

I AM WORD

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I am word, I am silence, and I am the border between Europe and America. I am a mestiza; I am the mestiza of all mestizas, I am tongue, and I am time. I am border; I am the border between the Colossus of the North and the Ariel of the South. I am everything and nothing, I am that and I am not. I am the wind and the flute. I am a piece of Ecuadorian clay mixed with German pottery. All bloods flow through me; all bloods are one in me. My womb is the border; my womb is the border between Ecuador, Greece, and the United States. My identity lies on the sole of my feet, it is my fingernails, I could polish in different colors, I can cut them, and I can change my identity. My identity is crossing the border. The border is to leave one's motherland, to cross, and step into someone else's land. My identity is always to feel emptiness in my womb. I find balance in the pose of the tree, I find possibilities, and I find eighty-four possibilities. I want to see the future in my past. I try to find myself in time through the reflection of the sunrays on the star of my mirror. I am the reflection on the other side; I don't know myself. I am not that face, I am her, and I am not. I am pregnant with words, I have been pregnant all my life, my legs are swollen of sudden dreams, I feel the hunger, and I feel cravings for words. The words in each page are written with water that broke from my belly. That's how poems are born. They are born from a craving, from an eye, from a window, from a memory. That's what my poems are, memories of a never-lived past. Memories of a childhood never lived. They are memories of silence, memories of the body from the tip of the toes to the crown. That is what I am, that's what they are.

I am the sphinx raising its chest, I am the tiger licking her tail, I am the one cleaning the toilet bowl, and I am the one praying to Buddha in Hebrew. I am a tree pretending to be an eagle.