I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

To love a country as if you've lost one:
1968

my mother leaves *Cuba*for

to LOVE

0

America,

hand-colored photographs of her family her wedding veil the doorknob of her house a jar of dirt from her backyard goodbye letters she wont open

for

/ears

as if

you've

and her shame over Thanks-gi-ving tur-keys always dry, but countered by her perfect pork **pernil** and garlic **yuca**.

(but with *chorizo* and peppers),

I taste her first attempts at ma-ca-ro-ni-n-cheese

To love a country as if you've lost one: as if it were you on a plane departing from America forever,

the last scene in which you're a madman scribbling the names of your favorite flowers, trees, and birds you'd never see again, your address and phone number you'd never use again, the color of your father's eyes, your mother's hair, terrified you could forget these.

o n e

You know, mijo, it isn't where you're born that matters, it's where you choose to die—
that's your country.

To love a country as if you've lost one: 1968

my mother leaves *Cuba* for

America,

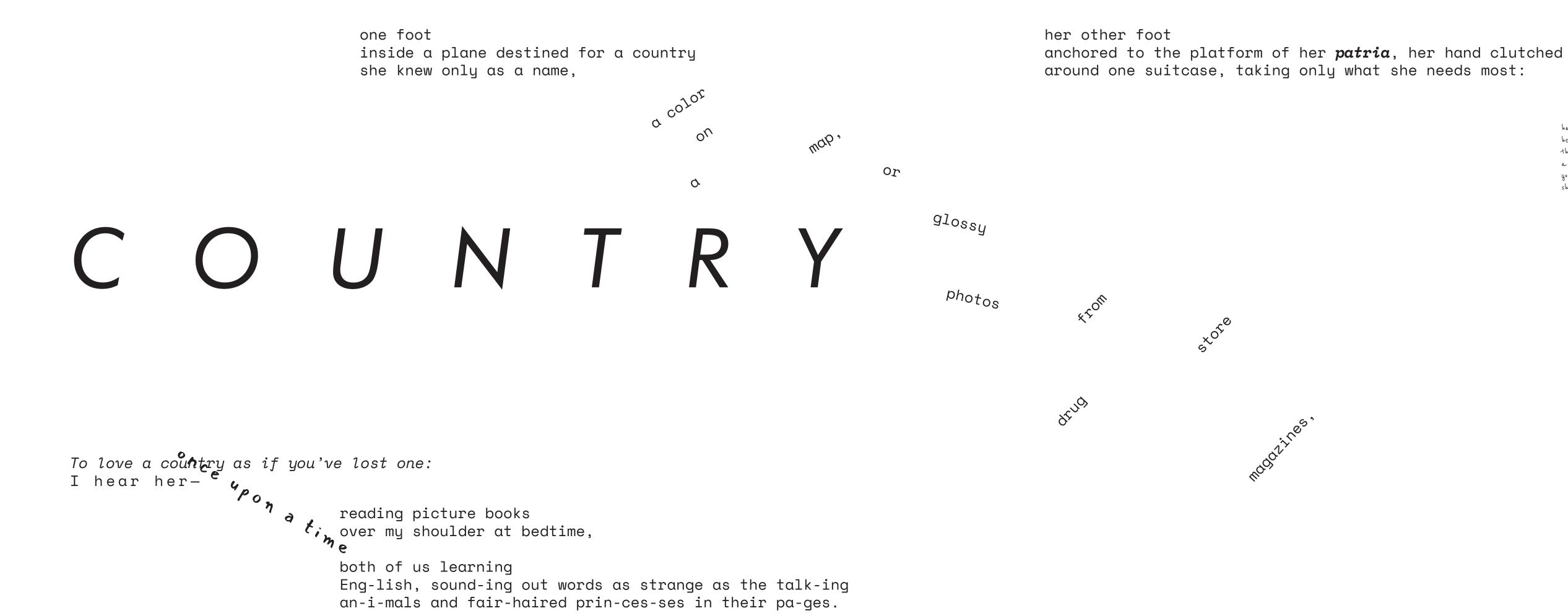
A

hand-colored photographs of her family

her wedding veil

the doorknob of her house a jar of dirt from her backyard

goodbye letters she won't open for years



AS IF

YOU'VE

I taste her first attempts at ma-ca-ro-ni-n-cheese (but with *chorizo* and peppers),

and her shame over Thanks

Thanks-gi-ving tur-keys always dry, but countered by her perfect pork *pernil* and garlic *yuca*.

