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We Never Met

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We Never Met

Rosa Benitez

Between damp mountains and
the daily summer showers,
Worn out ponchos and
boots already filled with water.

The sky was only priceless at night,
when the moon only used to love me.
The child that used to run away from her,
and look back to see her follow.

Where time was slow and simple and
at that time we didn't seem to notice
the long days spent between trees and
hearing our mother calling our names.

A place where heat was merciful,
and the dusty roads induced asthma.
Pebbles stuck between our shoes and
the sound of the nearby creek led us home.

I never knew her the way I was meant to,
my first home and our vague memories.
From the dark color of my neighbor's skin,
and the long roads I wasn't allowed on.

Where my bicycle couldn't venture,
where the devil left its jacket:
at the end of the road my mother used to say,
but we never reached the end of any road.
At a time when I didn't know there was
more than rainforests and moonlight,
where there could be more heat than relief.
Places the mountains couldn't cool off.

Juxtaposed to my homeland are the flat lines of each coast.
And although there are things to look up to,
like edifices and men in expensive suits,
there are restless sighs from a past self.

The child in me was caged from our departure,
and I wish I could have left her where she was free,
to roam and be a child again, a place where time was kind
and she didn't have to grow up just yet.