

Vignettes. Even the word is beautiful. Glaringly French and just a dash pretentious. Harsh clench of teeth against the bottom lip, softening, just-so, to the touch of the tongue to the roof of the mouth. Compartmentalized. Each tiny fragment a moment, each finished work a history. Vignettes inspire me.

It was *The House on Mango Street* by Sandra Cisneros that first led to my own experimentation with the style. The honesty of each page breathtaking. Every doled out sliver of her story leaving me desperate for the next, ravenous for each not-quite-poem. It made the writer in me envious, coiling loose and ever greedy at the base of my spine, as she perked up her petulant head and said, "I want to do that. *This* is how I want to write." So with the age old adage of *there is nothing new under the sun* humming quietly at the back of my mind, I set out to copy, copy, copy.

From the old came new; my own experiences blossoming forth to twine amongst the little vines the vignettes had sown within me, my story curious, if not happy, to be told in such a haphazard way. And when it finally rested on the page, as final a copy as it would ever be, I felt at ease with the words, confident in what I had to say, and, for the first time, pleased enough to release it to the world.

And so here is *Lupita*: splinters of a life lived so far. My words written with the borrowed pen of a Mexican woman.