

Rich Color Contrast

I come from a land
Of clear waters and white sand
To this beautiful place
Of diversity and race

Both worlds collide
As I go for the ride
Will they embrace me?
It's making me feel uneasy

I take my first steps
And how wrong I am
They look out for me
Despite seeing what they see

Everyone here is different
Everyone here is unique
We can be ourselves
Without feeling weak

I makes mistakes
And they correct me
I learn, thrive and grow
To become the person I now know

I turn away from my past
And enjoy my life at last
For I am here for my future
And the welcoming culture

After being here for a while
My mind wanders back
Like a daunting shadow
My guilt starts to grow

As I open my eyes
And my mixed feelings arise
I can't help but contemplate
My *kababayans*¹ state

I meet this boy
And we have some fun
If only I could do this back home
Without being a disgraceful son

He makes me forget for a moment-ary
But all this is temporary
Because I can't enjoy it
As much as I hate to admit

Because how is it fair
That I am the one
Who sees both worlds
But lives in one

Back home everyone is the same
We have a number, not a name
We all abide to a single conformity
Without ever really feeling free

The rich rule the land
While the poor fail to take a stand
They work so hard
For an unattainable reward

My people struggle and die
Without ever really knowing why
But I do
And you should too

¹ *kababayans*, countrymen in Filipino