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Dahlias

By Emy Carrillo Cifuentes

I have many memories from the land I was born in, Huehuetenango, Guatemala until reaching my adolescence. I am reminded how my mother grew Dahlias. Dahlias are so perfect that they don't even look real. My mother loved planting and harvesting Dahlias, putting them in a vase inside the house. She planted all different colors of Dahlias -yellow, red, pink, white, and violet. I love their smell. Dahlias remind me of the long conversations I would have with my mother about school, sports, and just our day.

Once we got to the United States, my mother got a job, and she worked a lot. Here, I have a lot of responsibilities. I pick up my siblings after school and have to entertain them. I take them to the park and the beach and play with them, but I miss the conversations with my mother and sister. My sister cooks and cleans at home, but her food is not the same as our mother's food. I miss my mother's food. She cleans homes for a living and gets home late, so we no longer have time together. That makes me feel sad, but I know that she loves me. I am connected to Dahlias because they always remind me of the beautiful conversations I had with my mother.