To love a country as if you've lost one: as if it were you on a plane departing from America forever,

the last scene in which you're a madman scribbling the names of your favorite flowers, trees, and birds you'd never see again, your address and phone number you'd never use again, the color of your father's eyes, your mother's hair, terrified you could forget these.

ONE

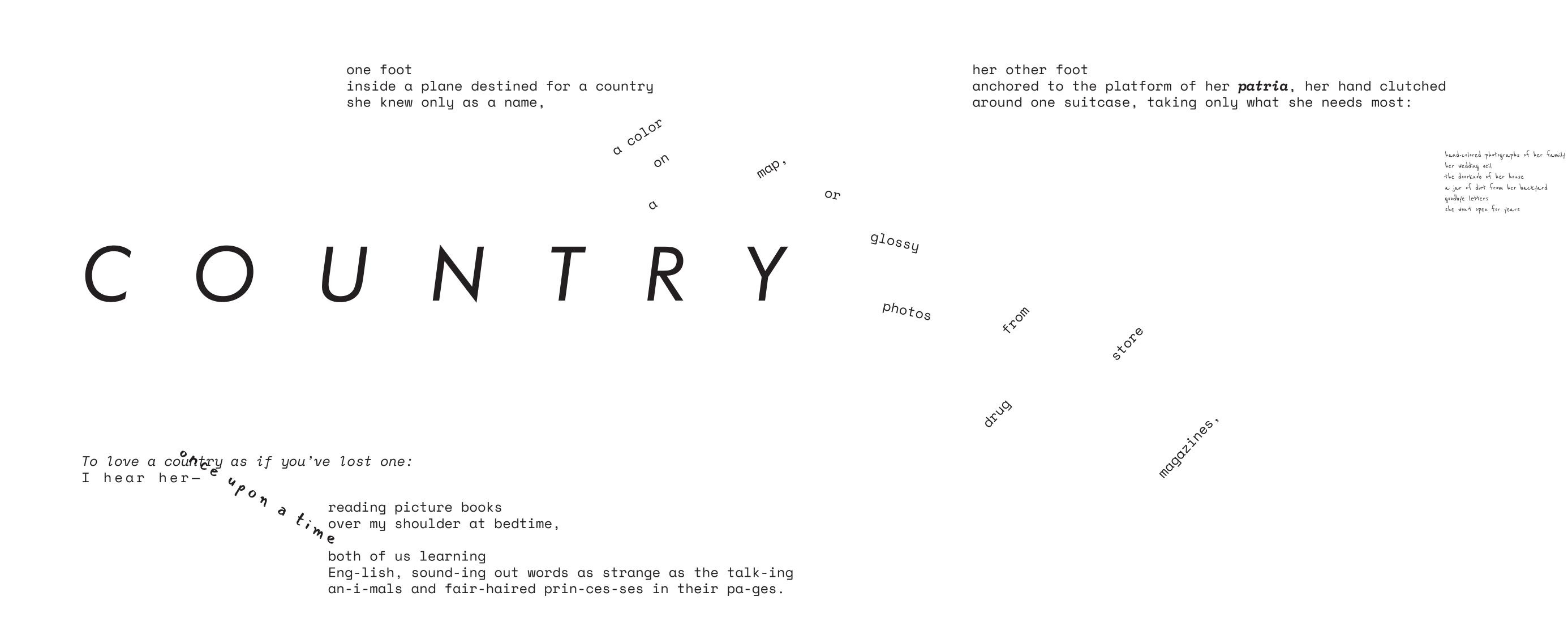
"You know, mijo, it isn't where you're born that matters, it's where you choose to die-that's your country." To love a country as if you've lost one: 1968

my mother leaves *Cuba* for

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"You know, mijo, it isn't where you're born that matters, it's where you choose to die-that's your country."