

2017

Secreto O Condena?

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos>

 Part of the [Bilingual, Multilingual, and Multicultural Education Commons](#), [Chicana/o Studies Commons](#), [Civic and Community Engagement Commons](#), [Community-Based Learning Commons](#), [Creative Writing Commons](#), [Curriculum and Instruction Commons](#), [Domestic and Intimate Partner Violence Commons](#), [Educational Sociology Commons](#), [Ethnic Studies Commons](#), [Feminist, Gender, and Sexuality Studies Commons](#), [Gender and Sexuality Commons](#), [History Commons](#), [Inequality and Stratification Commons](#), [Latin American Languages and Societies Commons](#), [Latina/o Studies Commons](#), [Modern Literature Commons](#), [Politics and Social Change Commons](#), [Race and Ethnicity Commons](#), [Reading and Language Commons](#), and the [Theory, Knowledge and Science Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

(2017) "Secreto O Condena?," *CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives*: Vol. 2 , Article 8.
Available at: <http://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos/vol2/iss1/8>



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial 4.0 License](#)

© 2016 Department of Critical Race, Gender & Sexuality Studies (CRGS) at Humboldt State University.

This Counternarratives and Reflections is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Digital Commons @ Humboldt State University. It has been accepted for inclusion in CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Humboldt State University. For more information, please contact kyle.morgan@humboldt.edu.

Secreto o Condena?

Anonymous

I can't say I remember the exact moment I realized I was different. I don't remember being in the playground and realizing I was looking at girls the same way I looked at boys. I don't remember having some crazy revelation like in a dream or a tarot card reading. I didn't encounter an old witch in the middle of the woods who gave me a poisoned apple and told me I was gay. My awareness of it was just always there, in the back of my mind. But as I grew up, and overheard the homophobia and flat out ignorance in my community, I realized I was different. It wasn't some big revelation, instead it felt more like blocks of Jenga being taken out of my life until one day the entire tower toppled over me.

I've always known my parents were homophobic, but it wasn't until their hate was directed towards me that I knew I was an "other." Hearing my own mother sigh or get disappointed as soon as she finds out someone she knows is gay always causes a sinking feeling in my chest. Knowing that she'll never really know all of me – and if she ever does, that she probably won't accept me – is a pain sometimes I don't think I will be able to handle. I love my mother so much, and I don't want our relationship to change over something I can't change about myself, something I don't want to change about myself. I'm not broken or damaged. I am not less than others. I wish my family and my community could see that. Being a Latina woman means I am expected to live up to certain expectations. I'm expected to be a good cook and take care of others. I'm expected to raise a family and become a self-sacrificing mother.

I love kids but I don't want any of my own. And I have no way of knowing if the person I'll end up falling in love with will fit in the traditional heteronormative box society puts us in. My biggest hope is that one day, our community as a whole will understand

and respect queer people. I wish the gay couples back home wouldn't have to be careful of how they act in public. I wish people wouldn't make homophobic slurs as a way to put others down. I pray my mother and father realize that I will still be the same daughter they know and love, even if I'm standing next to another woman at the altar.

REFLECTION

This freewrite was very hard to write because I had to tap into areas of my life that I don't like thinking about. Since coming to Humboldt I've grown more comfortable in my own skin and I've learned to love and accept myself in ways I never have before. I know that when I go home, however, I won't be as comfortable as I am here. I know that people will give me dirty looks if I walk down the street holding the hand of another girl. I know that I'll be treated differently if I tell my family, because they are extremely religious, especially my grandmother. I worry constantly that I'll either have to hide that side of myself forever or that, if I tell them, they'll look at me as if I were a leper. It's extremely hard to convince myself that what my community thinks about people like me isn't true.

When writing this, I thought about what it would be like to tell my mother. I started crying because I don't want my relationship with her to change. I don't want my mother to look at me with pity because she thinks being gay is some kind of disadvantage. I wish she could understand that I love her and that I just want to be myself. I know this is a fear many Latinx/Chicanx people face because of the deep-rooted fear and hatred that often stems from religion and machismo. Although there are other gay people in my family, it has taken the rest of the family years to accept them and be okay with it. I wish I didn't have to go through a process of worrying if who I love is going to offend my family. I wish my own happiness was enough to make them understand.