

Y Por Eso Digo Gracias

By Maria Osnaya '19 - Chaminade Julianne Catholic High School

I sat at the seat with feet filled with anxiety.
The stream of people rushed around me
The omnipotent voice filled the hall with una llamada
“All passengers for the Flight to Mexico board now please.”
I grabbed by suitcase facing the journey back to my heritage.
The suitcase was full of hopes and dreams
Little did I know all I would see in La Ciudad de México.
After a journey filled with turbulence and sleep
I arrived in the place of my ancestors.
The warm air kissed my skin and the breeze welcomed me.
It felt like this was where I was meant to be.
This was the place where my mom grew up.
She brought sus sueños de un nueva vida back with her.

I reconnected with the people who watched me grow up
As I watched them grow old.
The unlocked new memories became known.
Mis Abuelos took the money they didn't have to make us royalty
They lifted me up in their calloused hands
Greeted us with tired smiles, orgullosa Mexicana.

In Ciudad de Mexico I noticed the stars
All born under the same United States stars
Mis abuelos turned their hearts inside out for their future generations.
They wrote me a new life with theirs
Y por eso digo gracias.