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E. S. L.

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E. S. L.

Pablo Miguel Martínez

During the class of last night
Miss Luna she asked
Where are you from? This I hear
her ask clear and loud.
And right then I knew
what she was up to
she was making a room of proud.

The pretty Korean girl who has more pretty
than that skinny Jane in our books
she answered *Pusan*
then sat down the color of sweet roses blooming
in her all over skin.
And the soft Filipina grandmother
she says *Cebu* and I think
she's just making a scary sound
but it's a part of proud too.

And then it's my turn and I stand
straight and tall tall like the girl
at the winter carnival in the mountains
studying carefully the target so she can walk away
with the big prize the prize
that everyone wants so she hugs it tight
when she leaves the booth
with its halo of twinkle lights.

That's how I am as I get ready
to say my answer
My from is Colombia.
And now the girl at the carnival
is lost. She screams for her mother

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for something true but no sound comes.
 She can't move. She stands there
 lights staring bells laughing
 carousels turning in her stomach
 until someone rescues her.

I am from Colombia, says Miss Luna.
Say it with me: I am from Colombia.
 She makes a smile. And I say it
 the new way of saying spinning
 locked safe in the car of a Ferris wheel
 the round and round memory
 making slow forever loops.