

**LECTURA**

## Dos nombres, dos mundos

En el siguiente poema, Jonathan Rodríguez reflexiona acerca de su nombre. ¿De qué manera su nombre lo ubica en el mundo? ¿Es una máscara, un escudo o un contenedor?

Hi I'm Jon.....No — Jonathan  
 Wait — Jonathan *Rodríguez*  
 Hold on — Jonathan Rodríguez  
 My Name, Two names, two worlds  
 The duality of my identity like two sides of the same coin  
 With two worlds, there should be plenty of room  
 But where do I fit?  
 Where can I sit?  
 Is this seat taken? Or is that seat taken?  
 There never is quite enough room is there?  
 Two names, Two worlds  
 Where do I come from?  
 Born in the Washington heights of New York City  
 But raised in good ol' Connecticut  
*un estofado tradicional latinoamericano* — The smell of freshly mowed grass, autumn leaves  
*Sancocho*, Rice and Beans  
 The sound from Billy Joel's Piano Keys  
*Cantautor dominicano* — And the rhythm from *Juan Luis Guerra*  
 I'm from the struggle for broken dreams  
 of false promises  
 of houses with white picket fences  
*Campos de la República Dominicana* — And 2.5 kids  
 The mountains and *campos de la Republica Dominicana*  
 And the mango trees  
 I'm not the typical kid from suburbia  
 Nor am I a smooth Latin cat  
 My head's in the clouds, my nose in a comic book  
 I get lost in the stories and art  
 I'm kinda awkward — so talkin' to the ladies is hard

*cantante dominicano de merengue; grupo de bachata* — I listen to *Fernando Villalona* and *Aventura* every chance I get,  
*estilos de baile* — But don't make me dance *Merengue, Bachata* or *Salsa*— I don't know the steps  
I've learned throughout these past years  
I am a mix of cultures, a mix of races  
*raza negra, blanca y taina* — "*Una Raz encendida, Negra, Blanca y Taina*"  
*una canción* — You can find me in the parts of a song, *en una cancion*  
*instrumento de percusión* — You can feel my African Roots *en la Tambora*  
*utilizado en el merengue;* My *Taino* screams *en la guira*  
*instrumento de percusión* And the melodies of the lyrics are a reminder of my  
*utilizado en República Dominicana* beautiful Spanish heritage  
I am African, Taino and Spanish  
A Fanboy, an athlete, a nerd, a student, an introvert  
*yo soy dominicano* — I'm proud to say: *Yo soy Dominicano*  
I'm proud to say, I am me  
I am beginning to appreciate that I am  
*una bella mezcla* — *Una bella mezcla*  
I am beginning to see that this world is also a beautiful mix  
of people, ideas and stories.  
Is this seat taken?  
Or is that seat taken?  
Join me and take a seat,  
Here we'll write our own stories<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Jonathan Rodríguez, poema sin título.