

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/2

Diana Diaz
Dirty Rubies Are Signs of Yin-Yang

I still remember the cold moon
the day I came to the USA in
November.

Outside, the trees were brown
and broken,

but the fallen leaves on the ground were still elegantly red.

It was the first time, I saw an ocean of rubies outside my window.

The row of houses were like illuminated screens.

Inside, my home was filled with sounds of sizzling pots and pans,
my brothers' video games, and everyday chatter, but my spirit was
completely silent.

In this sublime moment, it was just me and the radiating scarlet leaves.

It was almost December -- all my rubies outside turned to dirt,
and the everyday noises inside finally exploded.

My home was a chaos with all the commotion that my family made.
Just imagine several people surviving in two room and one bathroom.
Everybody woke up at the same time and slept the same time.

Entering high school was like hell -- everyday I felt like the most
insignificant girl in the world.

Without knowing any English, I couldn't communicate -- I was stuck in a
different universe.

I could see. I could hear. Yet, I couldn't understand. And no one could
understand me.

How I could survive like that?

I was trapped inside my own reality -- I was afraid I could fall with no one
to guide my heart.

With time, everything changed -- outside, it was once again an ocean of
rubies.

New schools. New students. New life.



Wilderness House Literary Review 12/2

My ocean of rubies flourished again
because there was always someone behind me
and that someone was god who never let me down.