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Shit Gringos Have Said To Me

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“Hey, sooooo like, what are you?”
“No, but like where are you reeeeeeally from?”
“Were you born here?”
“Where are your parents from?”
“I looooove tacos!”
“Do you have a big family?”
“Ooooo! Muy caliente!”
“Mmmmm... spicy Latina!”
“It’s just a joke!”
“Can you teach me curse words in Spanish?”
“You’re not gonna start calling me papi, right?”
“Ayyy mamacita.”
“Say something in Spanish!”
“Are you seriously using the race card right now?”
“Is your last name Hernandez? Rodriguez? Gonzales?”
“Holy moly, frijole!”
“Ughhh I wish I was as tan as you!”
“I love that you’re so curvy!”
“You speak funny.”
“I wish I had a Latina chick’s body!”
“My girlfriend is Mexican too, I think you’d like her!”
“Do you speak Mexican?”
Dear white people,

Fucking stop.

My race isn’t some kind of card I can play whenever I want to. This is my identity. It’s not a tactic I play when I’m facing prejudice. Stop asking where I’m “really from.” Mexican is not a language. Stop sexualizing my body. Stop fetishizing Latinx bodies. And for the love of God, don’t you EVER call me mamacita.

Sincerely,

A Brown Mujer who is sick-and-tired of your sexist and racist bullshit.