

The A's of My Name



The first day at a new school.
The tacky back of the name tag.
The pressure applied to my blue striped shirt.
The labeled sticker stays on like a fingerprint.

My name is written on it;
First, middle, and last.
It's a nice name, I think.
Almost as nice as the cursive used to spell it.

Ana. Maria. Herrera.
My name is made of A's,
Five to be exact.
Five's a number good too; symmetrical.

I've always liked my name,
Not because of its meaning or history.
I just like how it looks on paper.
How balanced it sounds.
For each of my names ends with an A.

Ana. Maria. Herrera.
A's are exceptional, every student strives for one.
The poker ace is the highest card too.

Ana. Maria. Herrera.
My name is made of A's.
A...language, a...cry, a...shame.
A's lead the sentence. They lead our speech.

Ana. Maria. Herrera.
If quickly said my name sounds like,
On a myrrh of her era; a wordy phrase of nothings.
It's not supposed to sound like that.

But names are who we are.
How others know who we are.
The way someone says our name;
It tells you everything they think of you.

But... it's the wrong tone that leaves the bones,
The bones of the common mouth when my name is sounded.
The double r's left unrolled.
I am always Anne-ah but never Ah-na.

Ana. Maria. Herrera.
A's here are different. I've known that my whole life.
Here A's are harsher, yet duller.
They still lead our speeches but are left uncared for.

Ana. Maria. Herrera
I am made of A's
But they are uncared A's,
And names are who are...
The tacky back of the name tag doesn't fight back,
Not when I rip its very flesh off my blue striped shirt
The teacher hasn't and doesn't even need to say my name.
I know already know...she won't say it right

Ana Herrera

