

despite the corruption planted in our hearts. We learn from our hard work, from our trials and tribulations and more than anything keep the family close. The nights were fresh and the mornings were serene along with the smell of wet soil and warm tortillas, the long walks alongside the colorful concrete buildings with the people i love the most, much didn't matter to me as far a material. My abuelita Xochitl, sat across from me in the living room, Sebastián an sitting at my side caressing my tired feet, Alejandro, my dad strummed the guitar with his work beaten hands as i sang along and swept the lost sorrows i longed to rebuild from the scraps that had been left behind. "que tienes ?" My abuelita eyeballed me and raised an eyebrow, how was I supposed to tell her that I didn't want this moment to end? My shoulders shrank and I clenched my teeth. "Well I don't really want to go." I let the words hiss quietly from my two front teeth, trying hard not to let myself off into gross sobbing. This was a time to cherish and I sang till dawn, sang until my feelings had melted away, until I could no longer feel the heaviness in my chest. As the hours passed I sang my heart away and left a piece behind In Iztapalapa.