

Barrio Beat

Volume 02
Issue 01

A Literary Magazine // Revista de Literatura



SUMMER 2021

EDITORIAL COLLECTIVE

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SUBMISSIONS

Barrio Beat particularly encourages emerging artists from diverse backgrounds to submit their work.

Information about submitting can be found on our website.

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Front Cover Image Taylor R. Genovese

Back Cover Image Taylor R. Genovese

contributors

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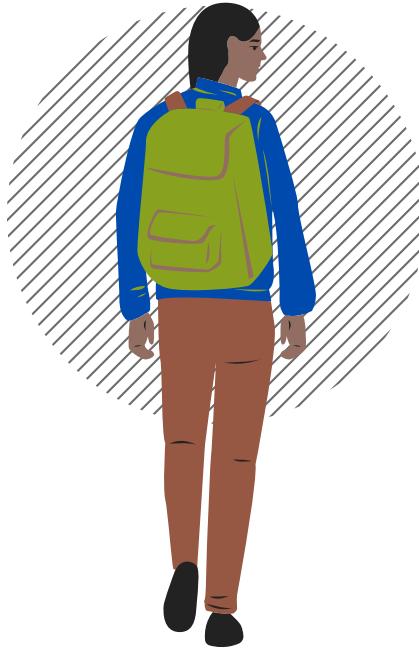
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Mike N'tchoula was raised in Togo. He has been passionate about music and dance since childhood, and these passions led him abroad to China. Upon returning to Togo in 2015, he found governmental oppression. This resulted in him seeking freedom in other places. His journey to the United States began in Brazil. Later, he found himself in a Sonoran Desert detention facility, in immigration detention. He spent a year in detention, not able to listen or play music. He is now a legal resident and records music with Legal Alien Records. He has released several musical singles this year.

Mike N'tchoula es un apasionado por la música y el baile. Su pasión comenzó en Togo, su país de nacimiento. Y esto lo llevó a vivir en China. Cuando regresó a Togo en 2015, la opresión del gobierno le obligó a buscar la libertad Americana. Su jornada empezó en Brasil, como tantos otros, larga y difícil. Y como José en la Biblia, pasó un año en detención de inmigración, en medio del desierto de Arizona, esperando contar su historia, un año sin oír o tocar música. Ahora es legal y trabaja con Legal Alien Records. Ha publicado varios singles este año.

A recovering economics professor, **Steve Slavin** earns a living writing math and economics books. The third volume of his short stories, *To the City, with Love*, was recently published.

Cecilia Valenzuela is a Chilean retired educator, volunteer with Casa Mariposa visitation program to incarcerated asylum seekers, member of Contigo and the NEA (National Education Association).



¿Dónde Estoy?

mike n'tchoula

¿DÓNDE ESTOY?
DEJÉ MI PAÍS PARA SALVAR MI VIDA
SIN SABER ADONDE IBA, PERO SEGUÍ ADELANTE
DEJÉ ATRÁS UN BUEN TRABAJO, POR UNO MALO
DEJÉ BUENOS AMIGOS, POR AMIGOS MALOS
DEJÉ BUENOS LUGARES, POR LUGARES EQUIVOCADOS
PERDÍ MI LIBERTAD DE VIDA
AHORA ENFRENTO UNA VIDA EN PRISIÓN
TRATÉ DE LUCHAR POR OBTENER MI LIBERTAD
DE PARTE DE MI PROPIO JEFE
PONGO MI ESPERANZA Y FE N LAS MANOS DE ELOHIM
ME DI CUENTA QUE EL DORADO NO SE ENCUENTRA
A NINGÚN LUGAR DEL MUNDO.

