

(ALIEN BLUEPRINT) BROWN STUFF FROM SPACE

MONOLOGUE - A BROWN WOMAN

By: Valeria Osornio

“The stars,” that’s what I’ll say when they ask me, “So... where are you really from?”

Me? Oh, not from here. Look up there. (*Points to the sky.*) That’s where I’m from. I am... an alien.

And no, I’m not pointing up because I don’t know which way is Mexico. I mean *up there*. And shit, yes, I know—I know—I look brown. Brown-ish? Mexican? Mexican-ish?

Um... different...?

(*Looks off into the distance, lost in thought, then shakes head back into the moment.*)

Yeah... so it doesn’t matter where I’m from, because to society, to the white man, I look “Alien.” To them, I look like I have a big head, abysmal pitch-black eyes, gray skin. To them, I look like I want to “phone home.” Oh—wait—no, different alien. Sorry. I get confused. What’s the difference?

Right. So yeah. Where am I from?

Oh, not from here. Up there. Of course. I mean, I know, I know—I look like I’m not from here. Me, with my spooky dark brown hair and threatening dark brown eyes. With my words that mix and match between two different languages, my English flawed and syncopated. Me, with my walk—a walk of rhythm, of salsa, cumbia, bachata—dances that fill me up inside, rhythms of my ancestors, of the homeland.

So yes, I get it. I get it every time I look in the mirror. Every morning when I examine myself—my nose, my eyes, my hair, my... “immigrant features.” Whatever those are...

Alien, alien, alien, alien... You know, I hate—yet love—that word. It sounds weird when you hear it said out loud so many times like that. Alien, alien, alien, alien. So often I hear it—in my head, in my country, all around—usually being tossed about next to the word *illegal*. Funnily enough, I’m not. I’m not illegal, and it’s okay—you don’t have to believe me. Because I know... ugh, how I hate it. I hate it when it dreadfully comes after *that* word—illegal.

Fuck that word. Fuck those people who use it with pleasure, with fake authority, as if they’re so sure of who they are. Fuck those people who use it to stab, kill, and dig me, my family, *mi gente*—the strange, the different, the extraordinary—out. Out of our homes, our culture, our

roots, and then bury us in graves—graves built for us by their privilege, graves that will be forgotten if we let them.

But *alien*—I love the ring it carries. *Extraterrestre*. The idea of not being from here, from this planet. Being from some undiscovered world. And by God, I hope they stay that way too, because could you imagine? Imagine if we, as humans, got our hands on them? Doomed—that's what they'd be. Doomed like us. Ha! (*Shakes head.*)

Still, I love the idea—the idea of being from undiscovered ground, ground that hasn't been tainted, spoiled with the filth of human power and greed. Ground that hasn't been stumbled upon. I mean, honestly, no one discovers anything—they just accidentally stumble on it and take it as their own, like children. Children who cry “finders keepers” at the first glance of something shiny and sparkly.

Then it's true—I'm alien... unusual, unknown, unfound, not-belonging, from nowhere, not from here nor there... yet everywhere. An alien made of stardust. Star stuff? After all, aren't we all? Starstuff?

Yes—call me alien, don't call me alien. Although, I think I'd much rather prefer something more real, more interesting—like Lady Stardust, Brown Starstuff, or Alien Blueprint—because... where am I really from?

Me?

The fucking stars.