

Elena
By Pat Mora

My Spanish isn't good enough.
I remember how I'd smile
listening to my little ones,
understanding every word they'd say,
their jokes, their songs, their plots,
Vamos a pedirle dulces a mamá. Vamos.
But that was in Mexico.
Now my children go to American high schools.
They speak English. At night they sit around
the kitchen table, laugh with one another.
I stand by the stove, feel dumb, alone.
I bought a book to learn English.
My husband frowned, drank beer.
My oldest said, "Mamá, he doesn't want you
to be smarter than he is. "I'm forty embarrassed mispronouncing words,
embarrassed at the laughter of my children,
the grocer, the mailman. Sometimes I take
My English book and lock myself in the bathroom,
say the thick words softly,
for if I stop trying, I will be deaf
when my children need my help.
