**The Balikbayan Boxes Have Arrived**

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in Siocon, and when both titos tear off the tops,

contents pop out: Irish Spring soap, Spam, Colgate.

One loves the Folgers coffee, the other prefers the Lipton Tea.

They refrigerate the chocolates–but not before biting

into a bar. They hold up the pink Himalayan salt

bottle and ask quizzically: *For cooking?*

Over video chat, I explain the items

my partner, daughter, and I had packed Tetris-style–

the dolls and Paw Patrol figurines for my niece and nephews,

the memorabilia that houses the spirit of their Manang May:

photos, stitched art, handwritten documents.

My titos separate the goods, speaking in mixed dialects.

They try on the Hollister shirts and murmur *this fits*

and *wow, so soft.* But they are still wiping

slick cerulean soap from everything drenched

from the Tide bottle. I need to learn how to wrap

better, how to strap tape tightly around corners and caps.

From this land to theirs, all that matters is the memory

molded, unfolding in their home.

Boxes bubble blue on the edges. Roosters crow in the yard.

There, unpackaged: corned beef, steaming inside a lime bowl.