

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.)