

Bloody Expatriate

And so,
bloody expatriate
me,
do you think my
love is less sacred
than yours?
Are the smells of the flowers
more yours
because
my nose met them later in life?
Is the blue of the jacaranda
embedded deeper in your heart
than in mine
because my love is new?

Perhaps it is so.

But if I have late in life
learned to love
the jacaranda blue,
I now do
and the scratchy red
of the bougainvillea leaf
is seated deep in me.
Transplanted a plant
is at home
where it grows
there is now
without loss
no going back.
In my children's dreams
the soil is red
and from red soil
have they grown