



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

Volume 10 | Issue 1

Article 9

October 2024

Cries Of Injustice

Isabella Madrid

Loyola Marymount University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.lmu.edu/fgv>



Part of the [Chicana/o Studies Commons](#), [Critical and Cultural Studies Commons](#), [Curriculum and Instruction Commons](#), [Curriculum and Social Inquiry Commons](#), [Educational Methods Commons](#), [Ethnic Studies Commons](#), [Fiction Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Interdisciplinary Arts and Media Commons](#), [Latin American History Commons](#), [Latina/o Studies Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Philosophy Commons](#), [Poetry Commons](#), [Social History Commons](#), and the [Sociology of Culture Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Madrid, Isabella (2024) "Cries Of Injustice," *First-Gen Voices: Creative and Critical Narratives on the First-Generation College Experience*: Vol. 10: Iss. 1, Article 9.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.lmu.edu/fgv/vol10/iss1/9>

This Reflection is brought to you for free and open access by the Academic Resource Center at Digital Commons @ Loyola Marymount University and Loyola Law School. It has been accepted for inclusion in First-Gen Voices: Creative and Critical Narratives on the First-Generation College Experience by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons@Loyola Marymount University and Loyola Law School. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@lmu.edu.

“Cries of Injustice”

The picture below is the beautiful view I had from the Universidad Biblica Latinoamericana, the classroom where we spent hours listening to others stories about the injustices they had faced in their lives. How could such a peaceful looking place hold so much pain and shedded blood.

The conversation that impacted me the most in this classroom was the conversation with Nicaraguan musicians who were forced to migrate recently because of government persecution due to the content of their music and their support of the civil uprising of 2018. We attentively listened to their testimonies, each word they said filled with sorrow but somehow hope as well. We listened to their music about tragedies they have faced as they sang about crying children and flying bombs. While our music back home talked about summer days and pina coladas, their music rang melodies of chaos and brokenness as they called for unification.

The line that is forever written in my heart goes like this: “Se humano, se humano, se humano, dame tu mano. Se humano, se humano, se humano, dame tu mano”. Which means “be human, be human, be human, give me your hand”. It is a cry for humanity. A cry against the government who has dismissed its people's humanity. A cry to remind the people of each other's humanity and to resist the lies of politicians who try to pivot people against each other for their own benefit. A government succeeds in enforcing their own agenda of capitalism on a population who lacks unification. But if we stand against injustices then we begin to dismantle what those in power aim to do; crush our spirits to remain powerless. It was a cry to be so devoted to radically loving each other that we stand up for each other against injustice.

Costa Rica is filled with several tragedies but for others like Nicaraguans, it is a safe haven to escape their own injustices. I wish everyone would prioritize empathy and focus on humans rather than money so that people could stop needing to escape from one injustice to the next. A never ending cycle.

Their lyrics pierced through my ears and into my heart. People who've experienced such atrocities yet stood before us strong as pillars. Something that stuck out to me is that they told us that in sharing their story they did not want us to pity them. I found this ironic because if anything, their story empowered them and our class to stand strong in fighting injustices. It was a wake up call to remember the privileged life I live and to honor those who experience injustice through sharing their stories instead of letting them drown in an ocean of cries.

