

Without a Name

By Sarah Rafael García

I struggle with the woman you want me to be.

I struggle with the woman who is kept beneath.

I struggle with the woman I aspire to set free.

I struggle with the terms Mother, Chicana and Feminist.

Because I'm often judged for the seeds I lack to sow rather than the ones I have cultivated and produced. I am a woman, I am Chicana, I am a Feminist, but I'm not the traditional mother most have expected me to be. I am human, a community educator. I do not need a literal term to define what I contribute to our world, I just need time to nurture its existence and teach others to do the same.

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I struggle to be loved and let my love depend on someone else. My mother and grandmother are both widows who have paved the road for my stubborn independence.

It's the same independence that allows me to reach for my dreams while empowering others to do the same. Don't let this Aztec princess mislead you, I still long to share this love with someone who understands my vision.

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I struggle with the idea that I'm not meant to indulge in my own sexuality.

Apparently, it's not ladylike or part of my culture. As if passion could destroy my reputation or ancestral being. In the loudest of all life orgasms, passion in all its forms and origins has led my life to higher ground! It is my bodily curves, cultural will and inherited free spirit that continue to remind me of what I am and represent. I am a woman of Mexican heritage with the freedom to demand human rights! And if I have to disrobe my identity before you to help you understand, then I stand naked and without a name, see me for what I am, not for what you think I ought to be.

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