

She, I

By Analie Fernandes

I,
I am a culmination.
Newton stood on the shoulders of giants
I have been carried by them,
sometimes gently, cradled and rocked,
more often grabbed, dragged, lifted away
Their histories have been carved
into my skin,
my body (though far from sculpted), a sculpture
A memorial
paying homage to those who have come before
Mirror's honesty permits no escape
I see:
my mother's bushy hair,
grey, now
that grey holds:
crack of dawn mornings, rounding on patients
the worries of three small children,
Bruised knees, tantrums in grocery stores
Her hair, my hair: where does the difference lie?
A matter of years, a few shades
In the mirror
I see:
a crooked smile, the legacy of my great grandmother
Much of her has been lost to time
All that remains is
one old photograph, a handful of stories, and
Her half-cocked smile, here in the middle of my face
She, I: I, She
I
am the product of decades
of sacrifice,
determination,
vision.
I am what they all worked for. I am here
I am a culmination