

2008

## "Survivor"

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### Recommended Citation

Dorantes, Jacqueline (2008) ""Survivor,"" *Diálogo*: Vol. 11 : No. 1 , Article 21.

Available at: <https://via.library.depaul.edu/dialogo/vol11/iss1/21>

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## "Survivor"

### **Cover Page Footnote**

This article is from an earlier iteration of *Diálogo* which had the subtitle "A Bilingual Journal." The publication is now titled "*Diálogo: An Interdisciplinary Studies Journal*."



# “Survivor”

I walk amongst the crowd,  
Blending in, but standing out  
Walking for the sheer purpose of moving,  
Breathing for the sheer purpose of doing.

Walking quickly, running from my past,  
Trying to forget what happened last  
Street lights and gray sidewalks blend in together,  
Cars and city, one heartbeat forever.

People stop and stand in my way,  
I push and fight, but they want me to stay  
Anxiety becomes my best friend,  
And my enemy too, in the end.

I fall on my knees and stare at the sky,  
Asking- no, DEMANDING God why!  
Why were you the one to cause so much pain,  
And still expect me to praise your name?

I raise my arms to the sky,  
Screaming as the light burns my eyes  
I believed in you till the day of my death,  
And I will continue to until my last breath.

Flames from the Earth burn my knees,  
As people walk by, not noticing  
There is no purpose, no point to this life,  
If only I wasn't so afraid to die...

Physical pain is nothing compared to that in my heart,  
Because in my dreams, I go back to the start  
To all the pain, anger and misunderstandings,  
Soaring feels good, but hard is the landing.

I scream, wail and pull at their sleeve,  
But no one ever notices me  
The burning pain is comforting,  
I give into it, thankfully.

I crumple over and fall on my side,  
Blink once, twice, then close my eyes  
They said, “fight to stay alive,”  
But I chose not to survive.  
I lay amongst the crowd,  
Blending in, but standing out  
I breathe for the sheer purpose of moving,  
I live for the sheer purpose of doing.

JACQUELINE DORANTES is a recent high school graduate and will be attending Northeastern University in the fall of 2008. Her hobby is writing poetry and short stories. To contact: dorantes.jacky@yahoo.com