

UNHEARD, UNSEEN

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I move mountains,
I strike fires,
All under my skin
and still, they do not see.

I wage a storm in a cage,
I never asked for ice,
and the ground crumbles,
under the hate
a heart cannot contain,
and still!

Still they do not see...
still their blind eyes plead,
Give...
Give.
It's your biological calling.
Nature's materiality.

And so, still I fight, still I claw,
still I stir, and try to warm,
yet still my cawing and calling,
means nothing,
and yet my screams
find no ears,
and my rage,
finds no face,
in this home out of place.

So I wear a face,
a name,
to slide through my days,
unseen, unheard.

I produce,
echoes of laughter,
to mute the taste,
in this invisible cage.
and through the rage,
I wonder, if ever slain,
unheard, unseen,
is a corpse dying?
or is its meaning
lost for others living?

Yet still I live,
Where others like me are broken,
Still.

And still,
Still.
They do not see.
How sex can be a chain,
Gender our mortality,
Still, despite our riots,
Our hurting,
And trying,
Still, I live,
And still,
They do not see.