

Pay No Attention To People Like Me For I Am A Nomad In The Land of Liberty. His father's words haunted him as he dragged his calloused hands against the wall. The bungalow was eerily empty. It was barren of the vibrant colored walls and furniture. The man turned towards the family portrait. There it was. The first day of senior year. He remembered that day clearly. He had told his father about his dream to live amongst the stars and planets. He remembered his father's frown. "Mijo, that dream is not for people like you and me. The bodega is safe. It's steady." Safe. Steady. He put the frame down shakily. The house was now just an empty husk of his hidden pipe dream. He fiddled with the badge in his pocket. A deep royal blue surrounded by white flecks and a red slash casing the four lettered acronym. He looked outside the window. All he could see was the vast expanse of space. Speckled dots of the brightest whites with a gorgeous semi circled moon. He clutched the badge. Safe. Steady