

Understanding & Dismantling Privilege

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I Thought I was One of You

Danny L. Morales
University of Colorado Colorado Springs

Abstract

This is a creative expression of a young, American-Yaqui's journey of servitude.

Keywords: Yaqui, American-Yaqui poetry

Danny L. Morales, III was born and raised in Southern California, and while in high school, the school administration kicked him out because of what they termed "violent gain activity." Because of such, he joined the United States Army to escape the violence, where he then flourished in the elite unit of the 10th Special Forces Group (Airborne). Unfortunately, because of some horrible life choices, Mr. Morales was sent to prison for an indeterminate four year to lifelong sentence. It was in that deplorable space where Mr. Morales reconnected to his Yaqui culture and began his formal education. After serving seven and a half years, he earned his freedom and continued his education. He has received an AA in General Studies, BS in Business Administration, and he will be defending his thesis, "Prosecutorial discretion: Society's pyrrhic victory over an illusory powerless enemy." Mr. Morales has recently applied to the University of Colorado Colorado Springs, School of Education's Ph.D. program in Educational Leadership, Research, and Policy.

I Thought I Was One of You

You treated me nice, told me how much you liked me
You gave me praise, told me how much you wanted me
You asked for my help, told me to join
Sign here, march there because *WE WANT YOU*
You said read this, learn that, because I need you
You said forget the past, it never happened
It didn't last, your loss, we conquered
You said *do as I say, not as I do*
Don't steal, don't kill, play fair, please cut your hair
Appreciate, no need to educate, nor contemplate
No need to have pride, just hide
Wash my dishes, mow my lawn, pickup my garbage
Be my soldier, build my company, don't speak your language
Never tell me no, don't talk back
Make sure you say SIR, YES SIR
The more I learn, the less you can lie
I see my plight, I see no right
Only wrong, it's been far too long
The less I let you do for me, the more I do for myself
I thought I was one of you, but now I see you're not one of me