

SECOND PLACE

Enfinity Glover

James Hillhouse High School, New Haven

Lo Siento

I fit so well into curry green
and cornbread, made fresh; ready for Whitney Huston to sing under
Spades and cookouts.

I am hybrid, weaving my splintered bachata into old box braids,
lo siento mi familia,

I would never dare spit Spanish words,
so I left Cayey born eyes to bleed
onto the culture you tell me is mine. I know I don't
have hair like hermana or
rolled r's like mama.

dime cómo esto tiene sentido:

I speak part english and
when dunkin work customers pour spanglish

I am: *Quieres un café caliente?*

Beating curse of muted Latina. I need to prove

I am three kings day ritual, finger-picked by
Jesus cross on walls and cars, on sundays.

so when I can't spread goya

into arroz amarillo the way I can coil my kinky curls into
hot made porridge and BET movies,

lo siento, am I

kicked out of the family?