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What My Ancestors Told Me When I Was in Sebastopol

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What My Ancestors Told Me When I Was in Sebastopol

Nadia Monroy

I hear my ancestors
When I am alone and cold.
They tell me of their sorrows
How they ache
How they feel so hollow

My ancestors tell me
How disappointed they are
I can feel their hurt
And their sadness
Towards the great divide
Between our people

They have a hard time
understanding why some
of us are called Mexicans
And the others
Native Americans.

They tell me,
“We are the people of Mexica.
You are the descendants of the
People of Mexica. All of you.”
I begin to cry because
Their pain and sadness
Run so deep in my blood.

I listen to them cry out.
The same message.
“The white man
separated you all.
They forced you to pick a side.
The white man only gave
You two options, when really
There was a third:
The side of your ancestors.”
I cry and I cry

Because they are so so upset
So so agonized
“Our children, our children,” they
Whisper, “how can you
be so Torn?”

More wailing, more moaning
There is so much sadness
So many tears
I can’t handle it any longer
So, I call out to them.
“there was nothing we could do!
They slaughtered and
Murdered you!
We couldn’t fight back, though
We desperately wanted to.
Please. Forgive us.
Don’t scold us or haunt us.

You were being killed
By the dozens!”
The wailing and moaning
had stopped.
Silence and crickets
They had left me alone.
Embarrassed and ashamed.
I sat there staring at our land.
A land we used to own.
A land once so united.
A land so forgiving
A land that no longer
Recognizes us to be one.