

CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives

Volume 4

Article 6

2021

I Want to be

Eibar Romero
Humboldt State University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://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

Romero, Eibar (2021) "I Want to be," *CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives*: Vol. 4 , Article 6.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos/vol4/iss1/6>



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.

I Want to be

By Eibar Romero

The thought of being home was probably the scariest for me because home to me meant many different things. Home to me meant that I wasn't working. Home to me meant that there would be violence. Home to me meant that there would be alcohol and drug abuse. Home to me meant that there'd be no peace. Quarantine meant that I'd have to be with my family, that I'd have to experience what I'd already gone through. It meant that I'd have to sit at the dinner table with them but, it also meant that I'd have to sit with my emotions. It was hard, and for the first time in a long time I had to be home on the weekends, I had to hear the yelling, the music, the people, can after can opening. It was hard. So, I escaped. I went somewhere where I felt that I was wanted, where I got attention, where there were times I was the only one that mattered to them, where I became an object rather than a person. But, where I got so attached I didn't want to let go. I cried. I didn't understand. I stayed because at least I didn't have to experience my childhood trauma all over again. I stayed because I was promised something in return, just like mi pa would promise mi ma. He left me. I was sad. I cried day and night because I didn't know who I was, what I wanted to be and where I wanted to be. So I moved out into the cutest apartment where my life has changed so much in so many great ways. I am independent. It wasn't easy. But I am at peace. I am healing. I am wanted by my plants that surround my windows. I am called by my sink to do my dishes and I sit on my mustard colored couch to watch the sunrise and the sunset. This is my new home, this is where I've been wanting to be and this is where I want to be.