

**“Mi Isla”**  
By Huascar Medina

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I ate a mango today  
it was mostly green  
with reds and yellows.

*El Yunque*, at dawn  
is mostly green  
with reds and yellows.

My homeland's enchanted  
full of shady jungle mountains,  
gawking naked beaches;  
slowly necking ocean.

There,  
sea breezes woo the palm trees  
and peeping coconuts faint  
from holding on too long,  
in sand, asleep;  
daydreaming of me.

Tonight,  
*un brindis por ti Papá*.

Let us pretend, the crickets are  
drunken *coquis de parranda*,  
struggling with loss,  
singing in the wrong key,  
playing out of tune; unable  
to find their way home.

Let us pretend, we are surrounded  
by vacation not work,  
that all this wheat is beach,  
that the above blue is ocean.

Let us pretend, you are watching me,  
ripe in a hammock's womb,  
strung to horizons with no ocean  
or beach sand near nor fear  
that I've become landlocked here,

surrounded by *jibaros*,  
who don't like *jibaros*;

still an island.

*This transcript of “Mi Isla” is part of the Humanities Kansas Humanities Hotline, a series of bite-sized micropresentations about Kansas stories – both serious and light-hearted – that are researched and presented by experts across the state. Humanities Hotline topics change monthly. For more information about Humanities Kansas and the Humanities Hotline, visit [humanitieskansas.org](http://humanitieskansas.org) or call 1-888-416-2018.*