

I am from Santa Fe by Larissa Foy

I am from Santa Fe,

From the waiting at the freezing bus stops where the bus always seems late.

From not liking the weather and so waiting five minutes and having it change.

From biking on a street that has no bike lane or sidewalk and yet loving every minute of my existence here.

I am from Santa Fe,

From the city whose history is like a caged bird, being told and retold but never listened to.

From getting up and seeing snow and thinking "hurrah" but getting up 4 months later and thinking "go".

From looking out our window and seeing the ski basin covered with the yellows and oranges of fall.

I am from Santa Fe,

From the traditions that are as deep rooted here as my heart though my feet wonder the earth.

From the fiestas and music on the plaza where everything is always gay, no matter the weather.

From knowing every restaurant, toy store, and café and loving everyone inside of them, inside of Santa Fe.

Where I am From by Genevieve Conley

Santa Fe
Where I am from
Where I took my first breath
Where my toes first touched the dirt
Where I learned to love
Santa Fe
My home
Where the orange, yellow, and red
Leaves fly in the air
And blanket the ground
The place where thunder cracks
And lightning splits the sky in half
Where my friendships have formed
Where they have been torn apart
Where my heart was first broken
Where the first butterfly
Landed on my nose
Where my first tear was shed
Where I first laughed,
Smiled, and giggled
Where I belong
My roots are planted deep in the desert ground
Growing deeper every year
Where my first opinion formed
Where a clear vision of the world
Came into view
Where the trees talk
And the plants dance
Where rippling creeks host
Children splashing in the icy water
Where the glint in my eye returned
Where my wings formed
Where I flew off a mountain into
A valley of joy
Where I stare at the sky
For hours looking at the clouds
Where the last feather
Will touch the ground for the last time

Santa Fe by Chiara Brandi

When I think Santa Fe, I think: Colors.

The reds, the greens, the blues.

The bleeding sunsets that paint my pupils every single night.

Blue, wispy sky that stretches past the waving blue mountains in the distance.

Like the separation between ocean and horizon in a land that is as dry as paper.

The flaming bodies of aspens dancing in the fall wind.

Leaves falling to the ground.

Orange.

Yellow.

Crimson.

One by one.

Day by Day.

Here, is a place where joyous songs and laughter can be heard late at night.

Where each star is seen clearly in the crisp, unpolluted air.

Where the cool murky water of the Santa Fe River runs in the native's veins.

Where the dry days and nights seem to be never ending.

It is the place where clocks don't seem to ever actually be on time.

The place where there is never an absence in smell.

Red chile.

Pinion.

Earth.

Santa Fe is the place where a surprise visit could come knocking on a tin roof at anytime.

This visit that never fails to pull anyone out of bed to slink over to the window,

just to get a waft of the unusual smell that is foreign to our noses.

The smell of rain.

This visit that makes me run outside and dance barefoot.

Native New Mexican soil sinking into my toes with each step.

Traditions are what make up the air.

We breathe traditions.

The cries of Zozobra on that one chilly night every year.

The shouts that drift down the plaza streets in September.

"Viva la fiesta!!!"

The farolitos that dance on a white blanket while people fill the streets eating biscochitos and stopping to warm their chilly hands at the occasional bonfire.

These are the things that we love.

That we cherish.

Santa Fe is the one place that can never be torn out of your heart.

It's the one place that welcomes you with open arms,

and never lets go until you tear yourself away.

It is like entering a different world.

A tiny world that makes it feel as if nothing else exists.

A world that we call home.

A world that we call Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Santa Fe by Gabriela Ortiz

I remember my home
I remember Santa Fe
I remember the gold of the aspens in the fall.
The glow in the sun,
golden, with their dying breath.
I remember the green chili roasting outside.
Their spicy yet soothing smell wafts into the air,
creating an undying sense of intrigue.
I remember the humble and bustle of all the people in the downtown.
Each person is a unique puzzle piece that makes up the Plaza.
I remember the sky at night.
All the stars, so clear and true,
are like broken shards of diamonds floating in water.
I remember in the spring when everything is in bloom.
The Chamisas, Lilacs and Roses all blend together
in a painting,
a symphony of voices , music ,colors ,shapes , shadows , lights and hues.
I remember running alongside the Rio Grande.
Sun baked earth beneath my feet and the wind at my back.
I run.
Run like there's no tomorrow,
only letting the wind lead me .
At this moment I feel that I can fly.
I remember the sunset most of all.
Never to this day have I seen a more beautiful sight.
It's that moment when the light touches the horizon,
that it seems as if heaven and earth meet.
In a mirror that holds another world,
a place of tremendous beauty we cannot even begin to imagine.
I remember Santa Fe
In years past,
and years to come,
Gold shall never whither and die.
It will always be there,
its beauty preserved ,immortal forever.
Santa Fe is gold,
undying,
proud and still standing.
I remember Santa Fe.
I always will.