

# **FAMILY**

by

**Comincha Benvenuto**

**Can you imagine, I'm full of you, family?  
That I knew as a child and left as a teen ager  
and that in spite of the distance is always with me.**

**Like the niece that I met the day she got married.  
However when we are together we talk about Perú.  
We look at each other and recognize details, ideas,  
Memories in us united by the umbilical cord called  
family. And that other land, so far away that has  
started to seem, sometimes, I think mythological.**

**And they are also family, the grandson that I have now  
of the daughter married in the United States and  
her second cousins, sons of the niece that also lives  
here and it seems impossible that we are all family.**

**And thinking about the family, suddenly, spring out  
of me cousins and cousins and uncles and aunts, and  
memories of my grandmother and my mother and my  
father and the step brother who died and all of that  
confuses me but never the less it is my FAMILY.**