

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Tomorrow's Voices Today: Rosie Flores

Rosie Flores · Wednesday, August 2nd, 2017

### Vitiligo

You're a brown girl turning white

My pigment is lost in most areas of my skin  
 I've let myself be consumed by one color  
 When in reality there are millions I find beauty in everyday  
 I'm not a brown girl turning white  
 I'm the red, the green with the beautiful bronze eagle killing the snake with its bare teeth  
 I'm the summer dances with twinkling lights and gold saxophones in the middle of the street  
 The christmas where Los Reyes Magos put smiles on the future's faces  
 Rosarito's banda norteno playing while the yellow sun set's  
 I'm the clear water being sprinkled on the red strawberries and apples  
 The brown hand fighting off the bees and the ants  
 The brown girl who lives and rides with millions of people  
 The brown girl who uses the juice from a yellow or green lemon as hairspray  
 The brown girl who witnessed death before her  
 The brown girl  
 The brown girl  
 The brown girl with white patches who's only ever liked dirt roads and dirty toes

You're a brown girl turning white

I'm the house filled with the la virgen de guadalupe at every corner  
 Picture frames that are never updated  
 The long, brown, wooden table that contains mismatched chairs and a deck of cards  
 The brown clock that never works  
 The cabinet filled with wine glasses no one ever uses  
 I'm the thick, furry blue blanket with the lion and the stars  
 I'm the girl with white skin, green eyes, and small lips  
 The girl with dark skin, brown hair, and wide hips  
 I come from bronzed freckles and light skin  
 The kind that raises two kids on a gender wage gap of 25 percent  
 I come from working and slaving just to be underpaid  
 Red roosters as alarm clocks  
 Blue hummingbirds as snooze buttons

I come from cartoned water and prayers in pocket  
Living in a three bedroom brown house with five cousins

You're a brown girl turning white

No, you only want to get close to me when my melanin is golden  
I come from the true savages you forgot to burn  
I come from the deeper the melanin, the deeper the slashes  
I come from the more you put us down, the more we return  
I come from 'I am not exotic, I am exhausted'  
I come from the same city you were born in  
I come from you when you came in 1492

You're a brown girl turning white  
You're our creation that I hate

I'm the brown girl with white patches whose pigment has still lost in most areas of the world  
We've let ourselves be consumed by one color  
When in reality there are millions we find beauty in everyday

I am not a brown girl turning white

I am every color that's ever been hidden from me

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