

If You Are From...



Original Paintings and Poems
by

Raquel Mendoza Ballesteros

My Country - Hidalgo Del Parral Chihuahua, Mexico

If you are from Hidalgo Del Parral Chihuahua, Mexico, you know the sun.
You know the way the sun is round with bright yellow color.
The burning hot sun shines bright yellow, standing out above the mine,
like each piece of gold the beautiful mine contains.

If you are from Hidalgo Del Parral Chihuahua, Mexico, you know the clouds.
You know the way the clouds look soft, fluffy, and a warm white color.
Dark clouds turn into sky colors when kissed by light.

If you are from Hidalgo Del Parral Chihuahua, Mexico, you know the mine.
You know the way the large mine occupies almost an entire hill,
containing blue diamonds like your beautiful eyes.

If you are from Hidalgo Del Parral Chihuahua, Mexico, you know the birds.
You know the way they are small, every bird,
every tree, every flower reminds me of the blessing and privilege of being alive.

If you are from Hidalgo Del Parral Chihuahua, Mexico, you know the birdsong.
You know the beautiful melody, the song of the bird heard every morning,
surrounding the houses with beautiful song.

If you are from Hidalgo Del Parral Chihuahua, Mexico, you know the heat.
You know the way it's very suffocating,
warm as a summer day.

If you are from Mexico, you know my country.
You know the place where I was born.
You know the place my heart calls home.
You know that my country is and will always be my home,
not anything or anyone can replace.



My New Home

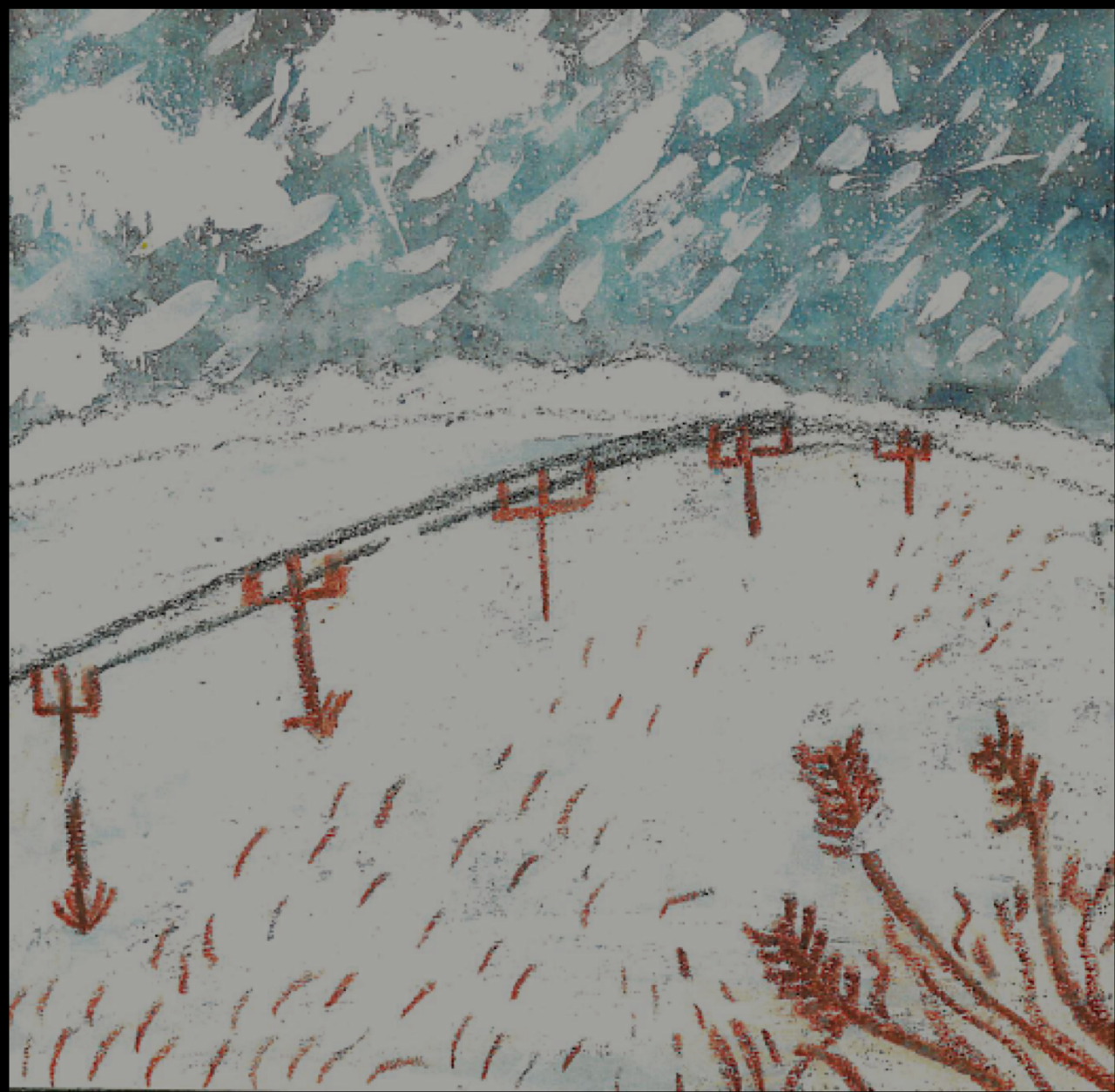
If you are from North Dakota, you know the prairie.
You know the way the lonely, enormous prairie spreads as far as you can see.
How alone it is that you see only the birds fly,
the way it explains to my heart how to plant my roots in this beautiful place.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the snow.
You know the way the freezing cold snow blows wildly.
The snow fills the Dog Tooth Mountains with a lot of white,
Each snowflake makes it look more beautiful, remembering how beautiful snow is.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the wind.
You know the way the strong, never-ending wind slaps you in the face,
beating the emotion of my heart pounding strongly.
The wind fills my heart with happiness.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the the cold.
You know the way the bone-chilling cold nips at your cheeks and ears,
like when they caressed me as a child with cold hands.

