

You hop onto the chair for your fifth grade school picture,
traditional black hair hanging down your back,
smile stretching from cheek to cheek,
excited and ready for your vibrant personality to shine through.

You were told to sit still and smile.

“Open your eyes more!”

“How can you see?” “How can you see?”

“How are you **supposed** to do math problems with
your eyes closed?”

Just sit still and smile.

How are you **supposed** to change something you were born with?

Are you *supposed*?

You see?

How with your eyes closed?

You wish you didn't hear it.

You imagine how the words floated out of his mouth.

You see your eyes in the photo and wonder.

Just sit still and smile.

Five years later

You still wish

You still imagine

But are you able to see?

Just sit still.

Slick black hair slipping straight down to the floor as she glides across the screen
like the bow of a violin you were *supposed* to play. A mirror image of you.

You sit still

You wish it could always be like this, not being the dreary logical friend who's name is irrelevant.

But having a mirror image

Not the part of the extra called "asian waiter #2" or the "tiger mom" protecting her well studied tiger cubs from a CSU.

But having the fog in the mirror clear away, revealing *you*.

You want to see your lean eyes as the protagonist that simply swoops in and saves the day. The one with the happy ending love story you are not **supposed** to have.

You imagine what it would be like for your youngest sister begging for an "American Lunch" to understand she is her, just as much as you are her. The main character of your own story instead of the shadow lurking in the background in a white walled world. Front and center, exactly where you are not **supposed** to be.

Wishing

Imagining

Seeing you in her

Her in you,

One together

the same.

The same lean eyes you were **supposed** to use to score a 1600 on the SAT.

The same short physique hunched over where you were **supposed** to sit left bench.

But instead you look at her. You see her standing tall for her picture. Not white, not black, but the grey that happens to blend so easily into the image. She stands now shining with vibrance, smiles cheek to cheek.

She is now you.

You are now what you wished for, imagined, and what society *will* see.