Ama

Arianna Bucio

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Ama
Arianna Bucio

Ama,
desde que estaba chiquita,
I always yearned to understand you.
I could never fathom
how you could love someone
who thought that fear
was synonymous with respect,
y los golpes, sinónimos con el amor.
He constructed my idea of love,
con sus manos llenas de polvo y concreto.
I felt trapped
in the house he built
Y mientras los años pasaban,
el eco de sus gritos se quedaban
dentro de estas paredes,
I sought refuge
in the arms of a boy
que me pintaba un mundo
lleno de rosas y sonrisas.
He tells me pretty words
when he doesn’t make me cry
And when I do,
he tells me
I’m pretty.

Ama,
por primera vez,
te entiendo.
I saw you
when I looked in the mirror
This twisted idea of love
causing me to repeat
the same codependent cycle
I blamed you for.
Al fin,
entendí lo que
era empatía
Y al perdonarte
por creer
que esto es todo
lo que el amor podría ser,
Me perdono
a mí misma.