

# TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

*Edited & Introduced by Wesley McNair,  
Maine Poet Laureate*

Today Richard Blanco of Bethel describes his dream of America as a boy living in Cuba.

### When I was a Little Cuban Boy

*by Richard Blanco*

*O José can you see...that's how I sang it, when I was a cubanito in Miami, and América was some country in the glossy pages of my history book, someplace way north, everyone white, cold, perfect. This Land is my Land, so why didn't I live there, in a brick house with a fireplace, a chimney with curlicues of smoke. I wanted to wear breeches and stockings to my chins, those black pilgrim shoes with shiny gold buckles. I wanted to eat yams with the Indians, shake hands with los negros, and dash through snow I'd never seen in a one-horse hope-n-say? I wanted to speak in British, say really smart stuff like fours core and seven years ago or one country under God, in the visible. I wanted to see that land with no palm trees, only the strange sounds of flowers like petunias, peonies, impatience, waiting to walk through a door someday, somewhere in God Bless America and say, Lucy, I'm home, honey. I'm home.*

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