

# THE POWER OF WORDS

## Let Me Explain

I tell her.

That no one sees the words.

That they're just my personal thoughts.

That it helps for me to write them down.

That they're private.

That she wasn't supposed to ever read my poems.

That I'm sorry.

That I'm sorry.

That I'm sorry.

And I'm digging my fingers into the doorframe.

It's the only thing holding me up,

holding me back.

My anger wants to become a creature

with teeth and nails but I keep it collared

because this is my mother. And I *am* sorry.

That she found it, that I wrote it,  
my thoughts were mine.

that I ever thought

She holds the lit match up

to a corner of my notebook.

"Get a trash can, Xiomara.

I don't want ashes on my floor."



# THE POWER OF WORDS

## Déjame explicarte

Le he dicho.

Que nadie ve las palabras.

Que son solo mis pensamientos personales.

Que anotarlos me ayuda.

Que son privados.

Que no se suponía que ella los leería.

Que lo siento.

Que lo siento.

Que lo siento.

Y hundo los dedos en el marco de la puerta.

Es lo único que me sostiene,

que me retiene.

Mi furia quiere convertirse en una criatura

con uñas y dientes pero yo la sujeto

porque es mi madre y *realmente* lo siento.

Siento que lo haya, encontrado, siento

haberlo escrito

siento haber pensado

que mis pensamientos me pertenecían.

Acerca el fósforo encendido

a una esquina de mi cuaderno.

«Trae un bote de basura, Xiomara.

No quiero cenizas en el suelo».

