to be brown

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to be brown

DESIREE GARCIA

I know you said you're sorry. I know you said you misspoke, but we misspeak all the time and it isn't because we're uneducated. It surely is because we have to be so calculated with our thoughts. That's all they stay as because if my brown skin is too loud I might lose my ride, though I misspeak so often and yet you ask me how to say -insert phrase in Spanish here. I am not your translator, please pull out your latest smartphone and go on with how your car takes too long to warm up even though there are cars ambushing brown and black and brown and black. Except not him because he doesn't even look Mexican right? You may say we should live in peace but there is no peace in the hands you lay upon us, there is no peace in the costumes of my dead you paint upon your already white face. I'm so tired of our memory to be left without a trace in our history books except the courtesy paragraph in the margins. I should be grateful for that much or so I'm told. But please, continue to eat our food when your palate might feel bland. Continue to advocate for my preservation on this land surely for the enlightenment on social media. Continue on with your warped idea of feminism but insist upon grooming my unkempt body hair. This is the culture. I know you couldn't truly understand and it isn't your fault but please regard our blood and our efforts when we 'steal your jobs' to try and sustain. God forbid we only sustain. I shouldn't have to fight in order to stay alive but I will, and I will write and cry and write.
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