Untying My Tongue

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by Raynise Cange

Identities:
Positioned by the past
My father left my mother for a sea of vanilla
I find myself swimming a few yards behind
There is a contrast when we lay next to each other
But I have grown use it
I normalize so we can entangle our bodies
But can this love disenfranchise

Positioned within the past
I often question can I do better
Or has history trained me
Trained me to believe that there is nothing better than her pale skin
Is dark skin not worthy of my love;
But what happens when I look into a mirror

I am fragmented identities;
Different genealogies spread from my arms
I try to reconcile
To love myself
To love the woman who looks like me
But is loving her revolutionary
Or was there a revolution that made this love possible