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Surreal Self Portrait

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Surreal Self Portrait

Gabrielle Kelenyi

No creo en las coincidencias:
Thus, half Puerto-Rican-half
German-and-Hungarian exorbitance.
I am a cultural experiment—
For I was raised by too many white folks
In a plush neighborhood of ignorance
And bliss
And boredom.

I am permeable and in excess;
Thus, I am myself y mi otra,
(a)live like ideas in auxiliary masks.
Hay una ineficaz de palabras de contenerme
Because I am ambiguous—
What does it mean to be exceptional?

“It’s a condition.”
Or is it a duration—
What does it mean to be recognizable, identifiable?
Words are (as) inaccessible, unacceptable.
Yo estoy terriblemente bendecida;
Or maybe I am inadequate.

What is a sense of self?
It’s a way towards exits.

But am I defined by mis sueños, their dreams?
I am the production of happiness
From my parents
For my parents

On the mañana cálida I was born
The sky splintered into stars,
Watched me,
And dazzled,
As breathtaking as shiny knives.

My insides still tremor like poppies in the breeze
Es decir, con una maldita manía.

My windswept mind:
Betrayed by deviance,
Saved only by the intervention of words
Spewing from absent eyes
under veils of sombras rotas.

The other day, I wanted to draw
A picture of a girl without the language
Of my brother in her ear,
Without the discrimination of dirt
Underneath her fingernails.
I wanted to arrange her outside
The confines of her names
Full of dubious hollows

(Like the worlds I write)

The savage shadows under my eyes never die
Por que todo lo hago bien
Except when my ravings burn into my genius
Then I just write.