

2019

My Home, A Memoir

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Recommended Citation

Galvan, Maritza (2019) "My Home, A Memoir," *CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives*: Vol. 3 , Article 35.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos/vol3/iss1/35>



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My Home, A Memoir

Maritza Galvan

When asked where I'm from

or where's my hometown,

I think of the city that's tiny enough

for me to know every street,

like the lines that run across my palms.

I think of the parks I'd run to on a hot summer day,

where I'd try to eat my paleta before

the sun turned it to liquid.

The times I'd beg my father

to buy me fruta from the man next to the DMV.

Tears in my eyes as my mouth waters,

thinking of sandía con chile y limón.

When I think of the city I grew up in,

I think of all the beautiful mamas that I'd see at the tienda.

I'd think of their days, what it was they'd be cooking that night.

Whether it be chile rellenos, sopas, or carne con verduras.

When thinking of my city,

memories of my family flood my mind.

I think of the hardships they go through each day.

I think of my abuelo y abuela

and the struggles they endured to assimilate to U.S culture.

The fear we experienced of being oppressed

because of our native tongue.

I think,

even though

I'm away from my hometown

and have been for a while,

a part of me will always be there.