

Dos idiomas one meaning

My feelings are the same
Doesn't matter which one I say
No importa si es español o inglés
mi forma de ser siempre será la que és

El sol sale por el este
and the sunset by the west
El lenguaje nada cambia
lo que mi vida es

Y nombres propios como la arepa
no tienen traducción
Because arepa is arepa
en Caracas y en New York

Mi relación con otro idioma
nació en este país
And thinking in English
is my new way to live

Borikén

Vengo de la Isla del Encanto
De Playas azul cristalino
Del coquí deleitando
y de La Borinqueña sonando

Proud to be a boricua
mezclada con diferentes razas
Española, taina y africana
Y también americana

Escuchar el sonido el mar
y con tus panas chismear
No hay nada mejor
que una piragua en el Viejo San Juan

Una tarde en el Yunque pasar
y las cotorras oír cantar
A los kioskos de Luquillo luego llegar
para deleitarte el paladar.

Alcapurrias, bacalaíto, mofongo
son parte del manjar.
This is Puerto Rico
a place you will never forget about

Born and Raised to be too much of both sides, which side am I?

The look on their faces when I break out in fluent Spanish, their shockness hurting me
“Nunca habría adivinado que hablas Español, te ves gringa,” are the words that sting me.
Our tongue is supposed to be what binds us together, us Latinos
But all they see is una Americana, born and raised.
I’ve never felt so far away when I reveal this side of me
This side; the side that ate huevos con frijol every day
This side; the side que hablaba Español con mi abuelita cada dia
This side; the side que le encanta bailar bachata, merengue, salsa, cumbia
This side; the side Guatemalteca that mi papa preserved in me; that he saved in me; that he took
from his childhood and placed in me. The side that told me to respond “Clarissa” cuando me
preguntaban “cómo te llamas?”
That very same side that draws me closer to my people, even though they would never consider
me the same.
Too white, too American, Spanish too broken, too different than us well listen here I too know
what you have gone through moving to this country; my grandmother too poor to barely sustain
her five children and 10 grandchildren, my grandmother too old to learn a language she would
always consider foreign, my grandmother too stubborn to follow American tradition and too
passionate about her home to break away from Guatemalan tradition. I know who you are
because I see it in me.

My church is filled with American families, pale skin, blue eyes, light brown and blonde hair, the
people who have taco Tuesday and celebrate Cinco de mayo.

The looks they give me as I walk down the hall, side glances, and whispers vocalizing that I
shouldn’t be here.

Our faith is supposed to be what binds us together, us Christians.

But all they see is a Latina, born and raised.

I’ve never felt so far away when I reveal this side of me

This side; the side that listens to music ranging from Green day to Wallows

This side; the side that will like to eat healthy recipes made by Pinterest moms

This side; the side that speaks English to my closest friends

This side; the side Americana that mi mami preserved in me; that she saw in me; that she never had from her childhood and placed in me. The side that told me to respond “Clarissa” cuando me preguntaban “what’s your name?”

That very same side that draws me close to people, even though they would never see me the same.

Too dark, too Guatemalteca, Spanish too perfect, too different from us well listen here I too know how you are living in this country; my mother too much of an immigrant for you even though she wasn’t even a year old moving here; my mother too Latina to fit in; my mother too hurt by the treatment the Latinos gave her for not being Latina enough that she ripped that part of her out of her soul, her body, her mind, and my mother too determined to feel welcomed by someone, anyone, that she learned the tradition Americano. I know who you are. I see you because I see it in me

Raised to say “Clarissa” when I was asked “what's your name?” and raised to say “Clarissa” when I was asked “Como te llamas?”

Born and raised to identify as both but born and raised to always feel foreign when I identify as both.

I don’t know which side I am; am I this side? The side of mis ancestros? Or am I this side? The side of my descendants?