If you are from North Dakota, you know my new home.
You know the place where here I met my true friends
and managed to build better communication with my dad.
You know where life feels safe.



If You Are From...



Original Paintings and Poems
by

Carlos Ochoa

If You Are From Cuba...

If you are from Cuba, you know the sun.

You know the way the sun shines, spreading its warm light.

The sun is sinking far on the horizon, looking like a half orange
when it touches the ocean.

If you are from Cuba, you know the clouds.

You know the way they are suspended by a breath.

The clouds are islands in the sky; mirrors that speak to us.

If you are from Cuba, you know the birds.

You know the way they are a sign of freedom, distinct and divine.

The birds defy the waves and ski among the clouds,
where they get lost in the landscape.

If you are from Cuba, you know the royal palm trees.

You know the way they look majestic and beautiful like a great lady,
an immense fan with its green leaves, sweet its whisper when the wind beats.

If you are from Cuba, you know the waves.

You know the way they roar when they break on the rocks.

Waves come and waves go, like the sound in the conch telling you the future.

If you are from Cuba, you know the breeze.

You know the way the hot breeze touches your skin.

The breeze invites me to remember all those moments I spent with my family.

If you are from Cuba, you know my country.

You know the place where I was born.

You know the place my heart calls home.

You know my island, shaped like an alligator, is the best of all,
and has many splendid places to visit.



If You're From North Dakota...

If you're from North Dakota, you know the prairie.

You know the way the enormous prairie stretches out across the land,
the way it goes on forever and ever.

If you're from North Dakota, you know the snow.

You know the way the freezing cold snow blows wildly across the land,
spreading white everywhere.

If you're from North Dakota, you know the wind.

You know the way the strong wind blows across the prairie,
roaring like a lion.

If you're from North Dakota, you know the cold.

You know the way the bone-chilling cold nips at your cheeks and ears,
making you shiver.

