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Buenos Días Niña

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Buenos Días Niña

Poetry • Kelsey Milian

17 stops.

Palmetto Station to Douglas Road.

30 minutes of music that seem to cloud
my thoughts with summer plans.

The city is hot and humid.

Today more than ever before.

I sit down next to large handbags
cheap Flats
and Petite Women.

They remind me of an alternate universe.

My life

and my mother's life.

They stand here as early as 6:15am.

Conversation after conversation.

Bus after bus taking them to Hialeah.

Taking them home.

A new brown skinned woman approaches
the bench every 15 minutes.

Besos, names, and preguntas about how their families are doing
Are the normal intros exchanged.

I sat there and listened to their conversations,
forgetting their laundry upon reaching Hialeah.

Working in a new house in Coral Gables.

But it hit me.

To the point that I began to taste
the salty drops of my subtle tears.

They were the maids.

Las que take care of
your children.
Las que spend hours cleaning
the homes they wish to own one day.

My mother was one, a time before I appeared.
A life we would have continued if opportunity was not earned.

But
my destiny was different.
I sat at that bus stop to take
the next route to a future mis papas
dreamed for me.

Lo que soñaron para us.

Those women remind me of a culture and people
I refuse to forget.
Respecting what they do,
their sacrifice and ganas
goes noticed.

I hope mis sueños go noticed too.