

# Green Roads

by Dulce Maria Menendez

The road we take leads to our demise.

Look at this road I travel on every Sunday.  
I pass rows and rows of tall green corn  
alongside purple majesty flowers.

It is such a different road and so far away  
from the road mami and papi were following  
that morning we left Havana.

My mother is waiting in the distant  
hallway, small in stature compared to the  
woman who used to take me by the hand  
whenever we crossed roads.

Every Sunday I ask her the same question.  
*Mami tu sabes quien soy yo?*

She doesn't answer so I ask  
her again as if she did not hear me  
the first time or the second or third time.  
Anything to jar the roads and roads of lost memories.

My mother's eyes are green pools of oceans  
now replaced by roads of rows and  
rows of green corn fields without the sting  
of salt in the air. Yet it is the same clear  
blue sky blanket that covered us when we left.

My mother's eyes in silence  
tell me who I am every Sunday.

We are still refugees.

She to Alzheimer's and  
me to continually asking myself  
who am I.

