

Muñeca

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My Quinceañera, 2019

Pristine princess with a porcelain face
dressed head to toe in rose and gold.

Curls coiled and still in place. Our last waltz
while the triumph trumpets of womanhood
trumpets through the air like victory claimed,
but the little girl inside me has died,
the ashes disguised as shimmer
embroidered on her skirt.

I whisper my goodbyes in her ear as I hold
her tight. I tell her she will sit in my bedroom
and watch my Converse change into flats
and the sweatpants turn into skirts, and that some day
we'll both be punished by daggered eyes.

I have now grown into my mother's face and
my father's charm. I am at the cusp
of adulthood yet I still remember
her trim and lace swaying
while her crown stayed in place.

I am no longer the girl that held her
but the woman that she helped raise.