

Spotted Personality

A dot.

You have been splattered onto the wrapping as a single black dot – independent.

Stains drench your mold but you still exit kinned circle.

The flight is long,

long ago as well.

You don't remember much from your years in the place where acceptance is not guaranteed.

You have a faded recollection of your skyscraper and attending school from the crisp morning to the last bus ride.

Coming to this new place makes you feel like your dot is accidental, dirtying the sheet of clean white wrapping. You are not the wood beneath the fire nor the flames themselves, but the small unwanted sparks flying off the blaze.

You come to an American school.

You have three minutes to do the sheet of math problems. You look around at your classmates with different skin tones from you. You don't say anything because you are new and your English isn't very strong. You look down at the problems and complete them within a minute. "Of course he finished fast, he is Asian," you hear. You feel as if water was poured on your accidental dot, thinning out the color until you are just a grey splotch on what was once completely white wrapping.

You are an American citizen. There are many people who try to discredit you, but you know who you are. A black dot. Independent. And you continue to evolve.

The sun has been rotated around a few times and you have broken from your kinned circle. You have lost most of your Chinese but you can speak English easily and your accent is gone. You

take hard AP classes and hear people say, “that class is full of Asians.” You brush the comment aside as you are no longer a single dot on a sheet of wrapping.

You are more than just a black dot - you have expanded to be many colors. You have made friends who accept you for who you are. When you hear comments about your race you laugh light-heartedly or fire something back. You are grateful for what you have and where you are. You are grateful for who you’ve become.



Art Enthusiast by Van Gough