SIN SABER ADONDE VOY
PERO SIGO ADELANTE
ME ESCAPÉ DE LOS MAGOS, Y ME ATRAPARON LOS
GANGSTERS
TRATÉ DE COMPRARLOS Y SOBORNARLOS, Y AL FINAL ME
DEJARON IR
CONTENTO ME PUSE EN MANOS DE UN PODEROSO
SEÑOR PARA QUE ME RESCATARA
Y BUSQUÉ PROTECCIÓN
UNA VEZ MÁS, HE SIDO SECUESTRADO.



photo alamy

Me and Bobby Kennedy

steve slavin

-1-

I never formally met Bobby Kennedy, but I did once alter the course of his life for maybe five minutes. Since then, I have always felt a certain kinship with him. Had he only lived longer, who knows what he might have achieved.

My relationship with him began on a beautiful fall afternoon back in 1964, less than a year after his brother, President John F. Kennedy, was assassinated. It was a few weeks before Election Day, when President Lyndon Johnson would be running for a full term, and Bobby Kennedy would be running for senator in New York State.

I was hanging out in the storefront clubhouse of the Eleanor Roosevelt Independent Democrats on the Lower Eastside of Manhattan, trying to figure out how we could distribute piles of cartons of campaign literature. We had all kinds of neighborhood characters dropping by, sometimes giving us political advice, but rarely offering to help out.

One of my favorites was an elderly man with a long white beard, who told us his name, but then confided that everybody called him "Uncle Sam." I can still remember two of his sage observations.

"You want to know what is wrong with the name of the Republican Party?" he asked, while rolling the "R" in Republican.

"Sure."

"Re means against; public means the people."

"Great!" Carlos observed. "The Republicans are against the people!"

Smiling at his bright pupil, Uncle Sam was ready to disclose his second observation. "Do you know what is right in the middle of the Democratic Party?"

We all just shrugged. Uncle Sam waited, wanting to give everyone a chance to guess. And then he told us: "The Democratic Party has a rat in it," again rolling his r's.

We just shook our heads. The man was perfectly right. We invited him to join our club. As he left, he said he'd think about it. But in the meanwhile, we should consider changing the name of our club. "Eleanor Roosevelt, she is a living saint. But think of getting rid of 'Democrats' from your name."

-2-

As much of a character as Uncle Sam was, he did not come close to Mrs. Clayton, who burst into our office one afternoon and demanded to know where our Robert Kennedy glossy photos were. Indeed, where were they? We all looked at each other and just shook our heads in shame.

"Are you trying to tell me that you don't have any?"

We sadly agreed.

"Can any of you please answer this simple question? How can you call yourselves a Democratic club if, just weeks away from the election, you don't have any of Bobby's photos?"

Mrs. Clayton was a very nice-looking Black woman, maybe in her mid-sixties. And she seemed quite comfortable expecting answers to her questions. But I couldn't get past wondering why on Earth she was wearing a fur coat on such a warm day.

"What? Do I have to do everything around here? Who's going to drive me up to Kennedy's headquarters on 42nd Street?"

None of us had a car. "Mrs. Clayton, if you can get some Kennedy glossy photos for us, I'll be glad to take you up there in a cab."

"You're on, young man!"

-3-

Fifteen minutes later we arrived at a large storefront that served as Kennedy's campaign literature depot. There, I saw cartons piled eight or ten feet high along the walls and a whole bunch of people, most of whom looked very busy. I heard quite a few Boston accents among them.

Mrs. Clayton walked in as if she owned the place, and for all I knew, maybe she did. She buttonholed a middle-aged guy with red hair and the beginnings of a potbelly, and told him that she needed a few carloads of Kennedy campaign literature for this boy's club on the Lower Eastside.

"Who yah with?"

"The Eleanor Roosevelt Independent Democrats."

"Never heard of 'em."

"We're on the Lower Eastside. We're a Reform Democratic club," I replied.

"Oh, we already sent a whole pile of stuff tuh the Regular Democratic club down there - the Lower Eastside Democratic Association. Why don't you get some from them?"

"Are you familiar with the Hatfields and the McCoys?"

This got a big laugh out of him. "Mrs. Clayton, you can take whatever you need."

