

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.

