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# De Werito A Prieto

by Katya Torres

**TYPE**  
**POETRY**

El era un werito, bien clarito

He was.

He was so light skinned

They called him Blanca Nieves

Pero his eyes were dark, and his hair was darker

He was smart and hard-working

He went as far as he could get educated

For him, that was half way through tenth grade

Su mamá got sick

So he had to work

She always cried cause of the pain

More when she hurt for her brilliant mijo to have  
dropped out

She begged him to go back to school

Pero él no pudo

They could barely afford her treatments with him  
working

Imagine if he hadn't?

Everyday he'd come back with dirt-covered skin

Over time he ended up with dirt-coloured skin

Y luego un día, ya no era el Werito

Luego un día, lo llamaron el Prieto

And that's how it was

And that's who he was

And that's who he became

And that's not what he truly was

His mamá got sicker

She got thinner

She begged God to take the pain away

And then one day, she must have begged hard enough because the pain went away

El Prieto cursed God

He screamed at the sky until his lungs couldn't scream anymore

He hated the world

For not being able to help her

She didn't even get to say goodbye

He didn't even get to say goodbye

She didn't get to tell him how she wished he'd be the first to finish school

And he didn't get to make her proud, not even for a second

Because he took late, late classes

And studied during all his lunch breaks out in the fields

He did it for his mamá

He finally did it, he finished school.

With no help from anybody

While he was stealing the job of a Gringo because they want to work in fields,  
right?

He did it with no money

He did it without cheating

He did it because he was smart

He was hard-working

He did it for his ma

Because she was smart, and brilliant, and hard-working, and a great mother

She just didn't get to make it

So he did

And he hated the world, for not making her proud

Pero she was

Because when she prayed for God to take away the pain

She prayed extra hard for her son to receive the good news

Because she knew

She always knew, she always knew he would make it.