He called over a couple of guys to help us, and a few minutes later, Mrs. Clayton and I were sitting in the lead limousine in a caravan laden with enough Bobby Kennedy glossies and other campaign material to give out to every Democratic voter in the entire city.

When we got to our clubhouse, Kennedy's workers and our own people quickly filled up our entire space from floor to ceiling. When they were ready to leave, Mrs. Clayton's parting words to us were quite direct, "When you need something, all you've got to do is *ask* for it." Then, she got back into the limo and rode home in style.

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After Mrs. Clayton left, the rest of us started going through some of the cartons. Whatever else might be said, there surely were enough Bobby Kennedy glossy photos, many of which showed him with smiling crowds of people. But there was far too much campaign literature for us to use, even if every household got dozens of different pieces every day.

"What are we going to *do* with all this shit?" asked Martha.

"Hey, I've got a great idea!"

Everybody looked at me. While I was apparently the quasi-leader that day - not to mention the person who'd helped Mrs. Clayton deliver the goods - they were hoping that I was serious.

"Let's dump whatever we don't want in front of our dear neighbors, the Lower Eastside Democratic Association. You know, when I was at the Kennedy headquarters, they told me that those bastards down the block froze us out of our share of not just the Bobby Kennedy glossies, but of all the rest of his literature. So wouldn't it be poetic justice to dump what we don't want in front of their clubhouse?"

Thankfully, cooler heads prevailed, especially since, without a car, it would have been some job carrying all those cartons. And we might have even gotten arrested for illegal dumping.

"OK," I agreed. But we need to make a good faith effort to distribute as much of this as we can. I really *do* hate to waste anything. And also, dumping this stuff would not be fair to Mrs. Clayton."

So, we all went back to going through more of the cartons. After several minutes, Harry called out, "Hey, what should we do with these?"

He read us the title of a stapled packet of printed pages: "Senator Robert Kennedy's Address to the Mizrachi Women."

"Who the hell are the Mizrachi Women?" I asked. I've heard of Mizrachi salami."

"Don't they carry that brand at Katz's Delicatessen? Maybe that's what they're referring to on that big sign they have on the back wall," suggested Carlos.

"What sign?" asked Harry.

Carlos was laughing so hard, he had to hold up his hand for everyone to wait till he could speak. Then he said, "Send a salami to your boy in the army."

Now we were all laughing.

Finally, after we had all settled down, Martha explained that the Mizrachi Women were a Zionist group that promoted education in Israel. *That* certainly seemed inoffensive enough.

I said that I was uncomfortable about distributing this twenty-page handout because it appeared to be pandering to Jews. "Look, I'm obviously a member of the tribe, but I think that while it's fine for Kennedy to address this group, distributing it may be going a step too far."

"So should we just dump them?" asked Martha.

"I have a great idea!" declared Harry. Let's give them out to people on the street, but only if they're obviously not Jewish."

"Sounds like a plan," I agreed.

That evening, as I locked up, I felt we had gotten a lot done, although now we had to get rid of all that shit. On my way home, I saw a middle-aged Black couple standing under a street light. Their heads were bent together, but they weren't talking.

Then I noticed that they were thoroughly engrossed in something they were reading. It was Bobby Kennedy's address to the Mizrachi Women.

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The chances are, you never heard of Samuel Silverman and you're not at all familiar with the Surrogate Court of New York County, aka the court of widows and orphans. Each borough of New York City has two surrogate judges, who appoint lawyers to handle inheritance cases of families who can't afford their own legal representation.

So that's a good thing, right? Not always. And certainly not in the surrogate courts of New York and many other cities. Often lawyers, in cahoots with the surrogate judges, charge very high legal fees, depriving the widows and orphans of most or all of their inheritances.

In 1966, Senator Robert Kennedy decided to put a stop to this practice at least in the Manhattan (New York County) Surrogate Court. Looking long and hard, he finally found the right man—Samuel Silverman, a justice of the State

Supreme Court.

