

Surrogate City

Mama,
estoy bien.

Mother KC has adopted me.
She too wears ironed garments
of concrete and glass,
winks at me to cross the streets,
reminds me I am cared for
through sirens in the air.

She hums a highway lullaby
of old Paseo Puente,
so I may pass the nights,
skylines don't resemble,
mi vieja san ciudad;
in peace.

She embraces
your son,
the sun,
el sol,
my soul.

Mother,
KC has been good to me.