

23 and X

By

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I am mostly white

So my kit tells me

A check here, a box there

Tells me who to be

The science is delivered

Without question or care

I am mostly white;

Question science? O do not dare!

But my African roots

With their deep and furious growls

Make me kick my boots

When I hear a samba prowl

My caramel skin bakes

To a shiny chocolate glow

White teeth glisten

Like no white skin can show

Taino, Quisqueya, Boricua

Does not show

Their box insignificant

Delivers me a blow

My grandmother's stories

Of native island glory

Placed in 'other' in a kit

My dark eyes and plump lips
 Reveal a familiar descent
To strong frame and full hips
 Which made traders oft spend
My ancestors reveal
 The carnal struggle within
To stand, not kneel

No whiteness can deny
 How blackness oft defies
The tyranny of bondage
 Even in one's own blood

I am mostly white
 It says
But it did not confer
 With the Afro-Latino in me
 That refuses to defer.