

This poem is like me

by Jimena Cascante Matamoros

This poem is meant to be read out loud

By shy voices

with broken accents

glued together

by a loving community

This poem is like me,
like my body.
A bunch of parts
that are not mine.

My body, my choice:
I chant it,
I feel it,
I dance with it.

But, my body
does not belong to me.

My body is full of wounds:
my ancestors',
my own,
my sisters'.

My body
has been torn apart
by a stolen past and
an uncertain future.

My body
is not my choice.
And yet
it's everyone's opinion
that I hear voiced.

My body
is filled with rage,
It's a full dark stage,
It's a wide embrace.

My body
is a broken promise.
I hear them say:
You are the future
yet -wait- not quite, young girl.

My body
takes up all the space
that your hate creates.

My body
will not apologize
For breaking the chain
For escaping from your jail
For stepping on your disdain.

Jimena Cascante Matamoros loves to play with words. She is happiest when facilitating creative spaces and participating in queer activist group Voces Fieras. Jimena is a cis gender, bisexual woman, activist and feminist from Costa Rica.