

river city

Summer 2000 Volume 20, Issue 2

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What You Are

Between Halloween and Martin Luther King Day, little Ramona forgot her language, started to leave it at home the day her classmates laughed. The day she picked up a dirty piece of paper when the teacher really told her she'd dropped a glove.

That's how it starts, the *señoras* say. When a piece of you drops off, and you pick up something else instead. But nobody gives you that other piece back.

You have to fight for it. Like Ramona's cousin Gloria who went back to the island when she was nineteen because she was all-English, and the family said she wasn't Puerto Rican anymore, like she always thought she was. She was cool and what the fuck man. She even thought you made sancocho from a can.

No way, Gloria says to Ramona. Ain't nobody gonna give you back your culture once you leave it lying there like a wrinkled piece of paper. You have to put your name on it. Purple with plantain stains on your fingers. Puerto Rican. *Puerto Riqueño*. If they ask you, that's what you are.