The patriarch of the Kennedy clan, Joseph Kennedy, had amassed a family fortune that would be equivalent to at least ten billion dollars in today's dollars. His hands were far from clean, but he provided his sons with seemingly unlimited funding to run for high political office.

And so in turn, Bobby Kennedy funded Justice Silverman's campaign in the 1966 Democratic Primary for a vacant Surrogate seat. Almost no one in the entire borough of Manhattan had ever heard of Silverman, let alone had any idea of whether or not he might be a good Surrogate.

But none of that really mattered. What did matter were Senator Robert Kennedy's endorsement and Joseph Kennedy's money. But Bobby certainly put his father's money where his own mouth was. He campaigned tirelessly for Justice Silverman.

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One Sunday afternoon in late May, just a few weeks before the Democratic Primary, Bobby Kennedy, accompanied by Justice Silverman, was scheduled to tour the Lower Eastside, making stops in each neighborhood. The tour would culminate in a giant rally in perhaps the busiest intersection of the entire Lower Eastside - the junction where Essex Street and Delancey Street met.

When the caravan arrived in front of our clubhouse, there was Bobby Kennedy sitting in a huge black convertible, and sitting next to him was Justice Silverman. Both of them were smiling and waving to a lively crowd and even reached out to shake a few hands.

The problem was that they were more than an hour behind schedule, and had been long overdue for a rally before what might be the largest crowd in Lower Eastside history. When I approached the lead limo, the driver told me to hop into the front seat.

"We already got lost three or four times. These damn streets don't have any numbers like they do uptown."

"Hey, Boston's even worse," I replied.

He laughed. "You got a point there."

"So you want me to be your guide?"

"Absolutely! We got one more stop to make—the Lower Eastside Democratic Association."

"OK, I said. They're just down the block, but if you're really in a hurry, I know what we can do to save some time."

"You're the boss!"

We slowed as we approached their clubhouse. They had a small crowd, and when they saw Bobby, they went wild. They were expecting about a five-minute stop so that Kennedy and Silverman could each say a few words and maybe shake a few hands.

But I told the driver to speed up and I'd get him to Essex and Delancey in less than two minutes. When the people in the crowd realized that we weren't stopping, some of them started cussing and shaking their fists in the air. I looked back and saw Bobby and Justice Silverman laughing. When he caught my eye, Bobby gave me the thumbs up.

At Essex and Delancey, the police cleared a path for our motorcade, and Bobby and Justice Silverman climbed a ladder on the back of a large flatbed truck. There was an elaborate sound system, and despite all the ambient noise, Bobby could be easily heard even blocks away as he addressed the crowd.

I could not believe how many people were there. Traffic was completely cut off for as far as I could see, and there must have been several hundred thousand people covering every square inch of ground.

I got out of the limo and read the label attached to the ladder. It said, "Property of Joseph Kennedy."

Meanwhile Bobby was teasing the crowd. Of course, he knew why so many people showed up. There was just one person they wanted to see and hear, and regrettably, that person was not Justice Silverman.

I remember his saying, "I know that all of you have been standing out here in the hot sun waiting to meet Justice Silverman..."

There was a vast roar of laughter. Nobody had ever heard anything that funny. They would probably remember that remark for years. I certainly did.

It didn't really matter what Bobby said, or what Silverman said that day. Many of those people would vote for Silverman just on Bobby's say-so. In a few weeks, Silverman would win in a landslide.

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Two years later, the Reverend Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy would die from assassins' bullets.

And now, after so many decades, I still cry whenever I hear Dion's mournful song, "Abraham, Martin, and John."

