿Apoco la vida siempre va a ser así? Negros, ilegales, Mexicanos. Siempre criminalizados. ¿Y porque los gringos no? Aquí estoy, sentada en mi cama. Mis padres trabajando tarde. Otra vez. Apenas y alcanzamos para la renta. ¿Entonces para qué vivimos? Es más ¿Para quién vivimos? Esta economía sólo sirve para abusar del trabajo de mis padres. En los ojos de esta sociedad, somos considerados: ilegales, inmigrantes, espaldas mojadas, pobres, huevones. Ellos dicen que nosotros dependemos del gobierno, pero lo que no saben es que el gobierno depende de nosotros. Trabajadores sin trabajo. Que ironía.

Mis padres se escaparon de un gobierno corrupto. Cruzaron la frontera aunque la migra los capturó dos veces. ¿Y para qué? Yo veo que el modo de vivir es igual. Pagamos por una casa que no es de nosotros. Manejamos, pero no tenemos licencia. Por 25 años, hemos vivido en los Estados Unidos; pero, todavía somos ilegales. A veces pienso si hay un Dios. Si hubiera, ¿Por qué llegamos a la casa todo los días cansados? Estamos cansados; cansados de trabajar desde la madrugada mientras esos pinches gringos se toman sus vacaciones en sus barcos. ¿Por qué permites esto, Dios? ¿Por qué la vida no es fácil?

Reflection

Throughout all the poems I have written, I noticed a lot of resentment I seem to have towards society. However, I noticed that I am tending to appreciate my family more and more throughout time, for they have endured several forms of oppression for the sake of bettering my life. What I noticed throughout my writing is that it comes a lot more naturally to

describe the hardships that my parents go through on an everyday basis in Spanish rather than English. For some reason, I feel like it is because my feelings are translated into the actual phrases and words my parents would say in the face of societal defeat. So, in reality, the experiences of my family hardships imply the resentment and hatred that I have for a system that puts certain communities in a disadvantaged position.

Almost every prompt that was covered in class always related to my family one way or another. I noticed that my responses to the prompts are usually poems because I don't really know exactly how to describe my experiences in a way that isn't figurative. Every day is always a little different, and sometimes when I come to class a little stressed, my writing become a little tense and heavy. The same goes for when I come to class while I'm having a hard day and I seem a little saddened and weighed down. As a result of that, my writings become a little more sad and super personal, not to say that my writings are not personal in general. I was mentioning at some point that when writing is actually done with a piece of paper and a pen it seems to be a little more real to me, humanistic in fact. When I started typing my poems it somewhat had a different effect because sometimes handwriting can hint of personality traits and perhaps the life context of a writer. For example, my writing isn't neat, it's somewhat a little messy. My life, at times feels a little messy, unorganized and scattered, which sometimes makes me anxious. In contrast, I would feel that neat writing consists of a controlled mindset and a steady well-being.