

RELIGION

When **God** speaks all the time, people become deaf. They don't hear the cry of the poor and of those who suffer. They become full; they no longer walk and hope. They don't dare to do anything. They no longer endure. **God** remains silent so that men and women may speak, protest, and struggle. **God** remains silent so that people may really become people. When **God** is silent and men and women cry, **God** cries in solidarity with them but doesn't intervene. **God** waits for the shouts of protest.

-Elsa Tamez

POETRY

-Jose Marti

¡No sé bien, señora hermosa,
Lo que sucedió después:
¡Le ví a mi hijita en los pies
Los zapaticos de rosa!”

Se vio sacar los pañuelos
A una rusa y a una inglesa;
El aya de la francesa
Se quitó los espejuelos.

Abrió la madre los brazos,
Se echó Pilar en su pecho,
Y sacó el traje deshecho,
Sin adornos y sin lazos.

Todo lo quiere saber
De la enferma la señora:
¡No quiere saber que llora
De pobreza una mujer!

“¡Sí, Pilar, dáselo! ¡y eso
También! ¡tu manta! ¡tu anillo!”
Y ella le dio su bolsillo,
Le dio el clavel, le dio un beso.

Vuelven calladas de noche
A su casa del jardín;
Y Pilar va en el cojín
De la derecha del coche.

Y dice una mariposa
Que vio desde su rosal
Guardados en un cristal
Los zapaticos de rosa.

Love

There is no special **love** exclusively reserved for romantic partners.

Genuine **love** is the foundation of our engagement with ourselves, with family, with friends, with partners, with everyone we choose to love.

While we will necessarily behave differently depending on the nature of a relationship, or have varying degrees of commitment, the values that inform our behavior, when rooted in a **love** ethic, are always the same for any interaction.

-bell hooks

*F*emininity in general is seen as frivolous. People often say feminine people are doing “the most”, meaning that to don a dress, heels, lipstick, and big hair is artifice, fake, and a distraction. But I knew even as a teenager that my femininity was more than just adornments; they were extensions of me, enabling me to express myself and my identity.

My body, my clothes, and my makeup are on purpose, just as I am on purpose.

-JANET MOCK

FEMINISM

H O P E

And God must be a pretty big fan of today, because you keep waking up to it. You have made known your request for a hundred different yesterdays, but the sun keeps rising on this thing that has never been known. Yesterday is dead and over. Wrapped in grace. Those days are grace. You are still alive, and today is the most interesting day. Today is the best place to live.

Jamie Tworkowski