

# BECAUSE WE GO:

POETRY EXPLORING MEMORY AND THE MIGRANT IDENTITY

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# Between Languages and Cultures



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Bucharest, Romania 2001

Can I claim my familial narrative?

## Parastas

We boil wheat with raisins, cinnamon, nuts, powdered sugar, arrange them in a cross, and call it *Coliva*. Call it *Parastas*. Exclaim *Bogdaproste* to thank God for the closeness, the smell of boiled wheat in a sweat- damp shirt, the bitterness of kissing a perfumed cheek. I blow softly at the powder of a wispy baldness, only to expose more cross and the roundness of shoulder. I dig to find the half-buried raisin with my spoon, but bury it deeper. You stand in front of me. In front of me I see your face interrupted by the edge, by the border, and no way to see if your mouth is smiling except by the furrow in your brow and the quick twist to your cheek that tells me the sun was so bright, you couldn't help but look back.

The car was made of cardboard and it took you so many places. The *Coliva* hardens and stands up on its own on the dish.

Before I bite, I do not remember the taste.

Can I claim my vicarious memories?

## **Title: Development of an Evidence-based Outlook Aimed to Understand Why**

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### **Background**

It was impossible to avoid speaking or the dirty diaper thrown at our faces. The smell of vanilla ice cream decomposed at eleven while my mom watched me by the monkey bars. We aimed to qualify known approaches, but found shit-stains in the sandpit. Shit-stains on my mom's shirt.

### **Methods**

We performed a scoping review of the playground, corroborating our findings with the standard checklist of wet wipes and short fast steps to the bathroom. We tabulated themes identified in the literature and combined them with what was thrown, the slow-mo snowball of paper and tissue and a fuck you go back where you came from. A fuck you speak my language. And a rather cheeky, eat shit. The semi-structured interview was interpreted via rapid analysis and coding.

### **Results**

The public bathroom was small and green, the mirror was shattered like the toilet rim. The sink looked and smelled brown, smelled like yesterday. The bathroom was a little brick hut by the playground they call Kidsville where last week an unrelated woman fell through a hanging tire and got stuck, had the fire department come cut her free—but they pulled and pulled for three hours before they brought the saw, crackling her back as little kids laughed. A strong mustachioed fireman named something got the saw and sectioned the tire, pulled it open and freed the woman who threatened to sue. Mustachioed man said you're welcome, but a week on, mom was too scared to call anyone, cleaning green shit from between her fingernails, from her shirt, wishing she could brush her teeth. The current study supports the finding—1.42 times more likely to be sad with 95% confidence leaving home was the wrong choice.

### **Conclusion**

Few studies describe why the unidentified and forgotten woman pelted us with her son's diaper. Her son as old as I was. But my mom forgave—by never returning to the park, and taught me that the most dangerous animal is scared, is shitting its pants and ready to attack with whatever it has in abundance. Future studies will not understand why shit was thrown, but the present study is hopeful that it washes out with soap.

New Possibilities. Fertile ground.

## Nightclub

I.

The walls are lined with open  
books—pages nailed painfully  
splayed open— a mannequin, stairs  
slick with sweat, a secret burns  
slowly, by a lung, a plastic limb  
that looks like home enough  
to go.

II.

The seedling emerges  
from the boards.

We press its flower  
between blank pages.

III.

Carefully—painted eyes blink  
open. They watch  
our feet to remember where  
we went.

IV.

Between shutter clicks,  
I catch my breath.