

**Placements**  
**By Angelica Barajas**

Home home home  
Do you know where it is?  
Do you know where mine is?  
Why can't I see it?  
I can feel it  
Otherwise what else  
Could be this gaping hole in me  
In my heart  
In my soul  
That screams to be filled  
The piece has yet to be found  
"Faceless, nameless, invisible, taunted with 'Hey cucaracho'" (11)  
I am not homeless  
But I am without a Home  
Pulled apart  
Getting a call from the southern rancheros y playas  
But I was Born Here  
I am content to stay  
But what is content  
But just happy enough  
And the third part of me  
La india  
Fading  
Almost gone  
Practically nonexistent  
I sense that it's there  
That there's more I should know  
More I should learn  
With it  
Could come to the completion  
or decimation of  
Something  
Something that deserves all my attention

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Something that deserves to be cherished at the root of itself

Like me

“an absolute despot duality that says we are able to be only one or the other.” (19)

To dismiss me

or even parts of me

Would be a disservice

Would be a crime

Would be a travesty

If I am meant to be loved

To be honored

To be learned from

Why am I caged

(Why are we caged

Pushed out

Away

Refused entry

From my own social body

From my own Land

From my own family)

Why can't I Be

I can only be a Betrayer

A Malinche

A Bitch

(I can live with that)

I can only be like you

Fitting in the Box

(A simple, straight girl,  
hands perfectly poised,

the final nail you want to slam in my coffin)

You are supposed to be my People

My Home

Why are you throwing me out

Why are you scoffing

Why are you yelling at me

“not me sold out my people but they me” (22)

Am I just supposed to live on the lines?

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Aimless?

Hopeless?

(Nunca.)

At the lines

At least there are all these bodies

to keep me warm

Malinche

Moraga

Anzaldúa

They weren't quiet either

Putting their feet on the lines

And standing their ground

Screaming

**This is my Home.**

The spirits of their soul

Will keep me drunk

And the fire in their hearts

Will keep me warm

All the power they wielded

The hell they wrought

will keep me sustained for years to come

My Shadow Beast will Scream and Roar

You will **hear me**

The Chicana

The mestiza

The Bitch

The india

Where is my **home**?

It's not yours to take away

It was never yours

Tongva

Ajácheman

Mexicano

It's **stolen**

You have stolen enough

From my people

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From women  
From my community  
Not from me  
Never from me  
Not on your life  
Not on mine  
So get out of my way  
I'm finding my way home

Anzaldúa, Gloria. *Borderlands = La Frontera : The New Mestiza*. Edited by Ricardo F. Vivancos Pérez and Norma E. Cantú, Critical edition, Aunt Lute Books, 2021.