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Remembering the Forgotten

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Remembering the Forgotten

Briana Corona

Monique, it's hard to forget. It's hard to forget your big-lipped smile. Your teeth were so prominent and white, when you smiled, everyone's eyes' seemed to float in your direction. I remember when you would take all of our other cousins on a ride-along and buy us tostilocos and Mexican candy from the *paletao*, but would always stop at the Qwik-E-Market and get your favorite drink-Bud Light Chelada. When you would enter the car you would smile and say "Don't tell your tía!" Damn Monique, it's been one hell of a time since you've been away. I fucking miss your laugh. It echoes in my head, like that one time when that poppin' Biggie song came on and you started dancing. You thought you were one of them backstage dancers. You were known for your big butt too Mo. Like that time, when all of the cousins bet that you couldn't pick up the beer bottle with your buttcheeks, and you fucking did it! The family laughed so hard I remember everyone's red faces, out-of-breath, dying with laughter, and you with your big-ass smile.

I remember when you were on the news Monique. They said the border patrol shot you outside of your apartment. They shot you 19 times. Damn Mo, if only they could see that big-ass white smile. I miss you Valeria Monique Tachiquin. I wish they knew what they took from our family. They left 5 kids behind with no mom. I miss the times you would take me to church, and I made fun of you for believing in something so foolish. Regardless, you took me and somehow I knew I had a little bit of faith. When I Google your name, all I see is news reports with your body laying halfway out the car. I just wish I could plug my brain into the Internet and upload every beautiful moment you created for us. I wish I could upload the images of your smile, your dance moves, and all of the drunken memories that have never been bad. I miss you Monique and I wish people saw and remembered you like I do.