

## Other

By Abigail Hora

Color.

I see it everywhere here.

Black, White.

Yellow, Red, Brown.

Perhaps mixes as if

a child couldn't decide

Which one was its

Favorite.

Mixes I will never know.

Except my own.

No one will understand it  
quite the same.

An absence.

A lack of awareness for

i s o l a t e d

Freaks. Hybrids. Abnormalities.

“Pick only one option.”

African. Caucasian.

Hispanic. Native American.

Asian. Pacific Islander.

I am “other.”

There is no organization

For *other* here.

It does not matter.

It is not our time.

Who are we to complain

while visible minorities suffer?

Unfair to steal the attention.

We must manage.

Hide ourselves.

Wait our turn.

A turn that will not come.