826 DIGITAL

WRITING

A Doorway Between

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GENRE

GRADE 6

I live in a doorway* between being Vietnamese and American.

At home, I speak Vietnamese, but at school, I speak English.

My parents say to always know where I’m from,

or else my culture will be lost.

Most of my friends aren’t Vietnamese,

so we speak in English.

Being American is like delicious vanilla ice cream,

but being Vietnamese is like creamy Oreo ice cream,

both things I love very much.

In Vietnam, the hot, blazing sun shines down on me.

In America, it mostly is cold where I am.

“Never forget who you are,” my mom says.

My dad says, “Your culture shows who you are. Don’t hide it.”

The comfort of being Vietnamese and American makes me feel special.

**Line inspired by the poem “Sonrisas” by Pat Mora*