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White Chick Blues

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White Chick Blues

Drowning my sorrow in cheap white zinfandel,
I listen to a white boy whine
through songs stolen from the brothers
turning undercurrents of ancestral pain
into shallow ponds of misery to skip
angst pebbles across.

My injuries aren't deep enough to touch the marrow
they're just bad paper cuts, burning and itching
when I pick the scabs, only feathered scars remain.

I look to my sisters to dress the wounds.
Buy I have no sistahs, no chicas,
no compeneras to stroke my hair
comforting me because they share my sight
and my reflection.

My community of dim pale lights
only reaches in a nuclear circle.

When I look for an us, I only see them.

I can pretend I'm a pedigreed princess instead
of a melanin deficient mutt.

But I'm left digging for my roots in a chia pet garden
coming up empty every time.

I can't hide that I'm just Idaho gold inside
and the shoestring fries tie me
to them,
binding my hands,
rubbing my salted wrists raw.

—*Sherilyn Mehnert Moore*