On "Looking" Ethnic

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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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