Where I’m From

I am from a family of loud talkers
Honest people, hard workers,
I am from people dancing to the tum, tum of the tune of
Salsa, cha cha and rumba

I am from a house filled with joy
Candor and sometimes solitude
From boring afternoons watching TV
On the bare mahogany floor

I’m from marimba and tambourines
Playing in the background of a picture frame
With kids building houses with adobe
Found in the big holes made by “El Niño”

I’m from the ocean breeze of the Pacific,
From the waves with salt
I’m from the green of the plantain plants and coconuts palms
From the hot of the sand sticking in my toes…