Here are the last four lines:

*Anybody here seen my old friend Bobby?
Can you tell me where he's gone?
I thought I saw him walkin' up over the hill
With Abraham, Martin, and John.*

And All That Jazz

d.e. kern

I wake and face the hourglass, the tempting shape of time
hypnotizing me with its cambers and sloping turns forcing
eyes into circles like those on a Barbera character struck
on the head by an erstwhile friend or perhaps one of those

Valentine hearts throbbing, an unnatural appendage beating
wildly, the pace somehow out of step with a Saturday morning.
Coffee splatters in the bottom of a glass pot and releases
its scent, laying claim to a new day bound to be a touch acrid

in spite of all our efforts to mellow and sweeten the deal.
This is accompanied by six strings—something about granite
skies shedding tears over Great Plains pains—and first
light edging over the mountains and signaling a raucous

family of roadrunners to strut across the deck like mummers.
Tasks freed from their tidy lists dance on the possibilities and
permutations—everything that seems so possible before the sun
burns a hole through the bridle of this routine, a solitary breath

married to a spiritual pause stirred with a tranquil sigh. Tapping
alludes to time but lets it swing loosely in the vacuum of this
moment while the ghost of Buddy Rich smokes a cigarette
in the corner wishing he could materialize just to berate the brass

one last time. I spin wildly on my axis, caught between
contentment and the need to tell the universe it needs
to focus on bigger concerns than being so fucking malignant,
eating its way through the flesh of celestial bodies just

trying to make ends meet. The hourglass remains, reminds me
there is the option of plunging headlong into the center of time
in an effort to make it pause—perhaps hold its breath—enough
to lend a sense of permanence to all these momentary pleasures:

the mid-century mockups etched inside my head, the smell
of French roast taking hold of two matching mugs, troubadours
simply happy for the audience and sitting in for my wanderlust.
I pull the shades and sneak like a thief back into our bed.

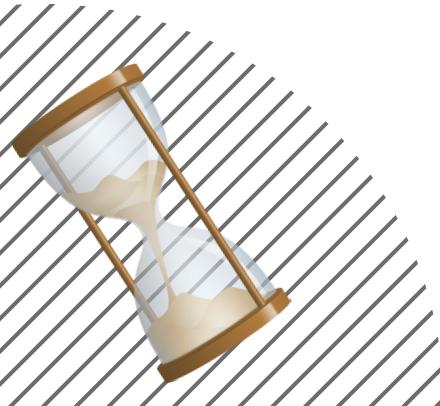
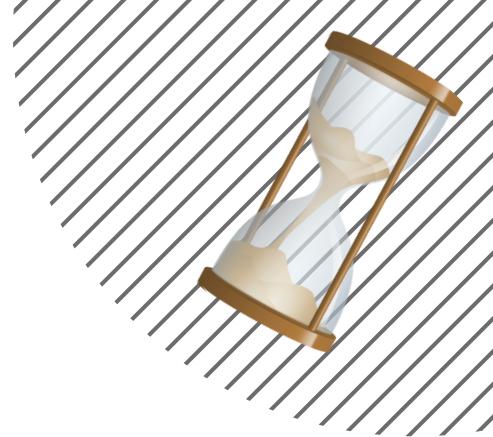




photo taylor r. genovese

Decolonize the Bloodline and Save the Women

adriana balvaneda

DNA: Grandmother's Journey

In Kendrick Lamar's famous song "DNA," he says: "I got power, poison, pain, and joy inside my DNA." I, too, wonder what's inside of me, and how colonization has forever rewritten my family's DNA through religion. Am I destined to repeat my family's history, or is there something else in my DNA that can liberate me?

My maternal grandmother, Maria, was raised in the Catholic Church, and is the second child of seven. Not much is known about her father, Vicente: a man with a light complexion and green-hazel eyes; he farmed the mountainous region of Intibuca, Honduras, a small, remote region with no roads or any semblance of modern medicine. As a result, sometime in the early 1940's, Vicente tragically passed away from an easily treatable fever.

