

Dear Michele,

I'm happy that you came to our class. I really loved your poem about the girl that loved chicharones, I like chicharones with chile and limon. They tastes so good. You're like a kind of dream because I never thought that Mexicans could ever be poets. I got this idea from this "crooked" teacher at my elementary. He said that "my people" would only grow up to be "bean counters".

I loved your poem about the girl that wanted the best transportation to school. You are right because image is everything when you're my age. I loved the part about the "Poodle Palace".

Your poems make me feel as if I had been there. You make everything sound so real. I could imagine "Fat Fabiola", The boy with the "chorizo blood" running down his hand and everyone else in your wonderful poems. When I first wrote my story it was so lame. After we met you I wrote the story again and it was so clear to me that my story was wonderful.

Sincerely,  
*Roberto Gonzalez*  
Roberto Gonzalez