

APPENDIX B: Angela's Poem

Hola. Me llamo es Angela y yo soy Colombiana. And, um, just for the record. This is the best photo that exists of my biological mother. It's her driver's license, and it was from 1990.

Born in Bogota.

Columbia.

Adopted.

Identical twin sister.

White parents.

White school.

Elementary school year. I am White.

Blended in with classmates. Never truly realized skin color was darker.

White. The norm. The norm. The norm.

Position myself to relate to a culture in power and luxury.

18 years on Earth. Finally found her.

22 years on Earth. Become immersed with different ethnicities.

Finally.

Years of identity. Years of other. Years of White people. Years of uncertainty.

Columbia.

Research.

True Colombian?

Rituals. Practices. I know none.

I know guilt for lack of knowledge.

I know America. I know privilege.

I am White.

Targeted for my skin color?

Only four times. Only four times. Only four times. Only four times.

I know the number. I know the number because it hurt.

I hurt like hell.

But beside that I have never been targeted.

I have never been the recipient of racist or prejudiced remarks.

When I find out my biological father's identity, if I find it out, if he's still alive, this will only get more complicated.

I am American. I am Columbian. I am White, and I am Brown.