

CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives

Volume 6

Article 8

Ama

Arianna Bucio

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos>



Part of the [Bilingual, Multilingual, and Multicultural Education Commons](#), [Chicana/o Studies Commons](#), [Civic and Community Engagement Commons](#), [Community-Based Learning Commons](#), [Creative Writing Commons](#), [Curriculum and Instruction Commons](#), [Domestic and Intimate Partner Violence Commons](#), [Educational Sociology Commons](#), [Ethnic Studies Commons](#), [Feminist, Gender, and Sexuality Studies Commons](#), [Gender and Sexuality Commons](#), [History Commons](#), [Inequality and Stratification Commons](#), [Latin American Languages and Societies Commons](#), [Latina/o Studies Commons](#), [Modern Literature Commons](#), [Politics and Social Change Commons](#), [Race and Ethnicity Commons](#), [Reading and Language Commons](#), and the [Theory, Knowledge and Science Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Bucio, Arianna () "Ama," *CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives*: Vol. 6, Article 8. Available at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos/vol6/iss1/8>



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial 4.0 License](#)

© 2016 Department of Critical Race, Gender & Sexuality Studies (CRGS) at Humboldt State University.

This Counternarratives and Reflections is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Digital Commons @ Cal Poly Humboldt. It has been accepted for inclusion in CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Cal Poly Humboldt. For more information, please contact kyle.morgan@humboldt.edu.

Ama

Arianna Bucio

Ama,

desde que estaba chiquita,
I always yearned to understand you.
I could never fathom
how you could love someone
who thought that fear
was synonymous with respect,
y los golpes, sinónimos con el amor.
He constructed my idea of love,
con sus manos llenas de polvo y concreto.
I felt trapped
in the house he built
Y mientras los años pasaban,
el eco de sus gritos se quedaban
dentro de estas paredes,
I sought refuge
in the arms of a boy
que me pintaba un mundo
lleno de rosas y sonrisas.
He tells me pretty words
when he doesn't make me cry
And when I do,
he tells me
I'm pretty.

Ama,

por primera vez,
te entiendo.
I saw you
when I looked in the mirror
This twisted idea of love
causing me to repeat
the same codependent cycle
I blamed you for.

Al fin,
entendí lo que
era empatía
Y al perdonarte
por creer
que esto es todo
lo que el amor podría ser,
Me perdono
a mí misma.