

I have always traveled back and forth between the kingdom of Saudi Arabia, my birthplace, and the United States. I have found that the cultures in these countries where I have spend the majority of my life are as different as day and night. Moving between these two cultures has left me in a sort of limbo, where everyone I know from Saudi Arabia would characterize me as the “American”, and everyone I know from the United States would characterized me as the “the Saudi.” The way everyone else felt they could be the author of my identity left me feeling lost. Instead of looking to the world around me to find a solution, I turned to my own imagination. I conjured up the image of a volcanic mountain piercing a sky that glimmered like the ocean. Atop the mountain is where my mind placed the impossible combination of a snake and a wolf. In his pearly black eyes, I saw my own reflection and realized that this creature was representative of my cultural limbo. For me, this piece is representative of social justice because self-authorship is an act of political resistance against dominant structures that generate labels and narratives of who I am supposed to be. This piece is my attempt exercise agency in naming my identity: I am a Snolf.