A8-6

***Wonder***

I sit on the river bed.

Wearing my worn in, over used, teva sandals.

I'm thinking about the new ones I'll get in America,

If I even need teva sandals in America.

I see a raft of tourists go by,

There like a group of monkeys following food,

Following the rules,

I think about how pathetic tourists are.

Why do they come here?

To seek new things?

Nothing's new here.

I should know.

I dream about life in America.

Eating french fries.

Not having to wake up at dawn.

Going to school

Learning how to read!

And maybe even write!

I think if if I had neighbors,

I would tell them to trust me,

I would tell them that America is a good place.

It's not bad,

So appreciate it.

I listen to the birds,

The sweet sound of calls they make

Thinking of the memories,

Of when I was little and,

I would sit outside and listen to the birds,

The only good part to living here.

I think about the birds in America,

If they are beautiful

Or do they make an annoying noise,

I can't stand,

That makes me shut my windows

And block out all the sounds of birds

Bringing back the bad memories

Of the birds that attacked me

Was I was three

I wonder if I lived in America,

would I spend my days behind the altar,

Being a priest

For the local church.

Or performing exorcisms,

Because I believe in that stuff

And it happens all the time,

in the town I live in.

Or if I would wake up.

Put on my big sunglasses,

That are my key to being known.

The person everybody knows,

And loves,

And live in a big city,

Walking around in style.

I thought about yesterday,

How a gigantic family Left to America.

But my family of 3 can’t.

I get up and walk across the field.

I lept over a log.

Imitating the frogs in my pond behind my family's hut

I wonder about the frogs in America

Are they big and slimy

Or little and dried out from the droughts in california

If I lived in America,

Would my home have frogs in the forest.

I wondered if I lived there,

Would I live in the city,

Or the country?

The forest,

Or rolling hills of meadows?

WOULD I  still zipline high above the trees on hot days looking at birds and the wind blowing my hair every which way.

WOULD I  have an alarm that would wake me up for school, the kind that makes a beep beep annoying noise that I would hate but love at the same time.

WOULD my family still love me if I left for another family that would take me in, in America or would they shun me with their backs even when they found there way to America and I was back in their arms

I sat down next to a lily,

I looked at the petals,

Would there be flowers in America?

The kind I can run wild through

The kind that can sit on my kitchen table

and my kids come in and sniff and say,

Where did these come there lovely,

Would I tell them they came from the ridge

The ridge that I hike every morning

I hope I can someday say that.

I saw a little stream.

Over it was a bridge.

I sat under the bridge away from the sun.

The red hot sun was burning my face

Like the fire that burns our houses,

In the dry season

Where all our food is stored

I wondered if I was in America,

Would there sun be as hot?

Would it still melt my face, over every day

Or would it be cold and snowy

And I lived in the mountains

Skied every day.

**Please tell me**

I leap across,

the crooked bridge

Like they field mice that leap away from predators,

running away,

Back to my home,

That I dream,

will soon be in

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