On "Looking" Ethnic

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filmography


Hilda Llorens

On “looking” ethnic

poem

I became ethnic the day I left my fruit filled “exotic” island of yellows, greens, and red rainbows
and arrived at the continent made of cement paved skies of dark shadows and pale faces
with piercing bright “un-ethnic” eyes
where my brown skin became the bullet that penetrated the beasts blue heart
my ethnicity is the proof of my demise and sometimes my existence
I am ethnic, I act ethnic, I eat rice and beans with platanos,
I wear hot pink and orange outfits in the coldest day of the winter season
I dress my taina face with bright red lipstick accentuating my overly enlarged
African lips
the scent of my ethnic perfume of the ripe island fruits I left behind somewhere in
the Caribbean ocean
I shake my ethnic hips to the rhythm of conga beats and dance to the rituals of my ancestors
I cannot hide the burning fire in my warrior speech
which yells to the world my “ethnicity!”

Hilda Llorens is a graduate student in anthropology at the University of Connecticut.
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