

Nada Facil  
by Jaylin Espinosa

My wrist e v e r f l o w i n g  
Like the river  
My mother

That brought  
To me,  
Finds its current  
In poorly-hidden truths  
This mouth  
Dare not

Seek  
Here the twitch of a finger  
& stroke of a pen  
Bring forth  
[redacted] Moments  
I've defaced & abandoned  
Wherein  
Hollow words  
I feed the river  
Are reborn as,  
Confused:

Atheist

Tired:

First-gen

Mexicana:

Estadounidense

Bilingual:

Spanish-deficient

Unappetizing letters  
To a starving mouth

This wrist moves as my father did

*De la Ciudad de México*

*A un nuevo país*

With a quiet courage

*Le dije a mi mama que no se preocupara de mi*

Forging ahead

*Un autobús nos llevó a la frontera donde*

Pushing ink

*Me acerque a el rio*

*Y me desvesti*

Further still

*Camine millas descalzo con la piel cruda*

Towards pages

*Seguí las vías del tren*

*Hasta que solo quedó*

*Carretera*

It has never felt

*Mi primera noche en los Estados Unidos*

*Dormí en una cama*

*Del Salvation Army*

Feel the bravery of  
A damp wrist  
Enveloped in  
Water droplets  
That submerged  
Itself into the  
Exhale  
Of the rivers  
Heavy  
Breath