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Creative Writing

Professor White

Kickstart Combo: 12, 5, 6, and 7

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Beyond la Hierba

The motañas shifting from morada a rosada makes him sweat more, but he doesn’t mind. The stickyness tucked at the nape of his neck, he braids into his long ponytail and arranges it under his bandana. The bandana now dripping of sweat leaks its odor on the little gray hairs of his chest. The hot mess lays there on the grass under the sol and just watches the vida his father made for him—contento.

He was brought here by the thought: “the grass is always greener on the other side.” Esta es una frase que su madre le dijo pero él quiere saber si la frase es la verdad. “La verdad está en Estados Unidos:” she always told him. But not his padre.

His padre le dijo ¡Viva México y su hierbra! Papi’s voice—muffled by his bandana—danced around the house and his botas vaqueros tapped to the dance. “¡Fierro, fierro!” He remembers hollering alongside his dad, dancing along with the música his dad had started. The dancing has since faded, but the música no paró nunca jamás.

Laying there in la hierba de Estados Unidos enfrente de la frontera, the man taps his feet still playing the música in his head—the botas vaqueros much bigger now than he remembers as if he shrank half the size. Lifted by the colores, the música, and the hot mess of his vida, he considers the frase again: “the grass is always greener on the other side.”

La hierbra de Estados Unidos es más verde que la hierba de México. Pero es porque no hay hierba en la frontera de México, only vida de los padres.

La frontera es café: es el color de vida. He taps his feet. Las vidas de los agricultores. He taps his feet again. Trabajadores. Tap. His Papi. Tap. La música ya está en el cielo; it’s dancing around the montañas and alongside las moradas y rosadas. Even with the rough grass laying underneath him, sabe que no es el la verdad. His tierra es el cielo.