



Where I Come From

By Margo A. Burgois

I come from a street where all the buildings are tall and grey
Like old men looking down

I come from an apartment with walls of sage green,
and flowers adorn them too

Like a secret garden

I come from a building with smells of Israel, Italy, Germany, oh yes,
and of Puerto Rico

I come from a neighborhood with children playing on the side walks

Excuse me, pardon me, may I get by, thank you,

I come from Aida and Justo the givers of my life

Thank you for loving me so

I come from a time long ago

When Tia Rosa use to come over to have her hair cut and curled by me
You brave soul!

I come from a home where we ate arroz con gandules, platanos and aguacate

I come from a home where love of family and honest was evident

I come from Puerto Rican parents who love their island

So much so, they returned to have me there

I come from a rich heritage, proud, strong, kind, gentle, generous, and caring

I come from a world complex, beautiful, demanding, giving, challenging and forgiving