

Llanto en vela

by Isabella Herrera Gonzalez

Original in Spanish

Me llamas culpable de algo que no vi venir
Me dejas en vacilación, a espera de mi redención,
de mi justicia, de una de no estar segura que exista,
¿Por qué se supone que un injusto vele por justicia?

Me das tu mano en público, para resbalarla en privado.
Crees que el problema está en mí
y la solución es callarme de pies a cabeza,
oprimirme, mientras trato de zafarme de manos que aprietan
incesantemente mis curvas.

Me gritas loca por llorar a mis hermanas,
pero eso no va a detenerme de gritar tus injurias.
Llanto en vela, bajo luces tenues, ambientes secos,
una calle que recuerda la maratón que tuve que iniciar
y mi mayor castigo por perderla fuera satisfacerte sin mi permiso.

De rasgar mis prendas y con ellas mi alma.
Me dejaste sobre el fuego del miedo y la frustración,
mientras vives en luces, vanagloriándote del honor de tus limpios actos,
aunque tengas sangre en las manos y culpa en tus sombras.

Te exaltan por entrometerte entre mis piernas,
Piernas que ahora flaquean, y me señalan por confiar.
¿Se supone qué es mi mayor pecado?

Siento el ardor de tus manos en mi cuerpo marcado
Siento el aire de tus risas sobre mis cabellos,
y el oscuro giro que dejaste en mi vida,
una que no volverá a ser, al menos es...

Llanto en vela, luces tenues,
te observo en la esquina,
con tu sonrisa característica,
y tus ojos bajo sombras

Sleepless crying

by Isabella Herrera Gonzalez

English translation

You call me guilty of something I did not see coming
You leave me in hesitation, waiting for my redemption,
for my justice, one I'm not sure exists,
Why is an unjust man supposed to watch for justice? You
give me your hand in public, to slip it in private.

You think the problem is in me
and the solution is to silence me from head to toe,
to oppress me, while I try to free myself from hands that
incessantly squeeze my curves.

You yell at me crazy for crying for my sisters,
but that's not going to stop me from yelling your insults.

Sleepless crying, under dim lights, dry surroundings, a
street that reminds me of the marathon I had to begin
and my greatest punishment for losing it was to satisfy you without my permission
Ripping my clothes off and with them my soul.

You left me on the fire of fear and frustration,
while you live in lights, bragging about the honor of your clean acts,
even though there is blood on your hands and guilt in your shadows.

They exalt you for meddling between my legs,
Legs that now falter, and point at me for trusting you.
Is that supposed to be my greatest sin?

I feel the burning of your hands on my marked body
I feel the air of your laughter on my hair,
and the dark twist you left in my life, one
that will never be again, at least it is...

Tears in a candle, dim lights, I
see you in the corner,
with your distinctive smile,
and your eyes under shadows.

Isabella Herrera Gonzalez is an 18-year-old feminist activist from Columbia. She has been working for three years in favor of Sexual and Reproductive Rights and non-violence, becoming a volunteer of RedJoven Barranquilla and a young member of the Board of Directors of Profamilia. She is co-founder of the youth organization Voces Colombia and a great lover of poetry and creative writing, which she has used to spread her message and social activism.