I Am Only An Ocean Because I Resemble A Vast Regret

I mean to say I look like no one and this
is considered my best feature
once a man took my Abuelo’s island
and that is how my mother was born
once my grandmother met my grandfather
because they both fled to the same place
more than once a wound was inflicted
and a hand begged the wound to sing
and the wound wept out its one crimson eye
until there was enough history to make me
I mean to say without trauma I would not exist
if there is no invasion I might just be lonely