If my maternal grandmother's life were a book, this is the part where her life changes forever and marks a tragic beginning. After Vicente's death, my great-grandmother, Estefania, decided to abandon her children and remarry a local man, starting a new life, having new children. When later questioned for her decision, according to my mother, Estefania's response was always: "What was wrong with that? I left them at home." This left her eldest daughter, Maria, to care for her five younger siblings. Becoming a mother, and pseudo-wife, at 10 years old left my grandmother uneducated, abused, and limited. Her older brother became the father figure, and farmed their father's land for their survival. My grandmother recalls spying from her window to see when her older brother would arrive, because she needed to have his food served before he set foot in his home, or else he would beat her. Catholicism, along with a sense of duty to her family, never allowed her to question her role. She followed the Church, it provided the blueprint of her future: to care for a household, marry, and raise children in Christianity.

After her siblings grew up, this left my grandmother with an opportunity to make a new life. Yet, one's options are always limited with indoctrination: she soon married a local man and had two children. Due to some bad in-laws, who made my grandmother's life miserable, she left her first husband, but she took her children with her—unlike her mother.

She decided to leave her hometown and made her way down the mountain to San Manuel Cortez, located in the valley. Along with her eldest son, three at the time, and her four-month-old baby, she walked for three days down the rocky mountainside. She slept outside under the open sky and cooked meals on a campfire along the way until she arrived at her destination.

When she arrived in San Manuel Cortez, she found the small village occupied by white, evangelical missionaries, another wave of colonialism. My grandmother soon converted to Evangelicalism after being disillusioned with the Catholic saints once her prayers went unanswered. However, this sect of Evangelicalism was very strict and imposed new rules on the women in San Manuel Cortez: they were not allowed to wear pants, cut their hair, dance, or leave their homes except for church gatherings.

Feeling alone, and without parents as support, my grandmother sought security in marriage once again, and soon after met my grandfather, Mercedes, who she married and bore five children to. My grandmother lived a sad life, because Christianity never allowed her to dream that there was more to life than motherhood and being a wife. She stayed with a man who was an alcoholic and who frequently spent his pitiful earnings in bars—leaving her to fend for herself and the children.

Not only was Mercedes irresponsible, but he also took out his frustration on the family. My mother recalls her father coming home and beating Maria senseless for minor infractions: because she didn't cook his food to his liking, or simply because he came home too drunk. However, an excuse for beating her was never needed, and this physical abuse also extended to his children who lived under a “no-questions-asked household”—only punishments were guaranteed. Despite all of this, leaving her husband was never an option.

And History Repeats Itself: Mother's Journey

During my mother's early twenties, Mercedes' corpse was found with machete wounds in the field near their home. The story goes: my grandfather was cheating on my grandmother with a local married woman, who left her husband in hopes that my grandfather would leave his family in exchange for her because she was pregnant. My family speculates that one night after he was finished drinking, the woman's husband followed my grandfather from a local pub to his home and killed him. Of course this is all speculation, since San Manuel Cortez had no police force to investigate, which left my mother with no answers and only rumors. It also meant that for the first time in her life, my mother felt a sense of agency.

Distraught with the lack of opportunities in San Manuel Cortez, she imagined a life outside of poverty. Along with two of her friends, my mother worked to eventually raise enough money to pay a coyote to cross the border into the United States. However, this soon turned into an endeavor of its own, as my mother didn't have any family members willing to loan her the money; nor did she have sneakers to make the journey. She recalls walking home crying after her oldest brother refused to loan her money, when her neighbor Ingriz asked: “Why are you out here crying, girl?” Taking pity on my mother, she lent her some money on the promise that my mother would repay it. The next part, my mother says, came easier, as her younger sister found a friend willing to give her shoes. The following weekend, my mother set forth on her one-month journey by foot to Pasadena, California, with only a pair of gym shoes which were two sizes too small, and with only \$50 in her pockets.

