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no more barbed wired fences; october 12, 2013

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ire'ne lara silva
Chicana

no more barbed wired fences

not here. i won't bear them anymore, no more demarcations. no more chameleon. no more masks. i will not hide myself. will not divide myself. i will not be silent when the words want to burst out of me. i will be a poet everywhere.

a poet in the doctor's office. a poet at my 8 to 5 bread and butter job. a poet on the bus. a poet in my home. a poet in the bookstore. at the grocery store. a poet when i am sick and a poet when i am strong. i will be a poet with or without poems in my hands. a poet with or without new poems on my tongue.

i will be a poet in this town in that town in this country in that country. i will be a poet when i am angry when i am sad and when i am content. a poet when i am remembering and when i am forgetting. a poet when i am sleeping and when i wake. i will go back over all my childhood girlhood young womanhood memories and remember that through all those years i was a poet too.

in the first thirty five years of my life i ceased to be a poet near my family. poetry didn't exist. words had no power. art had no power. vision had no power. and so i crumpled all the heat and liquid metal that lived inside me and spoke poetry. i crushed it until it was cold and silent and black. until i could be daughter sister aunt but poet didn't exist even as a whisper.

i returned after being gone a handful of years. returned after death had come and gone. i had to fling away the memory of barbed wire. its weight. its sharpness. and you would not see me because i would not cease to be poet.

sister, my blood is poet now. my flesh is poet now. my eyes are poet now. poet lives in my bones now. life is not long enough for me to run from one face to another, one life to another. i cannot live in a series of boxes. i cannot strip away what i am so that you can understand the little of what/ will remain.

i am a poet and even the air i breathe is poetry.
October 12, 2013

521 years still mourning the losses still carrying the scars under our skin pain that pricks that writhes that pierces we remember with hollowed eyes mourn what we do not even know mourn losses too immense for names collapsing in fits with weeping and wailing butchered hair scattered on the ground give me smoke for my hands ashes for my skin flames for my eyes something more than loss should name us kin something more than the land riven wounded bloody something more than flags or their absence speak to me in the language of the sky so that we recognize one another weep with me remember with me one year or five centuries always we are still mourning