

### A Definition

The watermelon bursts  
with the sweetness it can no longer  
hold inside  
as the green peel is removed  
to expose the reddish pulp  
and the black seeds.

(Summer will come to an end  
leaving behind  
the fly of geese returning south,  
empty summer cabins, first memories.  
I will remain north to stamp my first footsteps  
on virgin snow.)

Somebody asks if I  
consider myself a foreigner.  
He does not offer a slice  
of the tempting fruit.  
He offers just a question,  
small talk during one more picnic day.

(A foreigner, I repeat,  
after searching my mind  
is someone whose passport reads  
a different citizenship than mine.)

I look at the black dots  
surrounded by the reddish pulp.  
I turn around, the watermelon  
a forbidden fruit.  
I turn around, too busy  
trying to expose an answer.

(Foreigner, I discover,  
well before the picnic is another memory,

is the color of my eyes,  
my skin and my tropical tongue.)