

99 WRITING

Are You White?

by Isabella, 826NYC

TYPE
POETRY

I am not tan from the sun of my island,

But I have Bachata flowing through my blood.

They ask me, “Are you white?” ask me why

I have fair skin,

green eyes.

Being pale Latina means that

I am too dark

And not dark at all.

I am too Latina to be white and too white to be Latina.

But I am still told to put on more sunscreen at the beach.

Look at her long brown hair and skin

They think,

How exotic.

How beautiful.

But me, I am a white girl, a *gringa*, a *pocha*.

My skin doesn't make me Latina enough.

I embrace my culture.

I speak its language,

Eat its food.

As far as I'm concerned I am just as Latina as she is.

No one can deny me of that.

Oh, and by the way,

No, I am not white.