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BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

The world pains me
with the always present splinter that living is.
A frosty winter night a baby is born,
rivers of crimson, desire and doubt, gushing out of her unwrapped insides.

The end and the beginning are both here
to this world you have come already knowing the hurt of a broken bone
outside, they do not know of you and neither do they care;
a carelessly planted seed in a migrant's womb.

You shall never belong.

Your roots, your color and your name are flagrant reminders of your alienation.

In your homeland you would be an Aztec prince
amid flowering dahlias, surrounded by the singing of sparrows
and your hands would grow to grab the guavas from the tree
and the waists of blossoming women
with radiant copper skin under the eternally shining sun.

But here you are
in the coldness of a nation that does not want you,
the bruises on your face glowing
like the brightness of a brothel at daylight.

Your body is restrained of movement,
hungry young maggot wanting to stretch.
Freedom is a lost country to you,
the life that awaits you will be all too familiar to this feeling.

The day nears with the hesitancy of the sun's rays
like the shyness of a deflowered girl.
The light coyly lures us out of our caves
where they congratulate your parents in a foreign tongue
they will never understand.