



# Association of Mexican American Educators Journal

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A peer-reviewed, open access journal

Volume 12 Issue 1

**2018**

**AMAΕ Open Issue**

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**This is Your Utopia?**

**Beatriz T. Valencia**

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This dark long stretch of land you called your home.

Once my home.

I mimicked, I ran.

Small legs of a child keeping up with the large world around me.

Helicopter sounded above—what are you looking for?

What do you want from us, from me?

Danger of crossing this boundary you have created.

Gunshots ring, the blast is defining and deafening.

Danger is non-discriminating.

My mother missing—what did you do with her.

You start robbing me of what is mine from the moment I was near and  
what I need, only to tease me of what was to come.

Feeling of death lack of oxygen—you would rather kill than allow.

The grass was greener on this side.

Your Utopia.

You mock me.

You start right away taking my voice. Picking out parts to dispose.

I can't speak. Do not speak.

My language is less than trash,

you don't want to know it

Hear it

Feel it.

You want to kill it. Another boarder erected.

Held back from grades, held back by a tether that is your customs, your language, your home.

I get it, I am not welcomed.

Animosity and harassment are your daily gifts.

Reminding me daily you don't want me, you don't care for me, you have a gun pointed to my head.

Normal daily interactions become the daily denial of self.

Russian roulette. Is today when you discover me? When that helicopter finds me? When the gun goes off?

I deny who I am, I deny my own mother.

There is no protection from you.

You thief. You rob me daily.

Dropping, kicked out—as if you weren't involved.

Trash collection—humiliation this is what you carved out for me.

Your generous gift for me, as if there is nothing worthier.

I can't participate in your world?

Where do I belong? Where do you want me?

In school suspension is a training ground for the future you see for me.

Prohibit socialization, isolation, privacy panels, no breaks, alienated, a nuisance, detached.

You are committed to breaking me, to erasing me.

Exceeded my time in your environment.

Culmination of years of neglect have led to my own neglect.

I am yours now.

How do I get back?

You kidnapping my soul.

Back to where I belong. I want my mother back.

You took her from me the moment you laid your standards down for me and on top of me.

Suffocating me with the weight of hate.

My mother exists, I long for her, look for her.

Your boarder now is my boarder. I keep myself away from my mother. Suffering from  
Stockholm syndrome.

I hear her far away in song.

You tricked me, you promised me, you pretended you wanted me.

What a joke I am to you.

You brainwashed me into thinking I was equal.

The helicopter still looking, you muted the sound, and I no longer noticed it.

I can never get away. You trapped me in your land.

This is what you call freedom?

This doesn't feel free.

I flirt with the idea of freedom, but you are no freer than I am.

You have kept me down.

Manipulated me to be on your side, while I neglect my own.

Break me you did

Own me you did

Freedom

Your freedom is not mine.

Your freedom is not mine.