

**Because I refuse to be quiet and remain uncomfortable
y porque debe haber otro modo de ser,
Rosario Castellanos**

Irene Lara

witty, khaki-wearing, liberal professional where I was the
gracious token brown intern
your enlightened display of camaraderie
“we’re really the same, you and I”
assuming I would be pleased with the reassurance that I could
be part of the club
“you’re ambitious, not like the rest”
you laud my individual agency, without realizing
my success is tied to the success of “the rest”

highly caffeinated, rich Mexican on your way to join your
family for a forced vacation
you talk non-stop: your work, your opinions, your ulcers...
“Oh you have a college-degree from the U.S.?”
I’m deciding where to send my daughters. Ages 4, 7, and
9....
but from California?! Oh no, too sunny, too easy,
too diverse. *Mis hijas merecen* a real education.”

part-time consultant at home, so you could be a better mother,
while husband executes in the Silicon Valley.
you hire me to tutor your 7-year-old in Spanish: “Play in
Spanish,” you exhort, “do everyday things, foreign language
made fun.”
I pick up your daughter from school and we walk the pet
llamas.
But then you have us make hors d’ouvres - in Spanish,
for fun.

sweet lady who likes the ethnic arts and works in the
Chancellor’s office

so sweetly you ask “Were you a migrant farm worker?”
so sweetly you ask “Why do you call yourself Chicana when
the word has such a negative connotation?”
so sweetly you confide “My husband has Spanish ancestry,
have you ever been there?”
Spain is so beautiful.”

baggy jeans, designer watch, drink-toting friendly guy at
the dance club
“Oh, Latina! How spicy!”
Later I wished I would have responded “Yes, like Lorena
Bobbit. Fuck off.”
But, I’m glad I just walked away - that time.

dear blue-eyed housemate who acts jealous because I get to
be “Latina, ethnic, hip.”
“Well, at least I’m queer (and part Irish),” you recall.
you dye your hair blonder, tan, bathe your fat white dog, &
play golf with your “mentor”
you ask if I have any cute Latina friends, mixed? “I want a
dark woman, they’re so much more passionate, no bland
vanillas.”

white tight permed hair, wrinkles, and a dried red line for
lips
your look of disgust when bumped at the San Diego Milita-
rized Airport
where “citizen patrols”
stalk dark people
your amazement when I confront your icy glare, in English,
“It WAS an accident.”

Ethnic Studies students in the hallway of the Natural Re-
sources Department
abrasive, wiry orange haired,
you shout from an office doorway: “WE’RE trying to work,
take the noise elsewhere! THIS class is always so loud”

from afar, you do not wait for a response, you do not want to talk to us "noise-makers."

Gesticulating, undulating, timbales-playing old Mambo King Friends and I proudly and loudly swing our arms and shake our hips

Being out-staged by an exuberant Dominicana whom you "let" be your vocalist,

You strike out like a dying dog in a cage:

"Be quiet Mexicans, the Migra is gonna get ya!"

I sit up front on the 51 making small talk with you, late-night Black bus driver.

"So you're from the Southern border... had a great little vacation there, but definitely wouldn't want to live there."

"Yeah, nice weather, but lots of racism."

"Oh no, no, no, - I'm afraid of all of those illegals."

wide-eyed Chicano academic proudly *presente* at a Chicana NACCS panel

you take up space, quietly, lots of space, shifting, more space brushing elbows, taking notes, thinking but not thinking because

as you nod your head, I'm sweating, alert at the edge of my seat.

I can talk back like bell hooks

And, I can decide to be silent like Trinh Minh-ha

Yet, like Audre Lorde, I won't believe my silence protects me

I can keep my secrets like Rigoberta Menchú

I won't tame my wild tongue like Gloria Anzaldúa

I will write my poems and break things like Sandra Cisneros

I protect/protest my life like Cherríe Moraga

I call for the impossible like Ana Castillo

I release my fear like Joy Harjo

Won't let you fill the silences with your own words,
your own desires
Those silences that once painfully resonated, I hereby retract

I take back all my soundlessness

And, I let it go.



Debi Cooper, *Storytellers of the Past*, Delia, Julia and Josefina. Redwood City, California. September 3, 1996.

Caliche (preface)

Josi Mata

We swallowed
each others breath
drawing
 kisses from
each others hearts
 our breasts together
 our hips
 and legs and cunts binding
fused in soul

I am here
 because I kissed her

I am here
 because I inundated my body with her

she has entered me
and my dreaming is heavy now

Caliche

traveling my
pain through my dreams
on to a December sky

my chest is heavy with the past
and here i lay
unable to release me
from horror
 that I made a name for

phantoms i said okay to
come and make your home