



Viajera

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I am alive

when I'm t(here)

and when I come back to my
reality



is frighteningly dull
in comparison

the home




is where the heart is

but this place feels so different



more a home than
my(any) house

than every space I
have ever inhabited



every second t(there)
is full of history

I fill in gaps that have long been
empty

gaps I did not know needed to
be filled

gaps I had only begun to notice
after 18

once I am back (leaving
there)



dream

maybe it is because I
don't have a job when I am
t(here)

or maybe it is something
in the hot air



everything is different
when I leave t(here)



and I do not like it

i wasn't born t(here)
never lived t(here)
still

A photograph of a sunset over a body of water. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a bright glow and reflecting on the water. A large tree is in the foreground, its silhouette dark against the bright sky. A folding chair is placed on the grass in front of the tree. The text "it hurts when I leave" is overlaid on the left side of the image.

it hurts when I leave

the experiences I have
t(her)e feel so far away

the further i fly from
my island



like the time
was suddenly
ages ago



hasta el próximo vez
que puedo viajar a ti



