
Estimado Padre

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EXPLANATION OF SOCIOLOGICAL RELEVANCE

The video poem I created for my CLS 1600-03 class is a poignant exploration of the immigrant experience through a sociological lens. By crafting the narrative in Spanish, I constructed a direct dialogue with my immigrant father, delving into the intricacies of his journey and the motivations behind leaving his life in Mexico. Through this intimate portrayal, the poem sheds light on the reality and complexities of the American dream from the perspective of immigrants, illustrating the challenges and sacrifices inherent in pursuing a better life.

Moreover, the poem offers insights into the Latinx view of hustle culture, depicting the determination and resilience required to navigate unfamiliar territories and societal expectations. It captures the essence of the coming-of-age story of my father and I, who gain a deeper understanding of our familial roots and the intergenerational struggles embedded within our upbringing.

As a first-generation college student, exploring my father's journey resonates with a broader sociological context, reflecting the experiences of many who grapple with the legacies of hardship and resilience passed down through generations. This narrative serves as a testament to the strength of immigrant communities and the complexities of familial relationships shaped by adversity and the pursuit of the American dream.

To watch the poem in its original video format, scan below:



Estimado Padre

En los campos donde el sol se hace uno con la tierra
Donde la tierra produce el fruto que nos alimenta
Donde el alimento crea fusiones de sabores que toca nuestro paladar
Donde se te hacen las manos desgastadas
Y la ropa desgarrada
Allí trabajas aunque tu cuerpo te diga que ya no puede más

Pensarías que hablo de un adulto
Pero en verdad hable de un niño
Ese niño es mi padre
Nuestro padre

A los 10 años ese niño ya era un adulto
Se cuidaba solo
Se decía que era listo
Se sabía que el niño era muy trabajador

Nunca tomó la moneda de judas
Nunca tomo el camino fácil
Nunca se dejo engañar por la gente
Nunca dejaron a ese niño, ser niño

Con lágrimas en los ojos
Y el corazón acelerado
Se despido de su tierra a los 16 años

Por el sueño americano
Arriesgo sus manos
Pero por un milagro
La Virgencita lo mantuvo sano

Trabajando de noche
Trabajando de día
Cuando miraba el sol
No sabía amanecía o anocheecía

Ya no tienes que esconderte
Ya no tienes que huir
Porque tu sueño ya se te pudo cumplir

El sueño americano no será lo que dicen
El sueño americano es numas para los que nos contradicen
Llegando aqui pronto aprendistes
Que el sueño americano, se trata de poder ser feliz
Ni con dinero, ni con riquezas
Pero con tu familia todo si se puede complir

Aquel nino ya no es un nino
El es mi padre,
Mi padre el que me dice
Échale ganas
Y ponte las pilas

Gracias mi padre por ser mi padre

Dear Father

In the fields where the sun is one with the earth
Where the earth produces the fruit that feeds us
Where food creates fusions of flavors that touches our palate
Where your hands become worn
And your clothes torn
There you work even though your body tells you to stop

You would think I'm talking about an adult
But really I speak of a child
That child is my father
Our father

At the age of 10, that child was already an adult.
He took care of himself
It was said that he was clever
The boy was known to be a hard worker
Never took coin of Judas
Never took the easy way
He never let the people fool him
They never let that child, be a child

With tears in his eyes
And a racing heart
At the age of 16, to his motherland he said goodbye
For the American dream

He risked his hands
But by a miracle
The Virgin kept him complete

Working at night
Working during the day
When he looked at the sun
He couldn't tell dawn from dusk

You don't have to hide
You no longer have to run away
Because your dream has been fulfilled

The American dream is not what they say
The American dream is for those who contradict us
Here you soon learned
That the American dream is about establishing happiness
Neither with money nor with riches
But with your family everything can be complied

That child is no longer a child
He's my father,
My father who tells me
Never give up
Look alive

Thank you my father for being my father

Astrid Calderon (She/Her/Ella) is a first-generation, undergraduate junior at California State University, Los Angeles. She is an active participant of the CSULA Pre-PA club and was the historian of the former Movimiento Estudiantil Chicano de Aztlán (M.E.Ch.A) de CSULA organization. Majoring in Sociology with a focus on gerontology, Astrid has a passion for researching societal issues and diseases correlated with socio-economic status. Her works often delve into themes of identity, inequality, and social justice. Alongside her academic pursuits, Astrid brings a wealth of practical experience in patient care and healthcare administration gained through her role as a COPE Health Scholar at Glendale Adventist Health Hospital. With a commitment to advocacy and community engagement, Astrid submitted to CSF as an opportunity to share her perspectives through this piece, which delves into the immigrant experience through a sociological lens.