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Beautiful Women

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Beautiful Women

Sarah Guevara

T hey ask, “What are you?”

They will label me as an immigrant.

Until they don’t hear an accent in my speech.

Until they find out I was born here.

Then, they will ask me, “Why is your skin so brown?”

I mention my mother.

They will label her as an immigrant.

Until they find out that she too has no accent,

And she was born here.

It is not until they ask about my grandmother,
that my eyes begin to water and my emotions, visible
like a glass window,

They know!

They will label her as an immigrant, an alien.

But I,

I will label her
a strong, brave, beautiful
Mexican woman.

That’s who WE are.