

A poem that illustrates what we are living with

Author: Gilraen Eärfalas

Mama, if I disappear one day
Do not believe them.
No, I did not escape with my "boyfriend",
No, I was not selling drugs or involved in illegal activity,
No, I was not the girlfriend or lover of a narco,
No, I did not escape to live without rules.

Mama, if I don't come home
Do not believe what people will say,
Do not believe what the television says,
Or the radio,
Or the internet,
Everyone will blame me,
They will say I dressed indecently,
They will say they saw me drinking on Friday,
They will say I got into a car with numerous men,
They will say I was looking for money hanging out with
older men,
They will say I often went out at night,
They will blame me for going out dancing,

For walking alone,
For not wearing an ankle-length skirt,
For using make-up,
For being an extrovert,
For being a women,
For not screaming,
For not defending myself against 3 men,
The whole world will say that they

Raped
Beat
Killed "one more whore"
Because "a decent woman"
Is always at home,
A "decent woman"
Does not use make-up because it could provoke looks,
A "decent woman"
Does not talk to a lot of men,
A "decent woman"
Does not drink
A "decent woman"
Is submissive,
Keeps her head down,
They will not see her face.

Mama, the truth is that if I don't come back,
Surely they are exploiting my body
As an object to serve them,

Surely I will be far away,
A toy for a depraved man,
Surely I will be an incubator,
Giving birth for business,
Surely I will be a slave in a basement,
Carrying out abominable tasks,
Surely I will be on the internet,
Being auctioned off,
Surely I will be in a clandestine operating room,
About to lose my life,
To give a kidney to a millionaire with kidney failure,
Surely I will be under ground,
In a bag,
In some box,
Like scum,
Like trash.

Mama, I write this

To let you know that I would never leave without
warning,
I would never turn off my phone to avoid your calls,
I would never leave you, leaving you with a broken
heart.

Mama, if I don't come back, do not believe them.

Un poema que retrata lo que estamos viviendo

Autora: Gilraen Eärfalas

Mamá, si un día desaparezcó,
no les creas.
No, no me escape con “el novio”
no, no vendía droga ni estaba metida en cosas ilegales,
no, no era novia, ni acompañante de ningún narco,
no, no me escapé para llevar una vida sin reglas.

Mamá, si ya no vuelvo a casa,
no creas lo que la gente dirá,
no creas lo que dirá la Televisión,
ni la radio,
ni el internet,
todos me culparan a mí,
dirán que yo vestía de manera indecente,
dirán que me vieron tomando unas copas el Viernes,
dirán que yo me subí a un coche con varios hombres,
dirán que yo buscaba dinero estando con mayores,
dirán que yo salía de noche,
me culparan por haber ido a bailar,

por caminar sola,
por no llevar falda a los tobillos,
por usar maquillaje,
por ser extrovertida,
por ser mujer,
por no gritar,
por no defenderme ante 3 hombres,
todo el mundo dirá que

violaron,
golpearon,
mataron a “Una puta más”
porque “una mujer decente”
está en su casa siempre,
una “mujer decente”
no usa maquillaje porque puede provocar miradas,
“una mujer decente”
no habla con muchos hombres,
“una mujer decente”
no toma una copa,
“una mujer decente”
es sumisa,
cabizbaja,
no le vayan a ver la cara.

Mamá, la verdad es que si ya no vuelvo,
seguro estarán explotando mi cuerpo
como objeto de servicio,
seguro estaré lejos
como el juguete de un depravado,

seguro estaré de incubadora
pariendo hijos para comercio,
seguro estaré de esclava en un sótano
realizando tareas abominables,
seguro estaré en una página de internet siendo
subastada,
seguro estaré en un quirófano clandestino
apunto de perder la vida
para darle un riñón a un millonario con insuficiencia
renal,
seguro estaré bajo tierra,
en una bolsa,
alguna caja,
como escoria,
como basura.

Mamá, escribo esto

Es para hacerte saber que yo jamás me iría sin avisar,
jamás apagaría el teléfono para evitar que me llames,
jamás me iría de ti dejándote con el corazón roto.

Mamá si ya no vuelvo, no les creas.