Bleached

White knight, with a white beard,

in a white coat, and a white hood,

rode in on a white horse, dealing out white sheets

to be torn apart into white flags.

White men can’t jump,

but they can sure shoot.

Wave that flag proudly, they teach.

Our color, they impeach.

Jesus, they preach.

Hyphen American,

Deciphering a mirror can defy the error, can

denounce the terror

of another pallbearer.

“Spic, I love your hair

it’s so curly, so

strong, so shiny.

Is it your real hair?”

“But it’s too black, you see,

too set in its own tone.

And your ass too round,

your lips too full.”

This integration is

Disintegration.

Stick to the coffee ground, *suelo.*

Smell the Bustelo.

*Derrite caremelo.*

*Acción afirmativa fue tu anzuelo,*

*sincero, sin celo.*

*Pierdas consuelo,*

*Pero ganas recelo.*