If you're from North Dakota, you know my new home.

You know the place where life is peaceful.

You know a place so different from my country.



If You Are From...



Original Paintings and Poems
by

Mariam Vigoya

If you are from Columbia, you know the sun.
You know the great sunshine that wakes me up tenderly in the morning.
How big is the distance, seeing us from afar, you calmly watch me.

If you are from Columbia, you know my aunt's cottage.
You know the way I could see the stars, the place of so many memories.
The beautiful memories this gave me with my family,
so solitary and calm.

If you are from Columbia, you know the sea.
You know the clear blue shines in the sunset.
Early evening waters warmed my body, little by little, where the games were not lacking
nor the desire to stay.

If you are from Columbia, you know the mountains.
You know the way you are my mother, the one who saw me grow up and welcomed me.
From above, seeing us all, in your warm roots you give us permission to pass,
leaving your paths to travel until we finally find you.

If you are from Columbia, you know the waves.
You know the way I bathe in your fresh waters,
the blue I love so much from my land, with your foamy shores playing, you come and go.

If you are from Columbia, you know the wind.
You know the way warm embrace rocks me to endless sleep.
You are an embrace with myself, so warm and so cold,
You are everywhere and nowhere at the same time.
Let me be you.

If you are from Columbia, you know my country.
You know the place where I was born.
You know the place my heart calls home.
You know how overwhelmed I felt without you by my side.



If you are from North Dakota, you know the prairie.
You know the way the lonely prairie calmly moves
in the direction of the wind, the way it looks like a single heart.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the snow.
You know the way the frozen snow sweeps across the land
and makes everything white.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the wind.
You know the way the never-ending fast wind slaps you in the face,
bending the prairie grass, crashing the wheat as it whistles.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the cold.
You know the way the bone-chilling cold freezes your fingers,
makes your eyes water, and makes your nose run.

If you are from North Dakota, you know my new home.
You know the place where life is so different from my country.
Everyone can have more work and more money,
one more chance, a new start.
New eyes are watching now.



If You Are From...



Original Paintings and Poems

by

Jatz E.A.

My Country

If you are from Mexico, you know the sun.
You know the way the big tangerine sun slowly, silently paints the sky,
taking his warmth with him to come back bright the next morning.

If you are from Mexico, you know the birds in the sky.
You know the way they dance to the rhythm of wind through the sunset,
gliding in the sky before returning home.

If you are from Mexico, you know the clouds.
You know the way they blow like cotton candy
with birds eating through them.

If you are from Mexico, you know the mountains.
You know the way they witness the brilliant sunrise and warm sunset,
and how the sun hides behind them in the evening.

If you are from Mexico, you know the waves.
You know the way the waves hit the shoreline,
roaring like a lion when it is high tide.

If you are from Mexico, you know the wind.
You know the way the wind glides through the trees
and touches your skin with its warm embrace.

If you are from Mexico, you know my country.
You know the place where I was born,
You know the place my heart calls home.
You know how I feel his love, just as I feel a sweet song.



North Dakota

If you are from North Dakota, you know the prairie.
You know the way the vast prairie looks like it never ends,
the way it shakes with the breath of the wind.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the snow.
You know the way the snow whips wildly across the land,
completely whitening the prairie.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the wind.
You know the way the strong wind sweeps across the prairie,
spreading the snow at a tenacious pace.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the cold.
You know the way the biting cold freezes your fingers
and makes you shiver as if it snowed inside you.

If you are from North Dakota, you know my new home.
You know the place where life is peaceful.
You know where I am beginning my new life,
where I can make new friends.



If You Are From...



Original Paintings and Poems
by

Jefferson. O

Explore Kenya

If you are from Kenya, you know the sun.

You know the way the big round tangerine is peeking over the ocean,
reflecting its beautiful rays across the ocean.

If you are from Kenya, you know the birds.

You know the way the hungry birds circle the warm breeze,
looking for food in the ocean.

