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Mr. Viskanta

English 10 Period 6

26 October 2010

"Corrido"

Dear Enrique,

I'm not your mom, we've never met and, my name's Candido,  
Let me begin by introducing now, myself to you  
And the very reason I'll be writing.


Why I took the time and  
The Who, what, where and why and  
The purpose of my verses,  
The reasons I'm reciting.  
I hope you learn the truth, is what I pray you're finding,  
And every word I'm writing upon the dotted lines.

Let me tell you how it is here in the U.S.  
I know your probably thinking,  
Your mom's in the best place.  
Well let me tell you this and  
Make sure you get it straight.

You see,  
I've been here in the U.S. for a while now.  
Came here with my wife,  
Trying to find a better life.  
Once I arrived,  
I had no place to live,  
Had to live at a camp site.

Ever since the start,  
Bad luck played a part.  
But I didn't let that get in the way.  
No matter what went on, I had to go on.

I hope you do the same.



I hope you find your ma' now,  
I hope that there's nothing that'll just bring you down.

Dear Enrique,  
I heard the stuff that you're going through.  
See, I could relate to you,  
'Cause well see I've been there too.  
Falling off the train,  
Feeling all this pain,  
But don't let it get to you, just keep going.

See what I say to you is this,  
Any wall that stands in your way,  
Don't let it turn you away.  
Well anyway that's really all I have to say,  
I'm signing off now, won't keep you waiting,  
Just another migrant trying to make it, just like you.

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October 26, 2010

Period: 2

I'm just a little boy.

Looking for his momma.

Jumping on these trains, getting beaten by these gangs

About to go insane, all this blood is rushing through my veins.

I'm trying to find a way

So don't get in my way

I'm looking for this girl that gave me birth to this world.

I'm risking my life

To have a better life

I'm never giving up

I'm running from la migra

Nobody wants me I'm sitting on a curb

I don't know what to do with my life

I think I should try something new

Maybe sniff on some glue

I think I'm going to leave

I was with my grandma

Now I'm with my momma's best friend

But he ends up going to his job and ends up getting shot in his car

Everything is turning into the worst it can be.

So please let me be  
With the only women I love  
She brought me to this world  
I hope to be with her for the rest of my life

I'm finally close to where I need to be  
I don't know where I'm going  
Just going with the flow  
I don't know where my mom is  
Looking so hard getting worried

I'm finally in America  
Knowing I'm so close  
I hardly could breathe  
I'm knocking on the door who could it be  
Waiting for an answer  
Look who it is, it's the women I love

Yo soy sólo un niño.  
En busca de su mamá.  
Saltando en estos trenes, siendo golpeados por estas pandillas  
A punto de volverme loco, toda esta sangre corre por mis venas.

Estoy tratando de encontrar una manera de  
Así que no te metas en mi camino  
Estoy buscando una chica que me dio a luz a este mundo.

Estoy arriesgando mi vida  
Para tener una vida mejor  
Estoy nunca darse por vencido  
Estoy huyendo de la migra

Nadie quiere que yo estoy sentado en un bordillo  
No sé qué hacer con mi vida  
Creo que debería probar algo nuevo  
Tal vez en algunos oler pegamento

Creo que voy a dejar  
Yo estaba con mi abuela  
Ahora estoy con el mejor amigo de mi abuela es un peligro  
Sin embargo, termina yendo a su trabajo y acaba de recibir un disparo en su coche  
Todo lo que se está convirtiendo en lo peor que puede ser.

Así que por favor déjame ser  
Con la única mujer que amo  
Ella me trajo a este mundo  
Espero estar con ella para el resto de mi vida

Por fin estoy cerca de donde me necesitan ser  
No sé si yo voy  
Simplemente ir con la corriente  
No sé que mi mamá se está  
Luciendo tan duro a preocuparse

Por fin estoy en los Estados Unidos  
Saber que estoy tan cerca  
Casi no podía respirar  
Estoy llamando a la puerta que no podía ser de  
Esperando una respuesta  
Mira quién es, es la mujer que amo

Mr. Viskanta  
Per. 6  
10/26/10

### Corrido

Hello my name is Jose Lopez  
I am a citizen of Honduras  
My friend told me about a great land called America  
He wanted to go for money, I wanted the same  
Him and I talked about traveling there together  
We planned to leave April 5<sup>th</sup>

