

Afro-Boricua is Me
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The lightness of my skin has many questioning the validity of my African kin – though at times not their own fault, lack of cultural education is the culprit, the reason for the absence of intellectual ancestral thought

Those who know me best know that my roots I will never deny, I am Afro-Boricua, I won't allow anyone to strip me of my crown, so they shouldn't even try

Don't let the brightness of this skin fool you or lead you astray, I am in touch and in love with my Blackness, my ancestry, the drums that make up the rhythms of my heart each and every day

Yes, in the genetic battle my European ancestry might have thought it won, but it only fueled the fire within to acknowledge and honor the Taíno caciques and African warriors that ruled sacred lands through connectedness with the elements that even through slavery could not be dimmed

My kinky curls dance in the breeze wild and free each and every strand is a reminder of the rebelliousness in my spirit that makes me proud to be me –

On some days, I wrap my head not for the style or to be in fashion, but in reverence of my ancestors who overcame so many obstacles, tyrants, masters but for their land, people and culture never lost compassion

Although I am latte the espresso is what expresses me and my connection to our history so grand – yes, I am a light, fair, bright skinned Puertorriqueña but I don't give a damn because despite what some may believe...

Morena is who I truly am.