

I am from immigrant pruned rosebushes and power washed driveways
On which giggling children play and middle-aged housewives gossip
Big houses, sports cars, smart kids, pretty wives, rich husbands
A new BMW solicits "Welcome to the family!" texts from my neighbors

I am from horse races and white sailboats, always surrounded by people
Just like me.

White men in white cars, white boats, with white golf bags;
White women in white dresses, white heels, with white poodles.

I am from a runway, given heels to learn to walk in at the age of 7.
They tell me it's my fault, they point to my shoes and then their own,
And say I'm the reason to blame.
But I've never worked at a shoe store, and I can't steal the keys.

I am from rolling hills, rolling down them with a friend – a lover.
Laughter is the grass, Smiles are the breeze, Hugs are the sun
We are but the bees, we live in flowers
And honey is what we make of it.