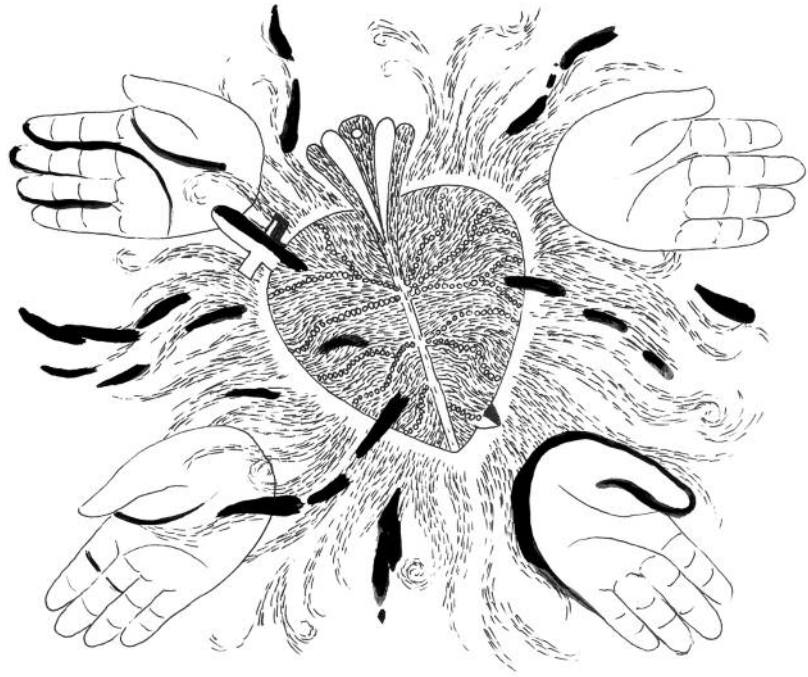


Con el corazón de Coatlicue

Poema pa' Gloria Anzaldúa

by Norma E. Cantú*



Fue en Granada,
en esa tierra ensangrentada
by martyr's blood: García Lorca, Mariana Piñeda
among others, that your death found me,
y me puse a chillar
not loud or anything, just quiet tears,
in the heart,
shed for a friend who has passed on,
a sister who will be missed.

I first heard your voice at a NACCS.
Was it Ypsilanti where we both felt so unwelcome?
such outsiders?
And we laughed about it afterwards in spite of our anger.

* First published in *La Voz de Esperanza* magazine, no. 6,
vol. 17 (San Antonio, Texas), July-August 2004, pp. 4-5.

Drawing by Héctor Ponce de León.

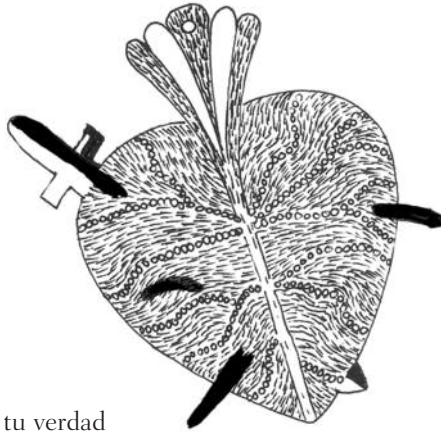
It is your voice that remains with me
and that I don't want to forget.
Over the years our paths
crossed many times
como esas veredas en el monte
de South Texas que se cruzan una y otra vez.
We met en lugares
insólitos, like D.C. and Albuquerque
y claro está, en Tejas y California.

Dondequiera, you always brought
a sense of truth to my heart, porque
you are truth,
your voice speaking the truths
few dare to utter.

En tierras tejanas
viste la luz por primera vez
y ahora yaces en
ese mismo pedazo
de mundo en el
que nos ha tocado vivir,
no doubt mother earth te
acuna en su seno,
and your spirit
makes the mesquite tremble
with a quiet breeze.

Hermana, amiga
profeta, pensadora sinigual
siempre fiel a lo que
puede ser
a lo que debe ser.
Esos mesquites, y los huisaches
y las retamas de ésta, tu tierra
a veces hostil,
reclaman tu voz
esa voz que jamás
podrá extinguirse
porque grita desde
las páginas





tu verdad
mi verdad
nuestra verdad
mestiza

You asked me once
how I could survive
living in esta frontera,
how I could put up with it.
I don't remember what I
answered, only that you
understood with your very soul
why and how I did.
En todas las fronteras donde vivimos
ahí, está tu espíritu, hermana, amiga
profeta, pensadora.
No te agüites, you advised.

When we needed a voice, yours rang out;
when we needed a writer to give words
to our despair, you wrote;
when we needed a prophet to give us hope,
you spoke of a better world,
where we could forgive and not forget
where we could go on without denying our
past,
ese pasado tan complejo,
complex and simple because it is ours.

Gloria, amiga, hermana, paisana
voz tejana of myriad languages
your spirit speaks still
and we listen
with our Coatlicue hearts.

Cadaqués, Spain, June 2004