

MARÍA

Ingrid M. Ramírez Muriel
Departamento de Inglés
Facultad de Humanidades, UPR RP

Recibido: 1/10/2018; Aceptado 30/1/2019

At first there was agony, waiting for what was coming,
knowing that in a few hours the light will go off.
I am afraid, not from Nature, but from what we did to her.
Somebody yelled: "You must leave!
The house is not going to resist."

I will not abandon my gram.

I slept for whatever time I could
but as the night went on,
it got scarier. So, did the day.
I didn't think the house would resist.

At 8:20 am my roof went off.
I prayed with my 3-year-old sister.
I felt she banished between the sheets.
We started running the moment we received
a cold advice from the rain.
You must wake up and do what you were planning for.
Go ahead and be strong.
You just have one choice.
To fight or be swallowed by
a disaster caused by a man.

But the door wouldn't open.
I was trapped.
My survival instinct arrived, and I planned my escape.
First, the dog, then the little girl.
A race of obstacles to life.

My mother was pregnant, and she fell to the floor.

My gram helped her, but it was too late.
My sister cried while I held her hands.
Everything will be fine, I got you, little one.

I looked at my grandma and thought
that we'd lost a lot
but we had a life together.

We finally made it to a shelter.
The dog was so afraid that he started running
and I went after him.

Behind me, my mother yelled my name.
It was the first time I felt she cared.

But I didn't go back to her.