

NUESTRA CASITA

Poem By Sarah Serrano-Esquilín

*we journey out into lands
searching for homes
as rare as gemstones
offering what we can
emptying our pockets
turned away by lack of supply*

*words that sound like magic spells
cause a rumble beneath our feet
earth cracking open
a gap widening between us
and a place to call our own*

*Yet
US
as a people
pull sword from stone
build foundation that leads to bridge of hope
teaching and sharing these words we call magic spells
so that these hurricanes turn rainbows
illuminating our night sky
so that we find our way home*

*This is what I've dreamed about since I was little
Not wedding dresses or fancy cars
A sanctuary
To call my own
A shower that turns into waterfalls at the turn of a knob
Bringing me back to the glory that is
El Yunque*

*A cleansing that washes away the stress
Life can give
Lungs expanding from the warmth of the steam*

*You call it spa
I call it blessing*

*House creaks as it whispers
Her history
And the history of what came before her
On this rich soil
Acknowledging the land of whom it once belonged to
So that I too can continue to bring honor to this space*

*She is thrilled to be filled with warmth once again
Promises to shield us from day that is too much for us to bear
Too much rain
Too much cold
Too much heat
Too much pain*

*Casita tells me there will be days that are so difficult
that I will
Come to her feeling broken*

*So she will open up her doors
Welcome us with open arms
And we will turn that brokenness into magic in the kitchen*

*Smell of abuela's cooking dancing its way to our nostrils like
her favorite bolero*

*The warmth of a bed that hugs like the embrace of a parent
reminding you that
Although today was almost unbearable
Tomorrow will be a new opportunity to begin again*

*We are the dandelions that grow from concrete
Made to think that we are nothing more than weeds
We do more than survive
WE
Thrive
We are healing
Generations • • •*



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