

Alien Girl

by Dulce Maria Menendez

Your starship is taken over by bearded revolutionaries.
You are exiled and land on a shore.

You are not black or brown or yellow or white.

You are different.
They are not sure what to make of it.
Your r's roll out too easily.

You are sent North.

Then South and make a home
out of cow manure and palm trees.

The rest of your starship start to arrive in droves.
There is strength in numbers.

You then move west.
This time because of your parent's own doing.
You are a child.
You have your photo taken
for what they call a Green Card.

The light from the flash burns into your retina
and you protect your eyes by slanting them
onto the pigments of a black and white photograph.

Perfect.
That is how they want to document you.

When your mother is handed your new identities,

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you step outside onto the city.

Your little feet skipping lightly upon the pavement.
Your little hands holding on to your mother and sister.

You look up at the sun
as it tries to hide between the giants.
But it finds you and it burns.

It burns harder here than your starship.
Not because it is a different sun
than the one you left behind.

The sun burns brighter here
because it is now yours.

And you let it burn.
You let it burn
as you become
one of them.

