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First-Gen Voices: Creative and Critical Narratives on the First- Generation College Experience

Volume 5
Issue 1 *New Vistas*

Article 9

February 2016

For the Dreamers

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Recommended Citation

Gomez, Mariajose (2016) "For the Dreamers," *First-Gen Voices: Creative and Critical Narratives on the First-Generation College Experience*: Vol. 5 : Iss. 1 , Article 9.

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The American flag waves its glory.
If they cross the line, they will always have to run.

Here, men drew the line that defines our place in life,
The line that taught me that different is wrong.
Don't you know?

If you leave, you can't come back.
Many keep trying to come back. Many die trying.
Millions sent back to "where they belong."
Don't you know?

If you can't speak English, you do not belong.
The unlucky ones are broken and others make no sound.
The line told me unheard stories of sorrow.

The land told a different story.
Its endless riches were taken care of by the sun.
The land is hurting; it is the keeper of internal strife.
Here, I heard the silent song
Of the forgotten ones in the desert.

But you can't trick the land,
Keeper of the unmarked graves that contain our fallen friends
It embraces our dreamers.
The land speaks a universal language.
Don't you know?

Here, we are all the same, above ground.
The land is a place where people pray and hope for a better tomorrow.