

Where I'm From

By Erica Conchas

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I am from a bike.

From handlebars that steer in multiple directions and continuous tires.

I am from sunshine, warm, burning, blinding.

I am from daisys, used to build natural jewelry.

I'm from tamale making and curly hair.

From Lupe and Celso Conchas.

I'm from the hardworking and tenacious.

From immigrant parents and endless love.

I'm from Always believe and Never forget.

I'm from Ventura, tortillas and meat.

From the field workers that provided for their family.

The devastating initiations of gang life.

A bundle of letters, pictures and pendants packed into a shoe box.

The physicality that reminds you when you rode down the street called life