*Mandarinas del* ***amor*** *(Tangerines of* ***love****)*

When I was little me and my father shared a love for tangerines.

For their sweet sabor *(taste)*, y cómo su color refleja el sol *(and how their color reflects the sun)*

I remember every holiday when I would visit him across the other side,

he would always have one peeled and ready for me to eat,

having to hand it pedazo por pedazo *(piece by piece)*, because the whole simply couldn't fit through the tight border walls.

*mandarinas, mandarinas, mandarinas del* ***amor (****tangerines, tangerines, tangerines of* ***love)***

Tangerines was his way of showing his love for me,

we are taught that love is something that can never be taken away.

Yet the wall separating me from him would always tell me differently.

The wall is a constant slap in the face, stating how different he is from everyone else que son de los Estados Unidos*. (who’s from the United States)*

Papí (*dad*), it pains me to say that the sun dried away your tangerine tree that once happily lived on the side of Tio Güicho's backyard.

It started to weep the moment you were gone,

y mis lágrimas eran muy ácidas para darle vida. *(and my tears were too acidic to give it life)*

My most cherishable moments with you were walking around wealthy neighborhoods along the beach with a tangerine in my hand,

talking about how one day we will have that lifestyle.

The lifestyle that’s full of opportunities, acceptance, a place with big open windows with a huge garden where you can plant all of your favorite fruits.

To live el sueño americano. *(the american dream)*

Although yours was very short-lived, you made sure mine kept on going.

Papí *(dad)*, you left and I miss you so much,

every time I see un vendedor de mandarinas *(tangerine vendor)* I think of you,

I see you in your pueblito *(small town)*,

sitting down next to a tangerine tree listening to Carita de Cielo de Chavela Vargas,

as the scorching sun settles down on your sunken skin.

Society has raised us to want different lives.

Papí *(dad)*, why couldn't we just be happy with what we had.

Tangerines were once my favorite fruit, they still are,

I thought they would begin to taste acidic after you were gone.

But you showed me wrong, with the sweet tangerines you would bring me.

Showing that amid hard times, we can depend on love to make life sweeter.

*mandarinas, mandarinas, mandarinas del* ***amor, (****tangerines, tangerines, tangerines of* ***love)***

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