



A Picture is Worth a Thousand Words

I am from printed childhood pictures,
from Kodak disposable and Canon vintage cameras.
I am from the same 2-bedroom apartment in Brooklyn.
I am from the monthly flowers,
the hydrangeas, and peonies.
I am from Christmas morning breakfast
and sense of belonging,
from the Mendez Sisters
and Blake Ave and Daniel Del Carmen's Daughters.
I am from unconditional love
and thoughtful gestures.
From "Just The Two of Us"
and "I'm so proud of you".

I am from Christianity by association.

I appreciate the beliefs around me while I navigate my own.

I'm from Brooklyn, New York, the Dominican Republic, and Puerto Rico;
from platano maduro to pasteles.

From the surprise Justin Bieber concert tickets at 9 years old,
the people who are just a phone call away with open arms,
and the gas station mini license plate with my name on it.

I am from snow days on Greene Ave.

From a mother who valued the importance of pictures.

From uncontrollable laughs in the kitchen.

The conversations for every new picture and video that is found from the early 2000s.

The evidence of love all around for all the times I might have forgotten.