**New Mexico**

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New Mexico,

Unpolluted blue skies

Fly above the dry, dusty land,

Where the birds run over the roads,

And in the cold of night, the howl of coyotes’ hit your eardrums.

The mountains, larger than life itself, guard

The people from violent shakes of the earth.

Have you heard? A celebration of individuality,

Thousands and thousands of people come and visit

To see, or if they can’t travel here, they tune into their T.V.s.

The wonders of a unique fiesta, The joys of seeing of floating figures kissing the sky and hugging the clouds.

It will be worth seeing stars and stripes attached to soaring baskets, coming in the shapes of cows and yellow bumblebees.

Though the weather is random, the days are hot and the nights will leave you shivering,

Gather with your family and friends in your cozy, warm pueblo home, inhaling the scent of classic chile on a Christmas Eve,

And I can guarantee that one person will bring more people than invited, along

With a huge tray of traditional enchilada or tamales.

Get used to the question “red or green?”

Be prepared to meet a melting pot of Hispanics and blacks and whites and Asians,

Who have different histories, but speak the same language.

We laugh about our slang, and yes, we sound “ghetto,” but it’d be nice to be recognized as great people, but some are simply stubborn to accept us.

“You think you’re all smart, huh?” well allow me to explain, the social pain, of being underestimated. Many still don’t realize that New Mexico *is, in fact state.*

Please understand us on an intellectual level,

A perspective that’s easy to comprehend and we ask that we be treated like people, because that is what we are.

People of a state who share the figurative tattoo of the Zia star,

More specifically a sun, but either way, we shine bright to illuminate our cultural beauty.

Imagine a room with strangers

Imagine a place where we work together to improve our home,

An area where (somewhat) equal, understandable ideas and philosophies, being spread over dinner tables,

And as you ask for the honey for your warm sopapillas, remember us.

The idea of equality and greatness and if you choose to accept us.

The people, the colors, the culture, the beautiful architecture.

Than you truly are New Mexican.