

# The ghost of who I used to be.

*by* Dulce Maria Menendez

I was never a gypsy.  
We came grounded with a purpose.  
The sun set the same as where we came from.  
And from there we moved and moved never  
finding a place to really call our own although  
we turned Miami into a foreign country where  
the first language is and always will be Spanish.  
I don't care what you think. We made Miami  
what it is and then we left it leaving behind a refuge  
we did not need anymore.

