



As children of immigrants, we have a special type of burden: attempting to heal intergenerational trauma AND diasporic trauma.

This is more than a loss of language, or a search for home, or not feeling enough in either of my countries: I am continuously devastated by the implications of trauma on the endless generations to bound from my broken body and spirit.

I'm always up at 3 am taunting myself with the same questions like:... See more

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I find this post and event particularly relevant in light of my own anniversary and the rethinking of the decisions that brought me to today

Unlike Louie, this has a more immediate and gut wrenching feeling to me. Will my kids (if any) or my partner know Chile like I did, more, less. Do I ever know the Chile of today versus the Chile I know and the Chile I remember.

I was an an adult when I moved to the US and mom was already here... but it

was a learning experience, not always fun but certainly

Subo al techo a ver el huracán Y me senté a esperar Y sin pensaar Saco fuerzaas de done no hay Dejo mi mente en libertad Vagabundear

No, I don't regret the choice of leaving. I do question the choice of not returning. Part of me is at peace with the 20+ extra years I've spent in the US and part of me regrets the missed events and the missed friends.