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## Packaging

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## **Packaging**

*Rosa Benitez*

Severely dismembered into  
fragments of a stereotype,  
clichés tagged on our limbs.  
Processed, sold to the public,  
generations solely remembered  
as a certain type of wrong.  
Tightly packed, I breathe.  
Smells of cigarettes, cannabis,  
the alcohol permeating and  
placing words on each lip  
that doesn't care to look  
for a source.  
I wanted to be something  
more than just a tag  
on the face of America,  
where we are suddenly known  
for the roundest of bellies, in  
debt with our own morals.  
I haven't managed,  
and although my lungs have  
tasted each fume,  
as a second-hand smoker,  
and a silenced liver at the  
sight of alcohol alone.  
Gone bad from waiting,  
among the prime cuts that  
have been pumped with  
hormones and experience.  
Still mixed among each product,  
mass produced, ready for consumption.  
I have no composure,  
hysteria loosely tied  
around the edges of sanity.

There are no voices, but  
the silence that beckons change,  
that asks the impossible from me.  
To conform to the ideas others have of me,  
holding my breath as I'm processed with  
the rest of my generation.