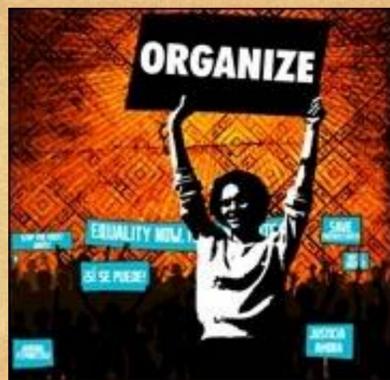


On the Trope of Identity



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Creative Project Overview:

My creative project is a short story, and a collection of poetry that encompasses topics such as: assimilation, cultural identity, and gender norms. My collection of poetry discusses the internal conflicts I have felt in regards to claiming my identity, as a Latina. The feeling of not belonging anywhere is the reason, why learning about Chicano history was important. Although, I still feel “ni de aqui, ni de alla,” (not from here, nor there), and that may never change. But I have accepted both dualities, and embraced these two rich cultures that that have influenced my world perceptions.



Alignment with Theme:

The course description is Border Crossing, Cultural Negotiations & the Search for Identity, as first generation Mexican American, and as a woman these two identities have played a key role on how I interpret my environment.

“Wonder, Who Are You?”

Wonder finds logic Ignites with the ugly truth Which does not exist	The mind blurs the truth Beating heart lost in a sea Collecting puzzles
Smell the building blocks They're not what they appear Empty sentences	Money runs the world Greed is the spark plug, I see Can you smell the smoke?
The womb is bleeding Logic and fear is not met The innocent bleeds	I cried wolf, no one... Hope was lost in the darkness I followed the trail
Mother Earth is sad God is laughing, can you see? He is the elite	Wonder knows nothing. Knowing does not prevent the truth Just slips the veil off

“Beneath the Stream of Consciousness”

In my blood flows the blood of the oppressor and the oppressed. My body carries the weight of history. I'm the symbol of colonization.

Colors cry from beneath my skin. Cortes claims triumph over puddles of blood. Can you hear the screams? Of my ancestors.' Tears shake the ground beneath us.

The color of my skin is made up of different pigments. The rainbow illuminates my skin. As light as a rose petal, a chocolate brown, like Montezuma brown skin, and as beautiful as the Saharan desert.

My DNA forms a chain of enslavement. I'm the byproduct of rape, and I am the rapist.

My indigenous roots are crying to merge from my pores. I've denied them repeatedly. I have silenced my tongue, I'm the lost child of Aztlan, seeking a home. I'm losing my language for the second time,

My grandmother turns in her grave.

“About Me”

I like my coffee to be sweet and bitter. I like my tea bitter. I like the smell of paper. I like ink stains in my fingers tips. I like wearing no makeup. I like wearing makeup. I like being one of the boys. I like being one of the girls. I like beer. I prefer vodka. I like the smell of cigarette smoke. I'm not a smoker, I can be a social smoker, I'm not a smoker. I like different hair styles. I have messy hair, I don't like my untamable hair. I'm grateful to have hair. I love staring at the ocean. I'm not strong swimmer. I love the smell of pumpkin empanadas. I miss my mother's cooking. I miss my niece's toothless smile. I miss my Luna, meow. I miss my old room. I like breathless sceneries. I love the feeling of sublime. I like people, I don't like people. I'm scared of others thoughts, I'm more scared of my own. I like Sailor Moon. I like music videos. I like to daydream, a lot. I love house music. I love Mana. I miss my mother's village, blissful silence. I like high heels, I hate high heels. I love jewelry. I don't like wearing too much jewelry. I like to smile. I pretend to be happy, sometimes. I love coffee shops. I love the aroma of coffee. I wonder why people look smarter in coffee shops. I like to pretend I'm smart. I don't like to think about the past. I'm excited for an imaginary life. I love dancing. My hips don't lie. I like to surprise people, I don't like surprises. I'm not so ordinary, mostly complicated. I'm full of sorrows, and optimism. I love learning. I'm scared of my student loans. I love being in love. I hate letting love hurt me. I'm strong, I'm weak, I'm mentally strong, I'm mentally weak, I wish, I could control my thoughts... I like being me.

Sources:

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