If you are from Kenya, you know the clouds.

You know the way the puffy clouds drift through the sky,
covering all the sky in the biosphere.

If you are from Kenya, you know the ocean.

You know the way the shimmering ocean reflects its rays across the sky,
splashing the water into the air.

If you are from Kenya, you know the wind.

You know the way the wind blows across the sandy beaches.
You can hear how the sand whooshes through the air.

If you are from Kenya, you know the warm breeze.

You know the way the breeze passes as it slaps sand on your skin.

If you are from Kenya, you know my country.

You know the place where I was born.

You know the place my heart calls home.

You know it is a good place to be.



Life in North Dakota

If you are from North Dakota, you know the prairie.

You know the way the enormous prairie stretches across the land,
the way it goes on forever and ever.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the snow.

You know the way the freezing cold paints the prairie white
as it blows wildly across the land.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the wind.

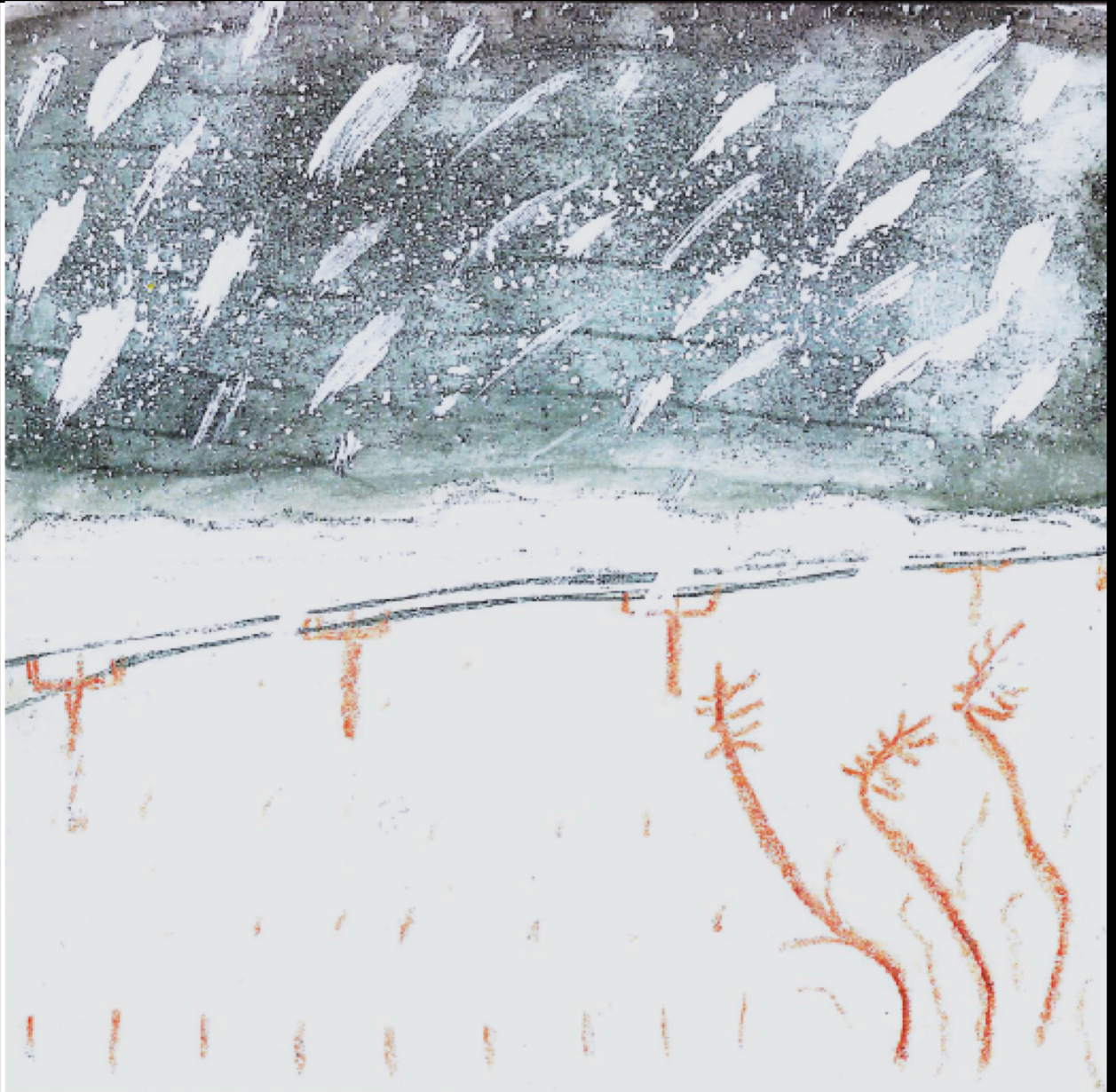
You know the way the deafening wind nips at your cheeks
as it whistles across the land.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the cold.