Growing up in a dysfunctional and struggling family left my mother, Melba, with her own set of traumas, as she renewed the same toxic family cycle, one based on Christian values. At 21, she was alone and without parents in a new country and soon sought comfort in marriage. There she met my father, Manuel, and after six months of dating each other, they married, because religion had taught her that was the only option. This is where colonization is written in our DNA, because my mother also married an abusive alcoholic, who wasted his money in the same manner her father once had.

They say opposites attract, but they forgot to mention that trauma seeks trauma: the next 30 years of my mother's life are marked by domestic abuse and alcoholism. Maybe my mom thought she could change my dad, but the first 10 years of their marriage were defined by late-night, drunken fights and verbal abuse. Oddly enough, I think she felt empowered in this relationship, because she refused to remain docile and battered and would fight back.

However, growing up with no good role models for marriage on either side of their families tricked my parents into thinking that the constant drama between them—and their stubbornness to never divorce—somehow meant they were truly in love. When in reality, all I see are two deeply traumatized people, who never had a chance to escape Christianity and its expectations. Yet, just like her mother before her, leaving her husband would never be an option.

Uncertainty: My Journey

At eighteen, I followed in my older sister's footsteps, and attended university two hours away from home. This was the first time away from my family, and I could finally breathe being away from their toxic fumes paired with an accompanying sense of freedom. Like the women before me, I was full of insecurities and doubts about myself, but this time, these thoughts centered around school: I never felt smart or worthy enough to pursue my degree, and I felt alone and parentless in this new space. Thus, like the women before me, I sought the comfort of a man to make me feel safe and loved.

That's where I met my fiancé, a sweet, docile, white boy who helped me feel safe in this white environment. Sadly, finding a partner who is healthy must be rare for someone with trauma, because we were two trauma-filled kids who found comfort in one another, only to repeat our families' histories.

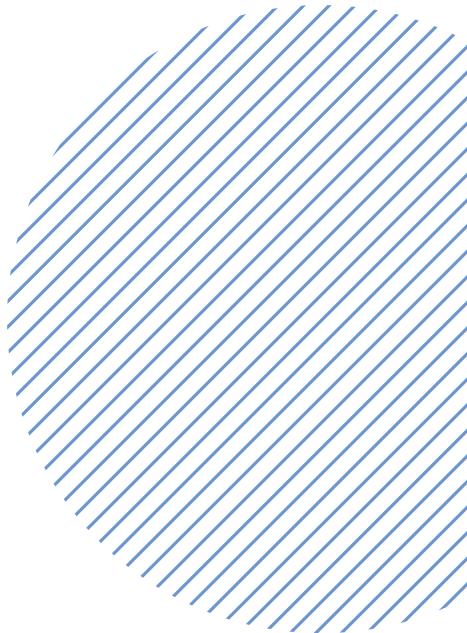
Growing up with no good role models of marriage on either side tricked us into thinking that the constant drama between us—and our stubbornness to never break up—somehow meant that we must truly be in love. Thus, he took on the role of his own meek mother, who learned how to be a good Christian wife, who always submitted to her husband's authority and lived within his constraints. This led him to not be assertive, no matter how wild my requests were, while I found myself imitating my mother's critical voice and short temper. Although slightly different due to the generational divide, we were reenacting our families' trauma.

Now, I'm in my early twenties, but unlike the women before me, I reject religion because I see how it controls women and limits our options. However, I am scared this cycle is unbreakable and that there might be forces beyond me which will continuously push me to lead the same life as the women who came before me. Maybe it is the trauma, or maybe it is something else, but I also seek the safety and comfort promised to me by men.

Yet, I recognize I must be my own person, and only I can provide myself a safe place, as I am more educated and therefore, more aware than them. As a result, I realize that colonial religion took away the strength and options from the women in my life, and I'll be damned if I allow it to make me weak too. I know that I will be the one to end the generational trauma, become truly decolonized, and perhaps become the first one to leave him.

