

Limpia : Cleanse

Stand up, face the
flag, right hand over my heart—

Should I peel my skin layer
by layer until the brown
fades and is no longer visible?

Perhaps drain my poison
blood, drop by drop,
purify it to that of a white man.

You can cut my insides, hold
my fertility hostage—
no mas bebés.

I disappear, skin
and bones to comply with
the erasure of *mi gente*.

You can jail us,
deport us,
kill us.

In the soil, under your feet
is the bones of our ancestors
entombed and eternal.

In the sky, God and Santos
our protectors.

Padre nuestro, hágase tu voluntad en la tierra como en el cielo, perdona nuestras ofensas,
como también nosotros perdonamos a los que nos ofenden...
Amén. — Our Father