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Adoption

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Adoption

By: Payton Baust

Between me and the woman who gave me up
Lie legal fees and adoption papers.

Under my bed lies a closed white box.
I only open it late at night.
A worn and faded photograph,
My mother holding me in her dark arms.
Tears rolling down her cheeks.

I imagine rough hands from a hard day's work
Smelling of ammonia, 3014.5 miles away.
Cleaning for a living.

My father, I'm unsure of who he was
I'm fairly certain I got my nose from him.
Hair pulled back as she scrubbed dirty tile
Just so she could take care of me, her baby.

I trust *mis padres americanos*,
she *really* loved me.
But does she still?

My *abuelo* might have been a Mayan
Warrior, fighting the battles of the past.
I often wonder who they were,
My imagination left wild and free.
Cartel? Warriors? Housekeeper for sure.

Precise broomstick swipes across the floor
Body tired from all of the work.
Questions of *who and what?* Clash with reality.
I'm in America now, unlike them.

I am training to be a teacher, a writer.
Not a warrior, or housekeeper
And definitely not the cartel.
Pen to paper, writing my own story.