

Don't get me wrong,
I love my white friends.
They should love being white.
I only get pissed,
when having it all ain't enough,
when they think they're the victims—not us.

Accentless I speak.
A pleasant white noise
but never, quite, white, enough.

Assimilated, vacillating—
in limbo 'tween cultures,
branded Americano by the Mexicano but not fully accepted by either.
Affirming my perception that
Being Born Brown on this side,
is a call for rejection.

A whitewashed,
hollow brown shell,
filled with white reverberations
that echo and bounce against tall walls.

Expediency made it right to be white,
let the chips fall where they did.

No time to prevent a cultural demise.
So we push and shove to survive,
like a twelve-pup litter
feeding off a *Ten Tit Bitch*