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The Day

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The Day

By Diego Hernandez-Gonzalez

The day my mom can come home
and finally rest,
is the day
I look forward to, the most.

My mom came to this country
pursuing the
"American Dream" like the rest of us.
She told me within the first few days of arriving,
it was off to work
because as she always says,
"A lazy person gets nowhere in life!"

She pushed herself to thrive
even though she still doesn't feel
the full acceptance of this country.

She regrets coming here, she told me.
5 days a week of work was never enough
to achieve her dreams.
Neither was 6 days and
7 doesn't even come close.

20 years in this country
and every one of those days
she has spent them
working 9-5
just to pay bills and
raise 3 boys.

Through all that,
she comes home
and smiles
this is the reason
why I am willing to do
whatever I can to keep seeing
her smile.

Because she doesn't know English,
I am always the one to be by her side.
She calls me her "right-hand man".
Being so,
she taught me how
to translate for her wherever we go,
she taught me how to pay the bills
so I could do it myself when she needs me to,
go grocery shopping, and

be a responsible person
all at a young age.

I owe her everything.
She deserves everything.
I am a momma's boy because of her,

I would drop everything
even if it's just to
give her a glass of cold water
so she doesn't have to get up
after a long day of work

Endless ambition my mom has.
I know she does her best
even though we never had much.
Her love is everything I need.
She always says to me,
“Cuando sales de la escuela me vas a poder cuidar
para que ya no tenga que ir a trabajar”
This plays back in my head every day.

Of course,
I will take care of you.
Your actions proved to me

that independent women are strong enough
to go through any storm
and still keep going.

You never gave up on us.
The day you want to rest,
is the day I will care for you.
Just like you always did for me.