We informed our family about the journey we're going through  
They were all sad but wished us luck  
Right before we left we prayed to God:  
To keep us safe and to guide us through our journey

We didn't know what we're going to witness or experience  
As our journey began we made friends  
Most of them were going to have a better life  
We ventured with kids who wanted to find their mothers

But this one kid, we saw him everywhere  
When we we're on top of trains, he was there  
When we needed to rest for the night, he was there  
When we we're looking for water he was there  
Every time *La Mirgra* caught us, he was there

One day he was running after a train we were on  
My friend and I helped him on  
He said "gracias"  
I say "siempre"  
We built up a conversation

His name was Enrique from Honduras  
He was going to America to find his mom  
We talked to each other through out the whole journey  
We became close friends and helped each other for everything

He has been in this journey a very long time  
He was the most experienced person here  
He told my friend and I a lot of information about  
*Tren de la muerte*, the train of death

We were so close to America  
We all could see the border between Mexico and America  
Neither my friend and I nor Enrique has got this far  
We didn't know how to approach America

We planned that we wait until night and slip through the fence  
I was so happy that we were so close  
First Enrique went first, then my friend, then me  
When we we're through we were so happy

We wished Enrique luck to find his mom  
My friend and I started walking  
We found a city called Los Angeles  
Then we started over in "The land of opportunity."

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Mr. Viskanta

English per. 6

26 October 2010

### The Victorious Knights

Hola I'm Olga the nurse  
I'm better known as the helper  
I tend to the people that suffer the curse  
My job is to heal and to pamper

The migrants who fall off the train  
Are wounded inside and out  
Because they feel horrible pain  
They start to quiver and shout

These people are depressed and battered  
Once reaching my compassionate home  
Most believe that their dreams are shattered  
And many begin to feel alone

Wanting to fill them with glee  
Like a brand newborn pup  
Filled with happiness and energy  
My motto is never give up

Telling them that they were spared by God for a reason  
There is hope and help out there  
And like fall it is only for a season  
Trust in him because he does care

Although resources may run low  
I work hard seven days a week  
Their smiling faces are what I'm going to show  
Never again do I want to see them weak

They begin to see the bright side  
When they recuperate with my assistance  
With strength and confidence they stride  
And once again they travel the long distance



This time walking with little fright  
Putting their lives at risk for the ones they love  
Each step they take like a victorious knight  
And hoping that they have the guidance from up above

Period 6  
10/26/10

### Candido

Hola! Me llamo Candido Rincon  
I'm so poor I wish I was a Don  
I'm old I have white hair  
My wife America is my only chance of getting an heir.

I was walking on the street and a man ran over me  
Injuring my head, arms, leg, as well as my feet  
I woke up not remembering my name  
**Lo!** I lost my chance of earning fame.

I'm here in the North  
Looking for a way to survive  
Doing this, doing that finding  
A lot of ways to thrive

America looks for a job in the labor exchange  
But I can't let her go unless it's within range  
We are having a baby named Soccoro  
We're saving everything, not a single thing to throw

I went to a parking lot  
Two gringos beating me in every spot  
Bear the pain is the only thing in my head  
I know I got patience thicker than a thread

What on Earth is this? A cat  
I will cook it, eat it  
Just like what it will do to a rat  
Hmm, tasty, that was good  
More on work and enough on the food

Joined two souls with a gift of Christmas ball  
We need nobody to let ourselves go  
Always in my side taking care of me from head to toe  
In the ocean of troubles  
We move with the flow

Her hand in my hand  
I don't want to let go  
A partner in life in this mean old road  
We got the wind on our back that blows

We can't drift apart we just move with the flow

Okay, I am a living bulwark  
We are hiding we lurk  
We are looking desperately for work  
I'm jealous of that gabacho working as a clerk

People see me as incongruous  
But I endure so you can describe me as perpetual  
And the love I have for my wife is tremendous  
Stern, firm, lean, mean, fighting machine  
I can eat anything whether you give me trash or beans

But if you were to ask me  
What I would do to you  
I would say that I will  
Do to you what you did to me  
So if I forgive you  
Then will you forgive me?

Breathe, I want to breathe an air that is free  
Float like a butterfly sting like a bee  
So when the flood washed us away  
I think, see with my eyes and pray  
So give me your hand  
Oh dear! Delaney my friend.