You know the way the cold numbs and chills,
making you shiver through and through.

If you are from North Dakota, you know my new home.

You know the place where life is hard, just plain hard.
You know how working hard is part of being here.



If You Are From...



Original Paintings and Poems
by

Jerico R. Villarba

If you are from the Philippines, you know the sun.
You know the way the morning sun floats above the mountain.
The sun warms inside the house.

If you are from the Philippines, you know the birds.
You know the way the Philippine eagle swiftly searches for food.
The hungry bird looks for food in the mountains and the river.

If you are from the Philippines, you know the old-fashioned houses.
You know the way the houses are on bamboo stilts
to help keep them safe from flooding.

If you are from the Philippines, you know the river.
You know the way the Davao River trickles in the summer.
It doesn't rain as much so the water level is lower.

If you are from the Philippines, you know the wind.
You know the way the soft breeze whooshes—sh, sh, sh,
so I feel the grass brush my bare feet.

If you are from the Philippines, you know the grass.
You know the way the grass tickles my skin.

If you are from the Philippines, you know my country.
You know the place where I was born.
You know the place my heart calls home.
You know its natural beauty.



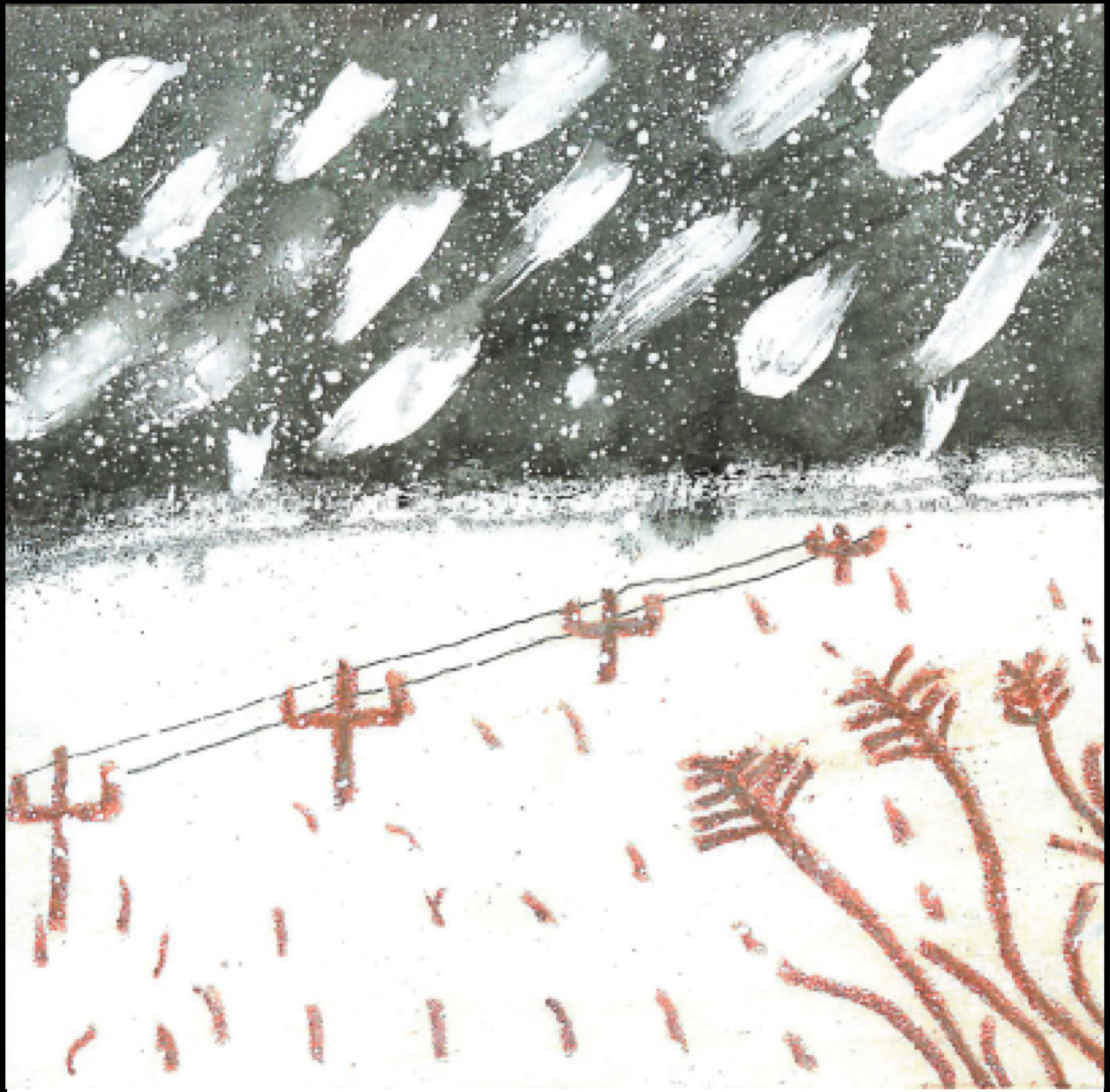
If you are from North Dakota, you know the prairie.
You know the way the vast prairie goes on forever and ever.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the snow.
You know the way the crazy snow spreads white everywhere.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the wind.
You know the way the biting wind bends the wheat
and roars across the sky.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the cold.
You know the way the freezing cold freezes your breath.

If you are from North Dakota, you know my new home.
You know the place where there is more snow than people.
