Red,
White,
And blue,
No,
I do not speak of the land you call America,
I’m mourning over the forgotten colony,
the island painted with the melanin of three races,
Where the weather doesn’t compare to other places.

Oh, how I long to be there!
To be submerged in the sound of the waves,
To be cured of this homesickness with a tropical breeze,
To live in a country where I am understood.

And I know that my accent is not very good,
Trust me I would leave this place if I could,
It's just hard to find the words to explain how it feels,
To miss every single one of your mom’s home-cooked meals.

You add a little spice and try to forget,
how your dad used to play that old cassette,
but the songs just linger around your head,
“You will be fine” he said.

Although the nights here are longer,
Not everything is black and white,
I’ve found a family that makes me stronger,
And even if our stories are not the same,
we’ve all been distinguished because of our names,
we all understand the sacrifices we’ve gone through to make a change,
Even if that sacrifice is leaving the place, we love the most,
Our compassion now spreads from coast to coast.

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