I got my eyes up and wide to the ceiling  
I'm lying on my back in the center of a field  
I've got a voice giving me a funny feeling  
It's telling me to get a job real soon.  
I've got to get a job otherwise I'm un-  
appealing  
To my little wife who's carrying my child  
so I let my energy build for the healing  
so I can get a job better than stealing.

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Mr. Viskanta

English Per. 6

26 October 2010

Corrido

My name is América, married at seventeen,

I came to the United States with an amazing dream.

Along came my husband Cándido and a baby forming in my tummy.

We started living in a canyon like animals and the food wasn't very yummy.

Cándido became injured because a *gabacho* hit him with a car,

During this setback I tried to take charge.

Cándido tried to stop me from looking for work,

He was acting like a stubborn jerk.

Despite his wishes I walked to the labor exchange myself solely,

Where a man got me a cup of coffee and acted strangely.

When I found a job scrubbing stone Buddha statues for a fat man,

Along came Mary a drunken white woman.

After that I thought we had a chance,

Until bad luck once again put us in a spiraling trance.

Two men raped and robbed me,

And it started to hurt when I'd pee.

It was José from the labor exchange and his friend,

They caught me without Cándido like trapping me in a dead end.

Cándido healed and found a job and started right away,  
He promised me an apartment to live in, but we fell into dismay.  
A man offering an apartment cheap robbed Cándido as I waited for an eternity,  
He was bleeding and all of our money was gone, that was a certainty.  
He offered me food from the garbage and I was disgusted,  
I started not speaking to him because of this.  
I began to close off my peephole,  
Until Cándido brought home a turkey whole.  
We cooked our turkey for *Thanksgeeve*,  
And I had an amazing time during this day.  
The next morning our campfire went out of control,  
We ran until I couldn't run at all.  
During our run the fire had spread,  
At this time I really needed a bed.  
I began to go into labor,  
Something I wouldn't wish to savor.  
During this blazing inferno I gave birth to my baby girl,  
Socorro I named her and I couldn't stop how my mouth curled.  
The smile on my face wasn't containable,  
The love I felt was irreplaceable.  
Cándido built us a home to live,  
Even if he had little to give.  
He looked for work in order to provide,

Until that fatal mudslide.

The *gabacho* that hit Cándido with his car tried to finish him off with a gun,

He was carrying it and I was stunned.

He came down with us in the muddy catastrophe,

After all he did to us Cándido helped save him and let go of me.

Out of this disaster, its plain as day to see,

We're all just people trying to be.

Trying to survive in this life we were given,

Attempting to live with whatever cards we were dealt.

Each of us has a purpose in this life of ours,

Rich, poor, whatever you are.

Our purpose unknown,

We go on with all we do know.

Survival is key and is what we all want to do,

And yet no one sees that, not him, not her, and not you.

mt.viskanta  
English 10 Period 6  
27 October 2010

Corrido

I am Enrique from Tegucigalpa  
I was a boy with a mother and a loving home  
Until she stepped off the porch and made her way  
She went to America and left me all alone

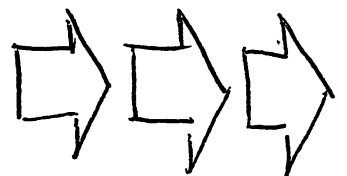
I couldn't understand why she left me here  
I waited and waited for her to return  
Years went by and I still needed her near  
But she needed money, that's what she went there to earn

And soon I was addicted  
Drugs soothed away the pain  
I couldn't bring myself to stop  
and my loved ones felt disdain

I felt like no one wanted me  
I'd been rejected time and time again  
María Isabel was one to see  
She's my love and closest friend.

But still, my heart was empty  
I still yearned for my mother  
I was just a child with a fragile heart  
And María Isabel was another

So then I soon decided  
I'd go to the US  
I'd look and find my mother  
And get out of all this mess



I took my things and I set off  
For this journey, I was prepared  
But little did I know that soon  
I'd be beaten, marred, and impaired

They say the trains are awful creatures  
They swallow you alive  
"Ahora nos enfrentamos a la bestia"  
Migrants say they struggle to survive

To me the train is magical  
"El Caballo de Hierro"  
The train will take me to my mother  
All the hardships will not matter

There are thugs and there are bandits  
But my journey won't be in vain  
Just let this be a lesson to you:  
Never ride atop the train.



She told me what I needed to hear.  
She looked at me and said  
"We got to get out of here"  
I want to live in California, Candido.

