

Poetry Collection By Aubrey Velez

My Apologies To Sunday

Please send my apologies to Sunday
For I did not mean those harsh words
I know it is forever overshadowed by Saturday
It's broad shoulders providing everyone a day of rest
The time to take a breath

And I know Monday lurks around its quick corner
Its threats of early alarms and small talk forever haunt my dreams
Its presence is too strong to enjoy what comes before

Please send my apologies to Sunday
For I know it tries its best
To offer the same relief as its predecessor
And take away from what comes next

So please send my apologies to Sunday
Because I'll miss it when it's gone
Monday's hours drag on so long
That it actually makes me miss the worries
For what was yet to come

Please send my apologies to Sunday
For I always wish for a change in time
To go backwards or forwards
But once I'm there the wish is forgotten
And the cycle begins again

Please send my apologies to Sunday
Even though it cannot hear me
But the week has made me weary
And its light at the end of the tunnel promise
Is holding me together
honest

Please send my apologies to Sunday

And maybe bring some flowers too
For I only know what I am taking for granted when I am too far gone to choose
Too far gone to choose to look at things with a glass half full
The promise of its full length emptied, hurts like an age old bruise

Identity Poem

It was one lonely night
A family vacation where no one felt like family
At least not for me
But then it was the waiters at a restaurant in Sag Harbor
Each from a different place with a different story to tell
But language was what connected everyone
And over a plate of platanos and a little spanish
I was one of them

I was three when I bumped my head
That's the first time I heard the words
"Sana oh sana colita de rana..."
Agua de florida dripping down my face
That's my first memory of it

Next was the learning
Sneakily learning a language that hid all of the secrets in my home
I lost most of it now
It hurts to think about

Then the food

I no longer eat meat
But all it takes is the thought of my grandmother's picadillo
and my mouth is suddenly watering
It's hard to stay away from the pernil at family gatherings

I use the word pendejo as often as I can
My bisabuela was known for using it fondly, or not
Either way it brings me close to her

My grandfather, he was the little spanish boy running around
Harlem who carried the blood I hold so dear
I cherish summer nights where we dance to latin music on
our deck
I hope our ancestors look down on us proudly

Maybe it takes me saying it, for one to see it
But that never takes away from who it has shaped me to be
From the memories it gives and gave me
To speak a language I know in fragments
To perfect the bachata
To serve the best bacalaitos
It makes me proud
It makes me whole
It makes me, me
In the vastness that is identity,
it is an essential piece of the puzzle

And though you cannot see it,
It's there
The food
The words
The dance
It makes me them
It makes me, me

Twins

I am an only child
But with the tilt of a head
A laugh
A joke
Or maybe a smile
Suddenly I am a mirror image
“Oh my god I thought you were twins!”

There is a boy who shares half of my DNA
He lives across the country
He is too small to look like me
The distance and time make blood seem thin
No one says
“Oh my god I thought you were twins!”

But walking into an airport convenience store in the middle of a fight
The girl behind the counter
The shock in her eyes
The only thing that could make my mother smile was her exclaim
“Oh my god I thought you were twins!”

There is no specific feature
No eyes
No nose
No mouth
But when you step back to look at the full picture it will all make sense
And I guarantee I'll guess your reaction

My mother's eyes are blue
Mine are green
My hair is dark, passed on from ancestors I will never know
Her's is blonde, a bit of a mystery
Though time is larger between us, it's broken down into nothing
And when they stare we wait for it
“Oh my god I thought you were twins!”

