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## **Racism makes us foreigners**

For many  
The hardest thing about being a foreigner  
Is having to explain  
Is having to answer  
To the eternal,  
The endless question,  
Where are you from?  
Where are you from?  
Where are you from?  
D'où viens tu??  
Where is she from?  
Da dove vieni?  
Woher kommst du?  
De dónde eres tú?  
But more difficult  
Is to be a foreigner  
In your country.

To have a darker skin is to be born foreign  
To have a darker skin is to be alien  
To the land that saw you born  
To have a darker skin is to be  
Constantly expelled  
With speech  
With gestures  
With the look.

Since memory helps me  
The incessant question arises:  
Where are you from?  
My surprise at the question  
But above all,  
The surprise  
Disbelief  
Mockery  
Suspicion at my response:  
From here.

The insistence of my interlocutor  
The repetition of the question  
This time,  
Waiting to be answered  
With what he wants to hear:  
The claim that no  
I am not,  
I cannot,  
I do not owe,  
Be from here.  
My answer again:  
From here,  
From this world,  
From this Universe,  
Just cause disappointment

Who questions me  
Is not sufficient  
My answer is not enough  
It doesn't satisfy you.  
Now,  
The stubborn questioner  
Want to know about my family  
Where they are  
How many  
As they are  
To make sense of it  
To what for him,  
It is absurd,  
Nonsense.  
That I  
Same as her  
Was born here, in the same Earth,  
From a Mother

May my darker skin  
As  
That yours white  
It is also from this country.  
The racism  
makes us foreigners  
In your country,  
I am foreign  
since I was born!

- Pablo Iturralde (adapted from E. Pineda)