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## A Lie

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# A Lie

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Gabriela De La Torre

My dad calls, “¿Cómo te va, mi chula?”

I lie. “Bien papá, todo bien.”

“¿Hay algo que no te pareció? ¿Quieres que vaya por tí?”

“No papá, gracias.” I fake laughter.

The truth is – I’m not telling him the truth.

I’m not really okay.

I am not telling him everything.

I’m not telling him  
that everyday I feel like I don’t belong.  
I don’t tell him  
about the looks me and my friends get on the bus.

I don’t tell him  
about the men in their trucks,  
revving their engines,  
as I hurry on the crosswalk.

I will never tell him about the man at the bus stop.

Never.

I was not hurt, but I felt so unsafe,  
like  
I am not ready for the real world.

My dad has always told me,  
“Gabby, no sabes lo que hay allá ‘fuera.”

Rebellious I replied,  
“Well, I will never know – if you don’t let me.”

Well, he let me,

and

I don’t feel as brave as I used to feel.  
I am not as fearless as I used to be.

I bought pepper spray.

I look over my shoulder constantly.

I don’t feel safe.