

Etymology's Apology

Karla Pastrana

Karla is what they named me.
Because it's the female version of
my father's name.
Never to have a son named after him so place it on the last one.
They say I should feel honor which I do,
But please tell me why I feel so blue?
Can you show me the view you all see of it?
Put me on your shoulders give me a tour?

But I already knew why the Hyacinth in my world is being invasive.
In our tongue, my name is a blank canvas.
Just the shadow of the man I was named after.
I thought this was the 21st century!?

Why is it that my sister's name has more color than mine?
Was there nothing to inspire?
Was it laziness or disappointment?

Then someone who I didn't know existed
claims I'm a copycat of theirs.
Don't you know this is a common share?
I'm no copycat,
I carry the name of what should have been a male heir.
Just keep adding more water to the funeral flowers
that keep creating a flower crown.

On a quest, I go to international museums
to see something other than pale silky skin.
Nope, my name has been forsaken there too.
Hiding in the shadows accumulating dust once again.
Being the reflection of another who isn't me.
How come my name is simply the female version of another.

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But I guess beggars can't be choosers.
At least the meaning I share is one I can get behind.

It is a remind,
That I am a fighter.
Man warrior.

So, look at me in the face etymology and
Apologize, apologize, apologize!