The Roof

I walked up to the 8th story of my building often, the creaking elevator didn’t go all the way up

I would lay on the roof and count bricks, uno, dos, tres… the dark orange clay mixed with red brick lay out a random pattern on the roof. The orange always got so hot in the afternoon, it would burn my skin.

Some days I would sit and breathe in the smoky Spanish air, it’s tantalizing scent intoxicating my senses with the smell of cigarettes and bitter oranges.

Other days I would look down the eight stories below me and study the ground, the grooves in the sidewalk, the way the garden of our apartment was badly kept and overgrown.

I would wonder what it was like to fly.

Then one day on my roof I stood at the edge

I climbed down and sat on the ground of the roof

Thinking to myself with a voice of strength and hope, as my blood pounded in my ears “I can live”