

Neighbor

Mom, Dad.
Aunt, Uncle.
Cousin, Relatives.

You expected me to talk about them.
Well I'm sorry to say,
I'm not.

The one I find joy with,
the one I go to for all things,
is a friend.

Not even blood related,
but she should be.
She is my other half it seems like.
The yin to my yang.

For a long time she has been,
then she drifted away.
Her place remains there,
while an old friend come again.

Like a wave upon a sandy beach.
She is always there,
coming and going.

Always there on the horizon.
In a time of need she washes away the worries.
The sun drying me clean.
Renewed once again.

She brings with her a wave of family.
Like seaweed on the shore.

Diving into her world, is like an exotic dream.
The world of Español.

I have been part of her world
since the age of 5.
Starting out as little puddle on the sidewalk.
Turning into a pond,
then lake,
and ocean.

Becoming a vast expanse,
full of momentous occasions,
the bad and worse.



Mixed with the good and loving.

How could I forget,
the person I grew up next to all my life?
My long time wave of salty freshness.

We started out as strangers,
became friends
then enemies.
In the end we will always have our memories.

