

## **No me hables en inglés**

**By Eloísa Pérez-Lozano**

No me hables en inglés when we're walking  
among aisles of peppers and onions, discussing  
how many we need, decisions of unmade meals.

No me hables en inglés when you let loose  
your barbed sense of humor, thorns like pinpricks  
to me, but digging deep to passing ears.

No me hables en inglés when you know  
it turns you into a stranger, cold and distant,  
and I hate it when you disappear.

No me hables en inglés because it's not  
the language that weaves us together,  
braids of fierce filaments, sensual strands.

No me hables en inglés so our children  
can grow up nestled in the warmth of Spanish,  
raised in the comfort of our cultural caresses.

No me hables en inglés because I feel  
you reject the half of me that's only yours,  
leaving me drowning in cold, impersonal sounds.