

## Fighter's End of the Line

We'll always keep on walking  
without ever looking back  
at what we left behind:  
our homeland, our homes...  
Keep on walking on and on  
on aching feet, on torn huaraches...  
We'll keep on walking  
toward that faraway North  
where they say  
there's work for all of us;  
where they say there's peace  
and bread for all of us  
– or that that hope is a mirage  
or that barbed wire fences  
or machine gun nests are  
all that's waiting for us –  
But we'll keep on walking.  
We've got to keep going...  
walking, walking  
until one of these days  
we finally see  
the light. \*

In the clearing stands a boxer,  
and a fighter by his trade;  
and he carries the reminders  
of every glove that laid him down  
or cut him till he cried out,  
in his anger and his shame:  
"I am leaving, I am leaving."  
–but the fighter still remains. \*\*

\*Translated and revised from the poem *Caravana* by © Pascual Delgado, December 21<sup>st</sup> 2018.

\*\* From the song **The Boxer** –by Paul Simon, released on March 21<sup>st</sup> 1969.