

I am the fruit and flower of my grandmother's tree

"Behold the man!"

Someone I used to know hollered at me from across the room

Pointing fingers and faces joining in agreement.

They point at the space that my body occupies.

They point to my beard, my shaved head, my class, my russet potato skin,  
my calloused palms, my dark hands stained from the days labor.

"Behold the man!"

Say again these men, white and suburban.

They pour more drinks to my image but I mumble,

"I don't know who that man is  
he is not me."

I am my mothers child I am the fruit and flower of my grandmothers tree.

I am fit saying that I am their son too but,

"I don't know who that man is  
he is not me."

"Behold the man!"

The men celebrate at me amid an ideological wet dream.

Not bothering to ask me how I feel: trapped inside this bag of being.

Confused, I am strong, gentle, nurturing, and callous.

I am not like the boys in my family. I find too much beautiful and worth falling in love with.

I carry this blood; I carry this heart proudly in glitter, like my mother and her mother  
before her. I smile and say:

"I don't know who that man is  
he is not me."