

The Poet Confesses

My name presents a certain image,
tells you much of who I am,
affects the way you read my words.
Names, though, can lead astray,
can lie and cheat and even steal.

For I am slim and shapely —
see how my breasts strain against
the thin fabric of my pseudonym,
see how the deep warm melanin
creates the glossy richness of my skin,
how the epicanthic folds produce
twin almonds of my eyes.

Go back and read what I have written;
now what does it mean?