

Like My Teacher Told Me

Karson Westerkamp

Sitting in the classroom, listening to the teacher
Same old thing, he's blaring like a speaker
Still, I'm listening—okay, only halfway
But hey, what can I say?
I'm only 8.
Life is great
I live in America, the home of the free
The land of the brave
Like the teacher was saying,
“We fought for our freedoms,
Men died for your rights” – men who were white
Like at the Alamo

When the Mexican army came to slaughter, our men
Took them forever from their women and children
It was a brutal massacre, a bad day for U.S... Sorry, us,
But they fought valiantly, and died for their U.S. ...I mean, country.
So we went from there
And within days
Stormed and took Santa Anna
Putting an end to those “Tejanos” barbaric ways.
It was then that I learned
What it would be
To be Mexican-American
In this “*land of the free*”;

They are descendants of savages
They are dangerous and dark
But above all, I recall:

“Remember the Alamo! Remember the Alamo!” Remember the Alamo?



About the Author

Karson Westerkamp is a senior in elementary education at Iowa State University.