I mouthed a prayer.  
My name is Candido Rincon.  
Let my wife and I cross the border.  
Without any mistakes or consequences to take.  
Thank you lord, amen.

Then came my season in hell.  
It was time to cross.  
My heart was beating faster than usual.  
"Passport and immigration card, please,  
Where are you going?"

The conversation kept going back and forth.  
Like dogs and roosters.  
"May I search your car?"  
My heart stopped, my wife grabbed my hand tightly.  
I was seeing light from left to right.

They stopped.  
"They are clean!"  
I heard the engine start.  
"Thank you for your time"  
The car was moving, feeling bumps from the road.

What next?  
"Hey, wake up, wake up we are here!"  
He helped us out from the hidden compartment under the trunk.  
My eyes were dim from the darkness.  
Couldn't see the American sky.

I gave him the other half of the money.

He left us without saying goodbye.

"Where are we Candido?"

"Were in California baby!

Where our dreams can come true"

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26, October 2010

I, Enrique, would do anything, I  
mean anything to look for you mama.  
I don't care what people say  
I'm just going with my instincts.

You didn't leave me because you didn't want me.  
You left to provide for us.  
And I'll be forever grateful for that mama.  
But I miss you... I need you.

I look over at my shadow in the sidewalk  
and know that I can go look for you myself.  
I'm no longer a child, I am a man.  
I've seen things that I shouldn't have  
done things I shouldn't have when you left.

To be honest, I don't know who I am anymore.  
I need you to be my mirror ma  
who is this boy trapped in this scarred body  
I can't stand to look at myself but I do  
because that's how I know  
I have to keep moving on... to see you

I am now a man  
but I still need to know  
what a hug from a mother feels like  
I am now all grown  
but I still need to hear a mother's lullaby  
when I have a night mare.

All this and more are necessities rather than desires

I also want to tell you ma,

My youth has slipped away without warning  
when I should've been a good little boy.

I've been sniffing fumes.  
I was aware of everything but not enough to keep me  
outta trouble.

I've been bounced around from one house to another.  
One was a home, the rest were just buildings.

When I see you again, man,  
I don't even need a roof over my head.

All I need is your arms around me for it to feel like home.

I pray for that day to come  
the day that I can pull you into my embrace.

I'll work for that day  
till I can't use any of my limbs.

You'll see, everyone'll see, we'll be together again.

## My Friend Luis

The name is Enrique  
I am from the country of Honduras  
I have been trying to get to America  
On top of the dangerous freight trains

I have seen many things on the trains  
I have seen mangled bodies  
I have seen rapes and beatings  
The worst I've seen are the bodies of little kids

Today I am going to tell a story about Luis  
Him and I were very good friends  
He was from the country of Mexico  
We were inseparable

Him and I rode the trains together  
We fought through all of the bandits  
And the corrupt police officers  
We were the best of friends

For miles and miles we would ride together  
The migra agents would catch us together  
So that we could stay together  
We would hop onto the next train to America

When we were bored we would hop over trains  
I would go first then he goes  
We loved to hang off the side of the train  
To feel the rush of the wind

One time he didn't make it across  
He fell right under the train  
I tried to help him  
He was already gone

Thank you for listening to my story  
Of my best friend Luis  
I hope that you will keep him in your heart  
Because he will always be in mine

# Corrido

My name is Enrique and I looked for a journey  
It came to me in ways I didn't expect  
god had a plan for me  
Warning was only a whisper

No fear waiting to accomplish my goal  
the days were very near  
now we face the beast  
my eyes filled with fear

One eye open struggling to stay awake  
trying not to be seen  
having the worst of luck  
agreeing to survive the harshest battle

Aiming to go all the way  
alert in every step of the way  
learning from my mistakes  
exhausted wishing for a moment of rest

Looking for a bite to eat  
hoping for a drop of water  
thinking about the worst yet to come  
not knowing whats ahead of me

Having no thought of turning back  
looking only straight ahead of me  
becoming more determined every step of the way  
reaching closer and closer to my mother

Afraid to die in pain  
as if never existing in this world  
being intact with my soul  
my memories come and go

Feeling her touch on my skin  
hearing her voice in my mind  
dreaming of her next to me  
not knowing if it could be reality

Determination goes all the way  
happy is the way to stay  
never giving up in life  
is the best way to go

Even though I don't know where you are  
this journey has changed me in many ways  
I will try my hardest to find you  
until then I Love You