

Ivory 505
Sarita Sol Gonzalez

When I walk down the drugstore makeup aisle
I look for
CoverGirl Clean matte pressed powder shade Ivory 505
the lightest shade they make
My grandma looks for Classic Tan 450
a sunkissed golden tone
my mom looks for buff beige 125
a warm peach tone
Yet I am still the most *güera* with
Ivory 505
Since I was little
Mi Familia has called me *Güerita*
Little girl
With golden curls
Hazel eyes
Light skin
It is meant to be a term of endearment
But some of us *güeras*
are starting to get a complex
Feeling like an outcast with my own *gente*
Stumbling over my tongue just to talk with my *abuelita*
Constantly having my authenticity questioned
Trying to prove that I am just as *Chicana* as they come
I was born and raised in the 505
A place where my community thrives, lives, and loves
A place where the Sandía mountains Rise out of the ground as if Mother Earth was reaching up to grab our
Zia Sun
The 505
where White sand dunes glitter and shimmer like snow in the moonlight
lighter than the sand on the banks of the *Bosque*
but it is still New Mexico *tierra*
Just like the dark brown sand from *Santuario de Chimayo* that heals and protects my soul
the 505
where the powerful current of the Rio Grande flows through
and heals my heart
she sings to me
I know all of her songs
holding my culture close
Every step I make I'm dancing to a *Cumbia*
Every breath I take is a prayer to *La Virgen*
Every word I say has a hint of Spanglish
My heart tries to sing *boleros* at midnight
My ears are always listening for *chisme*
I can take *carilla* from *mi familia*
And yet to some, I am still not *Chicana* enough
Sometimes I feel just like Abraham Quintanilla:
"We have to be more Mexican than the Mexicans, and more American than the Americans, both at the
same time! It's exhausting!"

I am tired of running this marathon
I am tired of jumping through hoops

I am tired of trying to fit in your mold

My Spanish will always be on the *poch*o side

My *tortillas* will never be perfectly round

My looks will never be that of an Aztec princess

But my love for *mi cultura* will never fade

And this *Chicana* still carries her Ivory 505 compact in her back pocket