On Division Street; The Night I Met Lolita Lebron

Erika Abad

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Cover Page Footnote
This article is from an earlier iteration of Diálogo which had the subtitle "A Bilingual Journal." The publication is now titled "Diálogo: An Interdisciplinary Studies Journal."
ON DIVISION STREET

Do you see me when I’m there:
On the hammock of hope
where the hyphen is more than a hungry island
An undiscovered territory
Do you see when I’m there:
In between words in two tongues
que me tocan antes de decir
Te quiero
Te necesito.

Podras entender:
The two realities in our eyes
not the black or the white from which we see
but the colors in between, dancing, mixing, blurring?

more than colors define us
Do you see why I stand—do you see how I am:
The smile that comes when I cross under the flag
Walk down the street
En donde tengo pelo bueno,
Rizado. Like the roots that come from many forests
Different seas.
Te das cuenta de nuestras manos
Guardando el futuro doblados, enterrados en la tierra
Las raíces de la ceiba that wave towards the sun
Saludando porque el viento nos mueve, no por el deseo de hacerlo.
Do you see me, how I sleep
Ear to the earth, listening,
Waiting not for what returns
from the East since it left with the West:
silent n still, the black, blue purple tints
in many spaces, but at night
it’s not the shade of the sky
I need to change
Because, if you could see when I’m there
If you could see me when I’m there
Then you wouldn’t be asking me to leave.

THE NIGHT I MET LOLITA LEBRON

On the spot, me preguntan me exigen escribir
Sentir todo lo que significa estar aquí
Como puedo encajar en cariño de hermanas
La fidelidad de compañeros
Tantos años alejada de mi corazón
regresé sin pensar quien fui
Perdida contenta con la
Comodidad de no saber a quien necesitaba
The youth that moved me,
Sisters who embrace me.
Now knowing now growing to
Change, discomofited by what I cannot do at home
Not enough to save this space this place that has
Made me whole
Though confused in constant shuffle between
Contentment and misery for the poverty
Of light and fight that we face day to day
Alone—but not here, in front of the faces
Filled with the fire that reassures me
On this street my heart has finally found its peace.