

Home

“Where is home?”

My college peers always ask me.

Where is home?”

I tell them I come from the Valley

Filled with green trees and memories

Of mother’s *pozole* on my birthday,

High school graduations,

And flans devoured for baptisms and weddings.

They shake and laugh,

They only ask

If the wine is as rich

As they say it is

Where is home and what does that make me?

A question that haunts me.

I am not Napa,

I am not California,

I am not Mexico,

I am not Sonoma wines, Valley Trains, or picnics by the river bed.

I am none of these things.

But still they ask me, “Where is home?”

And what does that make me?

How I’d long to be a tourist,

Drunk on wines, on top of moving trains.

How I’d love to be a rich man,

Counting dollars to fall asleep.

How I’d kill to be a foreigner,

With dreams too big to conceive.

But all I know is my blood is hot like sand in the sun,

And my skin is brown like the dirt under my father’s fingernails.

All I know is my mother has the loudest laughter,

And she passed it down to me just like the languages I speak.

All I know is I cry harder in Spanish, and I am heard better in English.

All I know is I dance Folklorico in my sleep, and I read Shaskepeare in the mornings.

Where is home and what does that make me?

All I know is:

I am everything and nothing, Spanish and English, foreign and native, familiar but peculiar.

And my home is north of the border and south of it simultaneously.