

F A R A W A Y

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The east is what I knew,
the west is what
I was yet to explore.
Over the mountains
I went finally, where
I am meant to be.
This unknown place
Soon became home
Better than home.

I know my
Brown hair,
Brown skin,
Latin roots.

As I look around me
I notice new
features that are
Complementary.

I see their
Yellow hair,
Purple skin,
Red hair,
Green skin,
Blue hair,
Orange skin.

I don't look like them,
they don't look like me.

What fun would it be
if I look like them
and they look like me?
There would be no history.

I had to leave
to find myself
outside myself.

Home now feels comfortable,
smells like pollen and petrichor,
taste like an extra shot of caffeine,
and sounds like my favorite Spanish song.