

NICOLE M. PREBLE

## The Non-Latina

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.