

## Ethan Fernandez

FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL | 11<sup>TH</sup> GRADE

I'm ashamed.

No one knows me, Not even me.

I'll never find happiness in this life because it's never really ever meant for me. I know my name but I'm ashamed of it, maybe if I change it back, she'd love me again. My mother I mean; She don't look me in the eyes no more she only sees my mistakes, my messes, my name...

I don't think she would. She's gone and I can't get 'er back. No not my mom but my mommy...she's gone. Though I wish she was still here because I've never heard an I love you before, no I'm proud of you. No smile from her for me. She slapped me once and looked me right in the eyes and I knew, God I knew, I'd never have my mommy back.

Maybe I deserve no mother because I already lack a father; Looking up to men who ain't even my daddy because I just need their approval even if they become too touchy.

I'm sorry for being jealous of you all, I just want to be at the top to see if some adult would be proud of me, I work hard, I do my best to be number one. Yet it's never enough because my efforts mean nothing, they drain in the sink that I try to rub my pigment. The color of my skin off in. but it ain't working.

There ain't anyone like me, but there'll always be better. I'm ashamed that I've got no family, I'm ashamed I might be turning into the people I resented the most.

I got the body of a woman but it ain't shaped well enough. I got a muffin top but I ain't no muffin. I'm not the right type of thick with two c's, I'm not the right type of skinny either, my Shoulders are too big and my hair just ain't right, still insecure of how tan and how white I can be that I don't notice I'm writing. I'm writing out my anger, how frustrated I am that I have to grow up with no father or mother who love me, no one to hold my hand or take photos of me at any of my graduations, I am mad that I'm Mexican-American and that my terrible Spanish is beautiful in the eyes of white people, I'm mad that there are people who want me dead for being me for being a POC And for being queer and maybe looking like a woman. I am mad that I'll never have my childhood back.

I'm mad that I got a whole lot of trauma but not enough time to write a poem about it.  
I'm ashamed of being me but I think I could start learning how to be.  
proud of myself.

