



'Siblings in America'

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Siblings in America

Jessica Mintzes

I am not what you expected
Your American mind categorized
My skin the moment you saw me
You saw me, but not my history
You looked at me through
American history

I am –
We are not what you expected
One blood, two bodies
Same parents, same history
“But, how?” you ponder, wonder, ask
Understanding comes easily
once you know our history

But you never thought to question
Why you never knew this before
Your American mind somewhere else
Stuck in the present-past
You saw him one way and me another

In him you saw the desert
In me you saw somebody else’s past

| *Moveable Type 14 (2022)*

You did not see that I'm a map

Trace the exile – dispersal –

homeland – foreigner.

Friend?

What does centuries of diaspora

do to the skin?

Same blood, same history

This confuses your American mind

People not easily categorized,

Our square peg to your round hole

Our skin not a one-size-fits-all

A people erased from classrooms,

Boardrooms, and history

“But, how?” you ask

Confusion etched on your all-knowing face

Understanding comes easily

once you know our history