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## **An American's Sunrise**

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An American's Sunrise  
Miriam Hernández

*"An American's Sunrise" started as an assignment about 21<sup>st</sup> century Americans in the Valley but soon turned into a poem about family traditions that Americans practice year round, daily, and once in a lifetime in the Valley. I want to inform the readers about the various kinds of customs that can only be experienced in the Valley.*

The colors red, white, blue, and green flow beside each other, side to side on the air, reaching the sky with pride,  
The energetic children chase "las palomas" (the doves) around the water fountain at the bus station;  
Tall and short, brown, black, and white all ride the big yellow limousine with an eagerness to learn toward the place of free learning;  
The children with their faces pressed against the glass visualizing their dreams and wonders,  
The smell of "pan dulce" (sweet bread) knocks on the door at 6:00 a.m., inviting a hot cup of coffee to the table;  
The morning aroma that gets Valley Americans up from bed are the soft and warm flour tortillas,  
Hispanic-Americans gather to see two flags, bound in one culture;  
One waving fifty stars and thirteen stripes, and the other waving an eagle between the hues red and green,  
Women dressed in Mexican handmade colorful dresses, men in their mariachi outfits, and children with fake mustaches march and dance with pride, during Charro Days,  
The smell of a hot tortilla with meat, onion, and tomato, covered with red or green spicy lava,  
Footsteps of all sizes step on the ground that is covered with a thin, green, fresh texture, while the playgrounds are transformed into pirate ships and princess castles in the youths' imaginations,  
The dark covers the town with sadness as fear blocks the entrance towards the land of our culture;  
The once bright and beautiful sunrise is now trapped and gloomy, having to peek in between the tall, thick, and rusty cell,  
The green uniforms walking, cycling, driving, or flying invade the everyday territory bringing tranquility but at the same time enforcing fear and insecurity to others,  
Red, white, and blue light up the sirens that sound off left to right, day and night, as they enforce peace and tranquility,  
Sunday morning young and old enter the place of faith and wonder, leaving with a mission in their hands,  
The naïve and innocent is blessed and wet, with the protection of two guiding angels by the side,  
Surrounded by loved ones singing "las mañanitas" (birthday song) followed by an encouraged and almost obligated "mordida . . . ,mordida . . ." (bite . . . bite . . . ) at the frosting covered bread, right after blowing off a secret wish,  
Being blessed as a lady after turning fifteen years old is followed by an exciting family and friend's dinner and end at the dance floor with an all-night dancing until the feet fall off,  
The scream of a passionate "Goooal!" after the winning goal of a religious soccer game,  
The feeling of the calmness and hope of the prayers before the fun and exciting hitting towards

the seven sins is followed by a stampede towards the candy that rains out from “la piñata,”

The humble are able to reach step by step the ladder of success and transform a dream into reality, a 21<sup>st</sup> century reality of an American in the Valley.