

Ode to the White Woman Body Check

To the white woman body check.
To the anticipated, inevitable, overt examination of my body.
The up and down exploration of my form.
The analysis of my exotified shape.
The sudden pause at
My hips.
My Latina hips.
The look of confusion at my hips.
Shouldn't they be telling a story of a maid or evil seductress?
Shouldn't they be hidden or tucked away from sight?
The fixation on my hips.
The obsession on my largest racialized feature.
The look of disgust at my hips.
Or is it envy of...
The sensation of comfort and fullness.
The foundation of strength.
The wonder of womanhood.
Where the rhythms of Héctor Lavoe
Crescendo with each shake of my hips.
My Loud Latina hips.
No...
They will not be silenced.
They will not be shamed.
They will not be reduced to rice and beans.
To fit into a world that oppresses
You.
Keep staring.
Keep projecting.
Keep puzzling away.
The white woman body check
Won't suppress the power and beauty that is
My Latina hips.