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INDIGENAS

Herlinda Tereza Hernandez
University of Richmond

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INDIGENAS

Herlinda Tereza Hernandez

There is a lot that is wrong with the Achi.¹
They dance upon the sacred
They laugh at what seems fable
And they taint what was crafted by beautiful hands.

Where do I stand on this land that I was given?
How do I make these traditions eternal?

This ulew²of perpetual spring
Plastered with forests
And birds that sing our names
It must remember our existence.
We cannot let the whispers and tongues
Crafted by our ancestors and gods
Get carried in the wind.

Where will it go?
Through the ears of our offspring?
To those powerful up above?
Surely they can hear us begin to forget.

1 *Kaqchikel for man*

2 *Kaqchikel for soil, land*

My family
Resist what is despicable
Fight for what is yours
Scream like there is no sun anymore
Because blood was not shed for us to forget
For us to object
The colors of our culture.

My tongue and its dance will never be silenced.
These hands will never stop crafting, weaving, and praying
For as long as I live
This land is part of my body
And it is part of yours too.

The ladrones³ cannot steal
What isn't theirs and I dare them
To climb my temple stairs
Because what can those fools do
To my tribe of Mayan strength?