

Yo. Welcome. I'm hype you're here.  
I'm ELIZABETH ACEVEDO



I hail from New York City and I'm the youngest child and only daughter of Dominican immigrants (Wepa!). I've gotten all kinds of schooling: from learning the essential elements of writing and performing at the little park on my block, to receiving a BA in Performing Arts from The George Washington University and an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of Maryland. I've been a part of corner cyphers, and fancy workshops and I don't put those credits here to big myself up, but just to pay respects to the academic and non-academic settings that inform my work; that forced me to find my voice and taught me to take up space.

I been writing and performing for a long-ass time; been on television, given TEDTalks, traveled all over the world and all over the country on tour. I write both poetry and fiction and it's not a stretch to say, I love language. I commit wholeheartedly to the mission that my mother's stories will not die with her. I believe wholeheartedly telling my own story is an act of love and survival.

On some real tip, reading and writing changed the course of my life and because of both I now understand myself better. My hope is that my work does that for someone else. This is not my official bio (although you can find that below, if you'd like). This is my personal invitation for you to explore my website, to interact with my work, to find joy here and to be boldly moved to let your own joy loose upon the world. official bio  
ELIZABETH ACEVEDO was born and raised in New York City and her poetry is infused with Dominican bolero and her beloved city's tough grit.

### **Self-Portrait of Eve as a Cardi B.**

Yea, I ate it. Cuz, fuck it, I was hungry. & apples are natural appetite suppressants. Can't be mad at a girl for being worried about her figure, nah mean?

Ah, you still think the snake talked me into it? Please. I lived with Adam. I been knew about snakes in the grass. Didn't you know he was always dry-snitching on me to Pops? Shit, even blamed the apple on me like I forced him to take a bite—, like a bitch don't be greedy, why the fuck would I have shared?

Nah, see, I'm a charmer. I asked the snake to find the reddest apple, to rattle his tail like a dinner bell when he did, and damn that shit was juicy sweet. I didn't even wipe my chin. Why the fuck would an untamed thing ever crave a shepherd, when all she ever needed was the wild of her own wool?

### **Dominican Superstitions**

For sleeping: Don't fall asleep with your knees up or you'll invite a ghost to mount you.

For ghosts: Never ask them what they want. That's some American shit.

For ghosts that won't leave: Use frankincense.  
Conduct a rosary circle. Lead them to a tree that guards gold.

For nightmares: Upon waking speak your dreams into the air—the witnessing daylight will prevent them from coming true.

For nightmares in which teeth shatter like crashing dinner plates:  
Someone you love has died. The teeth always know.

For menstrual periods: Don't touch any child not your own and don't wash your hair until you've bled for five days.

For the evil eye: Cross yourself and stay away from folks who would give a compliment but not follow it with a blessing.

For reading or eating: Don't do both at the same time.

For kitchens: Open an oven or open a refrigerator but heat and cold air

should never mix in the same body.

For men: Feed them well and feed them often, the fatter the man the more likely he's too heavy to leave.

For cheating: Watch out if you skip a hoop while fastening your belt—one time too many means someone else has been minding your man.

For superstitions: Treat them all like salt, scatter them before you leave let them cling to the soles of your feet.