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Borderland Identity

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Borderland Identity

By Sandra D. Espinoza Montes

Borderland Identity

As I stand in San Diego, I can't help but to stare at my mother's flag and speak my ancestor's tongue. ¿ Porque? Why have you discarded me? I stare at the flag for three full moons, pray to an image that was created by my ancestor's oppressors who raped my great, great, great grandmother, and who lynched my grandfather after being forced to watch his beloved scream in agony. He decorates the sand...red liquid circulating and feeding his cactus. Cactus...how ironic, a living organism that intimidates most, but fools no one. Fooling? Who is this woman I pray to? Or this white guy who enslaves my feminism and constraints my sexuality?

My mother and father get on their knees...raise their hands and yell to the heavens, "why, why have you forsaken her lord!?" No one responds...I fill the silence. Forsaken? No mom, I'm educated. As a female, I have been chained, gagged, tied to an anchor and thrown into the sea. Sharks surround me. Why has my culture betrayed me? I'm unconscious, to only be conscious...laying beneath a white tub, surrounded by white walls, white tiles, white floors...am I in heaven? Heaven? I'm in a tub full of bleach. My skin broils. I become blind, but I can still see a bright, white, light. I try to thicken my spirit as my tongue is getting cut out of my frenum with a hot blade...without anesthetics.

What is my homeland and motherland trying to do to me? I used to fight my reflection, unable to confront who I have become. Pero encuentre mi orgullo, my pride, mi espiritu, which was once taken from me as an infant and sold to society. Now I see...this is me... Mexican, Indian, Spaniard...a Mestiza. I have accepted my identity and created my own culture where I am not defined by others.