

El sol te seguirá **(The Sun Will Follow You)**

I bruise easily. My hip bumps the corner of a desk as I weave my way through the classroom. The next day a dark purple spot appears, fat and round.

Un moretón. (A bruise.)

If the bruise is visible, everyone will inquire about it, their words coated with thick concern. Maybe they think someone attacked me, or that I got into a fight. Who do they think I am? I know how to take care of myself.

Me cuido, pues. (Well then, I'll take care of myself.)

I know that I can be scatterbrained. I jump from idea to idea, but internally I am focused and well-organized. I watch people, everywhere I go, taking notes that I am unable to throw away, just in case I need them someday.

Por si acaso. (Just in case.)

In high school I collected quarters. I finally found all fifty states and all five territories, although it wasn't easy. The most difficult to track down was Guam. I had almost given up hope when my friend bought a soft pretzel, and in her fistfull of change sat an old rusted coin. Guam.

La encontré. (I found it.)

I boarded a plane two years ago, torn between old and new, familiar and strange. I dreamt of mangos and achachairu, things that would never really belong to me. All the while knowing that soon I would return to a world so achingly familiar yet unknown.

¿A dónde pertenezco? (Where do I belong?)

Eleven months later, my friends took me blueberry picking. We talked about seemingly unimportant things as we worked. The heat, old crushes, the number of blueberries that filled our respective buckets.

Friends I've known forever, standing by me as if nothing had ever changed. The bright sun glared down on our backs, turning our necks pink. I squinted up and smiled. Inhale, exhale. The sun will follow.

Inhala, exhala. El sol te seguirá.

Greta Lapp Klassen



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