

For everyone who doesn't know where they come from

For those who can only trace their history back here
For those whose family only knows war and bondage,
and fire hoses and tree tops
For those who only know suffering,
and peace is as foreign as English
being force-fed to them at the end of a knife
For those whose tether has snapped
For whom no point on the map draws them near
For those who don't know their great-grandparents' names
For those whose sense of being was lost somewhere
between the Gold Coast and Jamestown harbor
For those whose body mourns
for broken backs and blistered feet
For those who long for distant shores
they've never seen

I see you.
I, too, daydream about returning
to the place my ancestors once roamed,
of looking out at the horizon,
and realizing
this is home.

For those who feel a song crescendoing
deep in their chests,
their veins like guitar strings
ready to be plucked
For those who have bongos
hidden in the dips of their hips
For those who have mountains
weaved into their hair, rivers
cascading down their backs
For those who have sunlight
underneath their fingernails
For those who have storybooks
unfolding in their eyes
For those who hear the gentle whispers

that tickle the back of the neck
For those who know how to make a home
within their own flesh