

When Brown Met Gold

Ellen Mejia

my parents
crossed borders
to eat fruit & opportunity
instead of
dirt & poverty
they swam across
clotted rivers
& red seas
to see fireworks & city lights
instead of
missiles & dynamite
they came as
teenagers with
degrees in labor
instead of
honors on papers
they came to cities of
emerald palms &
golden dawns
with 7 dollars &
priceless hope
they were met with
slurred greetings &
hostile waves
a welcome when
brown meets gold