



Preguntas y frases para una nieta americana

Alana de Hinojosa

Arizona State University
adehinojosa@asu.edu

Abstract

“Preguntas y frases” is an imagined letter from my grandmother. It is composed of Spanish words and phrases (including missing accents and misspellings) as my grandmother, Esther, wrote them in a series of letters she sent to my mother in 1983 while my mother was living in Ecuador. In those letters, Esther spoken plainly with her daughter—principally, by questioning my mother’s decision to leave the United States and asking that she come back home to Calexico, California.

Many years after my grandmother’s death, my mother found these letters tucked away in the house attic. When my mother shared these letters with me, it was startling for me to see and hear so clearly my grandmother’s voice and way of speaking after so many years since her passing. In response, I wrote “Preguntas y frases para una nieta americana.” The title is inspired by Teresa Palomo Acosta’s poem “Preguntas y frases para una bisabuela española” in which Acosta reflects on her Spanish heritage by writing a letter to her great Spanish grandmother. In contrast, “Preguntas y frases para una nieta americana” reflects on American assimilation and what is lost, protected, and honored across three generations of Mexican American women. The letter is my imagination of what my grandmother would say to me today if she were to write me—and speak plainly—as she had with my mother all those years ago.

Keywords

abuela, nieta, Mexicali, Calexico, Spanglish, loss, assimilation

Preguntas y frases para una nieta americana

Mija,

Cuando te vayas para tu tierra estaré suave. ¿No sabes de la que te estás perdiendo?
Pero sin embargo, estás conmigo y no me das miedo.

Mija,

Mandame tu retrato. Mandame todo lo que necesitas para que pueda saber como
eres. Mandame flores tu Love el es lo unico que me acompaña
cuando

me fui dejando todo para irme a sufrir por allá. Ayer puse techo a la
casa. Fui a la playa

sonando flores. Algunos días
siembro frijoles tan chiquitos que no van a crecer quienes después yo lo se
nos pondrán muy tristes. Y allá aquí en la playa lloramos juntas
quebradas porque pues este mundo está solo. Nos atraviesa en la casa de
atrás

la casa amarilla

esa cosa fea

prieta

vieja

y loca

tan bonita

como esta playa cerrada

en Mexicali

a donde voy pintando

tu boca puntada pagando por los cuentos de aquellas flores
que nos robaron.

Mija,

¿por cuanto tiempo te vas a quedar donde estás? ¿No quieres saber nada?

Aquí todo está podrido. Todo Borracho. No tengo la bodega o la cena
contigo o las flores. No estoy contenta porque antes de morirme no
podré saber que clase de hija eres. Así que te mando el retrato de Bebe

Sigo aguantando todo la mitad de nuestra flor una pistola este
choque

Que llamamos nuestro.

Ahora hare el sofa.

Voy a componer la casa bailar un balcón y todo
a la playa donde estaré durmiendo

del pajarito mas pequeño un vestido de vestidos una boda con flores
para que todo esté bien cuando

me escribas y no se como contestarte pues no sabes español.

Questions & phrases for an American granddaughter

English Translation

Mija,

When you come for your land I will be at ease. Don't you know what you loosing?
Still, you are with me & you do not scare me.

Mija,

Send me your portrait. Send me everything that you need so I may know
who you are. Send me flowers your Love the only thing
that accompanies me when I left leaving everything so I could suffer
por alla. Yesterday I put roof on the house.

I went to the beach

dreaming of flowers.
Some days I am growing beans so small they will not grow & who later
I know will make us bien triste. Y alla here at this beach
we cry together broken because pues this world is alone.
It passes us in the back house

the yellow house

that ugly thing

prieta

old

y loca

the same beautiful

as this foreclosed beach

in Mexicali

where I go

painting

your sharp mouth paying for the stories the flowers
that they robbed from us.

Mija,

for how long will you stay where you are? Don't you want to know anything?
Here everything is rotten. Everything Drunk. I don't have the warehouse
or dinner with you or flowers.

I am unhappy because before I die I will never know what kind of daughter you are.
So, I send this portrait of Bebe.

I continue tolerating it all

this half of our flower this gun this choque
we call ours.

Now I will make the sofa.

I will compose the house. Dance a balcony & everything
to the beach where I stay dreaming
of the smallest bird a dress of dresses a wedding with flowers
so that everything may be good when you write me
& I do not know how to reply porque pues no saves espanol.