Cemento en Sombras

Se hace tarde, llega la noche,
Pero las luces siguen prendidas;
sigue el frío, sigue el día sin tiempo,
siguen las paredes de cemento,
sigue la yarda sin plantas,
sigue la noche sin descanso
siguen mis preguntas:
¿Porqué me han puesto aquí?
Vine a pedir ayuda,
Vine por salvar mi vida,
Vine por tus promesas,
Vine por escapar del monstruo,
para encontrarlo
con cara de oficial gritándome
en este frío lugar con ojos de temor
con otras que lloran
como yo.
Y a veces me acunan
Y me dan su consuelo.



Mansión de Cemento

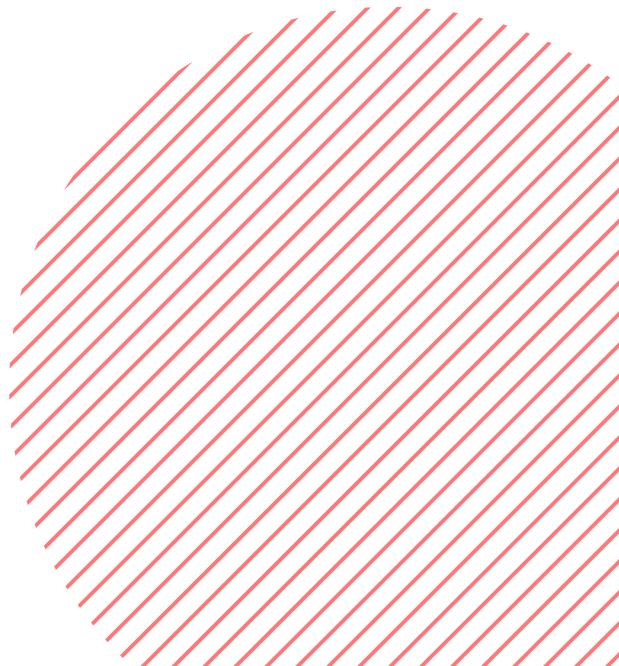
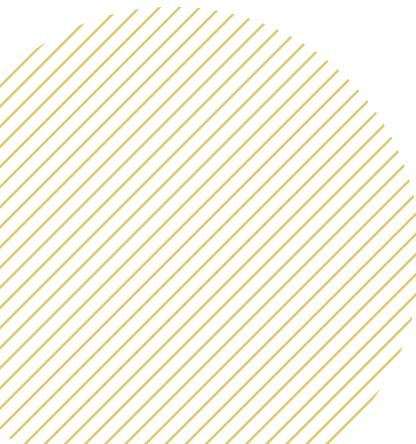
La celda es lo que veo
al despertarme
Una mansión del odio.

Nubes de polvo envuelven la cárcel de Eloy
Como para ocultar su crueldad.
Adentro, nubes de lágrimas derraman lluvia
de solidaridad y consuelo mutuo.

Alambres electrificados rodean mi cuerpo
pero jamás mi alma.
Soy libre en esta vereda
de mi camino sin tiempo,
esperando.

Tú

Tú, adentro,
Tragada por las paredes de cemento,
Yo, aquí afuera,
Encandilada por la luz del día.
Tú, adentro,
sin respuestas, sin compasión.
Yo, aquí afuera,
Desperdiendo la luz,
buscándote en mis recuerdos.
El día que nos conocimos
apareció un enorme arcoíris
y nos unió en un abrazo solidario.
Luz estalla de nuestra Amistad,
y alumbría tu soledad y la mía.
Hasta el día que salgas
y recuperes tus huellas
estaré llegando y recordándote
que eres arcoíris,
que eres luz,
que eres esencial,
que te agradezco
tu bienvenida,
que he conocido
la guerra a través de tí
y en tu compasión
la has mostrado más suave
para que yo no sufra.



C E C I L I A V A L E N Z U E L A

Materials: Acrylics, using a Gelli plate, and collage

Camino



Amigas



Esperanza





**"We revolt simply because,
for many reasons, we can
no longer breathe."**

—Franz Fanon