This poem digs deep into the heard of a young Ghanaian hearing that he will be finally entering the United States to visit his parents for the first time.

Nacho Figueras Part 2

she went to grad school, I was sent to ghana
born in brooklyn, but I left as toddler
I started kindergarten with a photo of my father
my lil' sis thought grandma was mama

American dreaming through 4-hour windows
watching the cosby's, the banks's & winslows's
Is my mom like vivian? Or is my pops like phil?
the thoughts in my mind, as I stood still

I want to see America

At nine years old I had it all
big birthdays and a family dog
I was leaving it all behind
to see my parents, for that first time

my old home was outta sight
my new home was on my mind

I want to see America