

Gardenia Guel

To know someone is just a figment of your mind. Can you really know someone? I say you can't. I know some of my history. For example, I was born in Laredo, Texas on March 25, 1990. But, how can I tell this is the exact date? I know I am into weird stuff. I love to read horror, adventure, and many books like that. Am I really a person or am I just another figment of my imagination? Anyway, my family is just plain weird, I guess. On my mother's side of the family, we don't get along at all. On my father's side of the family, well, we just don't care who is who. I don't know who all my relatives are and are not. I know some songs in Spanish, but where do they come from? How can I really know myself if I have no proof of it, only in my mind? Nothing else can explain life than my own memories. What do you know about yourself that is true?

¿Abuelita por qué?

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Why have you made my mom's,
 aunt's, uncle's, and mi hermano's life miserable?

Am I the only person
 who has the guts to stand up to you,
 as my brother Federico had once?



I ask one more time,
¿por qué has hecha la vida de mi gente miserable?
I have no words to tell you
but if you keep it up
you will soon have no one to trust,
not even your own dogs.

A mi no me has hecho nada pero un día si lo vas a hacer.
I won't shut up. I just won't shut up.

My raza, mi gente needs me
especially the ones I love the most.

Por tu maldita culpa yo le tengo miedo.
A mi hermano, I am afraid of my own brother.
There are those who still love him even though
he would probably harm them.

¿Abuela por qué?
Tengo gotas en mis ojos.
So, ¿por qué has hecho este mal?