

2018

HERITAGE SPANISH LANGUAGE CONTEST



Editors' Accessit Prize

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¿Valió la pena?

Mi familia, hispanohablantes.
Mis mejores amigos, hispanohablantes.
La comunidad, hispanohablantes.
Me, English speaker.

For the longest time I had decided not to talk at all.
¿Pero dónde fue eso que me atrapó?
This fear of trying to be like everyone else,
It's pointless.

I sucked it up and learned what my family, friends and the community are speaking.
But more than that,
Aprendí el idioma de dónde vengo,
La lengua que me llevará a lugares.

The struggle of learning was definitely a challenge worth accepting.
The amount of time reading, watching videos, listening to music,
Was totally worth it.
Jamás dejada fuera de la multitud.

"Mi'ja, who are you?"
Not this weak little girl.
It was a way of gaining acceptance from everyone.
Pero deberían haberme aceptado desde el principio.

Todo está en el pasado ahora,
Y todo lo que puedo buscar en el camino está por delante de mí.
Being bilingual has opened more opportunities for me,
Only guiding me to greater places.

No puedo permitir molestarme con todos
Porque todos son mis amigos.
Suelta las cosas que te están frenando
Y sólo ve.

Chica Blanca

My skin color reflects the walls that I am trapped within.
My blazing brown hair wipes all others aside.
You have permanently painted my cheeks with a shade of rose,
Placing me in places where I don't belong.

Surrounded by my own people,
Curious to know as to how I was created like this,
Observing every move I make,
Waiting to make a mistake.

Hearing the familiar sound of theirs coming from me,
Come to me with open arms.
Living in fear for perfection;
I shouldn't be dealt with.

Another day with my other people.
All is fine;
No worries,
For I am just like them... supposedly.

As soon as my mouth opens, yours drops wide.
This is not something that I should have to prove to you.
Blind to see that I have potential,
Soon enough I was starting to become blind myself.

Speaking a second language is more than a skill,
It's power.
Confidence slowly grew in me,
And judgements started to die.

These three poems reflect who I am. I have not written poetry in such a long time, and to get back with such a strong topic was a great experience. To write about my struggles of being different from "my people" was only breaking through the barrier to see that we are all united in some way or form. Writing about my heritage Spanish language opened my eyes to see the great advantages I have and learn about where I truly came from. These three poems will tell you what lies behind my walls and how we are to never be divided.

Unity From Our Differences

Hermanos y hermanas,
Venimos de nuestras propias historias
Pero todos venimos del mismo idioma hablado:
El español

Yo soy la voz de Costa Rica,
La voz de Argentina,
La voz de España,
Pero mi voz está fuera de este mundo.

Aunque el color de mi piel es del que desapruebas,
Mi corazón es de quien amas.
Pero, ¿por qué esta división entre nosotros?
Ámame por quien soy realmente.

Hermanos y hermanas,
No compitamos entre nosotros,
Sino regocijémonos por nuestra lengua.
¡Regocijate de tener este tipo de diversidad!

Les damos poder a nuestros antepasados
Porque sus voces no han sido enterradas.
¿Sientes la herencia correr por tus venas?

Hermanos y hermanas,
Esta es nuestra herencia,
Este es nuestro idioma.

Todos fueron hechos para ser diferentes,
Pero no juzguen a los demás por sus diferencias;
Acéptenlos y aprécienlos.

Porque soy una hispana de piel clara,
Es un orgullo hablar mi lengua cultural,
El español.