Look at me to see
a girl of Latin descent, crowned
Mulata, Boriqua, Cuban-American princesa,
refugee, spic, and twenty-five percent Colombiana.

My hips are wide, my skin is brown;
sometimes, I speak with an accent,
but know this: I chew and swallow and spit
only English. See,

this is frowned upon where I come from,
a part of the dirty south
referred to as Hialeah. I go to Arianna’s,
order a pan con bistec,

but when the waitress realizes that’s all
I can say, she frowns, stares at me
with a cara mierda. I know enough
language to hold my spit, but I’m tired of the race.

Pero, you look so Hispanic? Where are you from?
Well, my Caucasian father fell
for a crazy Cubana. She flung us out the boat—
that was the end of the novela.