

# El Canto de los Delfines



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## Soñar despierto

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When the sun sets in L.A., it is as if the world stops. From the 32nd floor it is even easier to stop and lose yourself in the view. Mateo has a habit of this every evening as he finishes his daily work. The long hours give him time to think as he longs to know what became of his childhood home as he watches from afar, - “Te extraño, mi barrio...”

Traffic’s a breeze at 9PM, so getting home is a fast ride. Tonight, he cannot shake off the thoughts of the past. As he imagines his life, he drives by the spot he first saw Laura and later where he first kissed her. Smiling, he continues through the streets and across the tracks. “Mi corazón,” he says as he passes the corner that once held many fires and saw many faces. The nights he spent out and the ones he did not all flood back. The house he once called home has not changed a bit. He pictures it all. Walking up the steps to the kitchen, smelling his mother’s cooking, it’s like he’s a kid again coming home for the evening. Before he knows it, llega la Navidad y todo es diferente. Everyone comes together to celebrate, no matter what, they are thankful. Where are the old neighbors? My childhood friends? Mateo wonders.

The same bumps and turns. He can recognize it all. Not like where he lives now. Laura can’t understand Mateo’s longing. She does not see or feel the culture he carries in his bones. He is thankful to his parents for giving him a better view of the world past the barrio.

Leaving the window, he smiles, thankful for the memories he carries in his new life and for the future he gained. He sits at his desk again thinking, “... Un día regresaré a mi barrio, un día...”

### Sobre La Autora

Megan nació en Ventura, CA y tiene 21 años. Estudia español y estudios globales para seguir aprendiendo su segunda lengua y conocer el mundo. Quiere ser maestra en España porque le gusta la cultura de ese país.



