

Silencio

Noemi Gonzalez Maldonado

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Silencio

Noemi Gonzalez Maldonado

I am me, I am my mother, I am the countless other women who cannot or will not speak for themselves. In my weakness, solitude and confusion vivo por ella. La desterrada, la maldita, la cualquiera, ella que solo quiso salir adelante. Soy la hija maldita de mi madre, la que sin clase ni sangre pura puede desenmascarar al violador, al abusador, al pederasta que se topa solamente a la niña who does not know better, la niña who with her heart full of love, hope and dreams is an easy target for this pinche vida culera.

In many instances of my speech, the same questions in Español y English emerged. Why do you speak such harsh words? ¿No sabes tú que nuestro señor nos enseñó a perdonar y olvidar? It will only hurt you in the end, to hate and to rage so deeply, why can't you just seek love and peace?

Perhaps

Because as a person of color, I stopped fantasizing about a white knight in shining armor saving me and sweeping me off my feet. Perhaps because my daddy issues aren't the type to fantasize a man 20 years my senior but rather fantasize his power based on his skin tone.

Perhaps

Porque en la obra de mi poetisa favorita, *Para un Revolucionario*, la mujer es maldita y hechizada para siempre servir en la sombra de un hombre cuya pasión por la libertad no se extiende a "su casa" con la liberación de "su mujer."

Perhaps

I was meant to be my own rebelde not bajo las instrucciones del gran subcomandante insurgente Marcos.

Perhaps

Because I was full of rules instead of love. I knew a lady conocia her place, una señorita knew when to listen and when to callar; Note that una señorita was never allowed to speak out of turn, not that she ever had the mic.

Perhaps

I understood too well that little boys are taught by observation that a woman is as disposable as their toys. Note: boys make war with their toys.

Perhaps

It was the reason why I read poetry so much but I loved writing it even more.

What does it mean to be me? Or you? To be?

Agotada, aferrada, trasnochada, adormecida y poderosa

To know family is the most important thing even if it's toxic. You don't disrespect your father even if he has defiled and with his own hands dishonored his own last name. I am a human descended from gods and I am powerful. I am more than what my culture limits me, more than what society restrains me, and so much more than I allow myself to believe.

I'm Chicana, brown, and not at all the basic standard of beauty of the states. I'm exotic, I'm a rarity and all who place their hands on my hips think I would make a great bearer of children. My struggles aren't my own, but rather that of countless other women that like me stand in the shadows of men that cloud their thoughts. I understood that my existence was resistance.

Resistance from the colonizer. Resistance to the pesticides force fed to my mother while I was in her womb. Resistance from generational trauma. I was a person, my own person. All flesh, blood, heart and soul and no one could take that away from me. Resistance and yet en mi comunidad de estudiante aunque yo sea "libre de crear mis propios pensamientos" I am still indoctrinated, I am manipulated, coerced, confused and drained of my finances. My heart beats agonizingly angry to be taught under a white institution en un mundo que sirve al hombre blanco heterosexual, una mutación de genes incapaz de sobrevivir la furia de Huitzilopochtli and the grand Olmec bird monster ruler of the skies.

The need for lenguaje and words but the lack of iniciativa to speak will leave my hermanas with a fist in their gargantas but I will not be choked and perhaps un día soleado, quizás nublado, we can learn

about the way nuestras voces tiemblan y retumban. I will speak in my broken English, I will say *accept, tomorrow, community, and immigration* with my thick accent which passionately slips out reminding me who I am and where I come from. As if I am not already reminded that “it only comes out when you’re angry” or “you cannot tell” that my first language is an inheritance of la conquista de Hernán Cortés.

I am passion, everything I do has a purpose.

I am loved.

I am loud, annoying, and unapologetic.

I am my mother’s daughter.

La loca, la cínica, la descarada, la sinvergüenza.

La desvergonzada

La malcriada

La que nunca se calla

La que busca problemas

Perhaps

A boca cerrada no entran moscas

Pero... dios ayuda a la mujer que calla y obedece

Quizás

Yo no soy el titere to your puppeteer.

I am my mother’s daughter yo digo lo que ella nunca dirá

I am the many things she refuses and denies.

Act II: Las apariencias engañan ... y los sentimientos también.

Act I: was thinking saying nothing was better than speaking.

I am passion, reincarnation, love, rage, and indigenous, the last link to patriarchal servitude.

Take my house, Take my limbs, Take my womb, Take my land and my Tongue because with it I will build foundations of language and gouge out your eyes so within your hollow shell I can make a home for me, for my sisters, and my children. You can beat me, you can humiliate me, you can pluck out every last one of my hairs but you will never cut out my tongue with a dull blade forged with the hammer of injustice. I will keep Spitting, Spelling, Moving, and Making words and sentences for the Revival, Survival, Preservation and Growth of all my people. I am angry and you should be too.