You know where I am beginning my new life.



If You Are From...



Original Paintings and Poems
by

Mélanie Alarcon

My Country

If you are from Cuba, you know the sun.
You know the way it's not as bright
But it retains its power to make you feel hugged,
ready to sleep behind the mountains.
When you wake it will be brighter tomorrow.

If you are from Cuba, you know the clouds.
You know the way they look like cotton candy,
soft as the foam of the calm ocean,
as white as sheets that make you feel peace.

If you are from Cuba, you know the palm trees.
You know the way they dance to the beat of the wind,
resembling the beauty of a tall woman with long hair.

If you are from Cuba, you know the ocean.
You know the way you lose your sight in his depths.
He is already calm and asleep.
The next morning he will give us his warm water again.

If you are from Cuba, you know the hot weather.
You know the way the sea whispers for you to return.
It messes up your hair
and begs you to stay and play..

If you are from Cuba, you know my country.
You know the place where I was born.
You know the place my heart calls home.
You know you feel perfect because you know that at that moment
you have everything you need to be happy.



My Adoptive State

If you are from North Dakota, you know the prairie.
You know the way the lonely prairie reaches across the land.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the snow.
You know the way the frozen snow falls heavily across the land,
spreading white everywhere.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the wind.
You know the way the never-ending wind slaps you in the face
and hisses like angry birds.

If you are from North Dakota, you know the cold.
You know the way the freezing cold makes your eyes water
and makes you shiver.

If you are from North Dakota, you know my new home.
You know the place where life is peaceful and boring.
You know you can enjoy a good life
but life is so different from my country.

