

Saray Rosales

Saray is sixteen years old and lives in a single house with her parents and brothers. She is allergic to soap. She was born and raised in Austin, Texas. She's a good girl. The End! Or so it would be if I wrote about her the way she was seen by strangers and family. Ask her and she will tell you these simple statements are irrelevant. She was born. She lived and then she was broken down and thrown away. She remained in a dull, colorless world until she snapped and said, "Enough!" She then broke the chains that held her soul, killing the prison of fear and guilt. The powers breathed life into her. Now she is truly alive, striving and fighting to be great, pushing back the demons of her past. She feels the gaping stare burning through the back of her head but she pays no mind. Numbness takes over as her laughter rings through the air. "She will be great," her parents say. "She's a good student," say teachers, "definitely going to be somebody." Personally, I don't think so; they don't see what I see. The laughter will die and the claws of the past will dig into her shoulders and pull her down into her prison, down to oblivion.

Requiem for a Stranger

So, how's it hangin', Tía,
out in the great beyond?
I hope the weather's o.k.,
you know, not too hot or anything.
I just thought I'd say, hey!
I wish I could've known you
laughed with you.