

# CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives

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## Thank You, Dad

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# Thank you, Dad

By Diana Casarrubias

The sun was setting,  
I was taking slow steps to my apartment.  
I'm at the bottom of my stairs leading up to my door and  
I could hear the cumbia music blasting from my house.  
I'm at my door and as soon as I open the door  
I am blasted by the rhythms of the song.  
My dad is cleaning. He's been at it all-day.  
I go to my room to put my stuff down.  
When I come out,  
I see my dad dancing with my mom,  
laughing, and having a good time.  
My mom gets tired and sits on the couch.  
As soon as my dad sees me he pulls me in to dance.  
I wasn't much of a dancer before, so I would always say no.  
My dad pulled me in close and danced with me  
until I got the hang of it.  
He filled me with joy, and because of that, I say,  
Thank you, dad.

