

MIS OJOS INFANTILES
SUSAN FRYE

The canto, todos en mi corazón.
In English, in German, and in my baby Español
El canto of learning
El canto of seeing
I remember it first in sunlight by a lake in
the New York woods.
Agua dripping from paddles of the canoe
Luz, mucha luz
among leaves verde
fell into mis ojos infantiles,
y canté.
What is it like to have crossed the border?
To be a norteño?
Quiero saber. Estoy leyendo ahora *The Crossing*.
In class I sit with Javier whose parents crossed south to north.
He tells me why people run in the furrows of the strawberry fields,
why they ask the patrón to hold their last two months' pay.
My great-grandfather Joseph crossed East to West el oceano.
His people were starving. No potatoes grew.
The owner of the mainline estates was his patrón. He weeded the lawn
and cut the hedge. His son went to college.
Now I go to college, now that I have heard the Canto de Español around me
for these years in este lugar de Sol.
In years soy vieja
pero en el canto de la experiencia aquí soy infante.
I have looked it up. I feel the new word champurrado in my mouth,
on my tongue, and my professor laughs with knowing its taste.
And still, like that child, I open mis ojos
a la Luz
y la canción de la Luz