

## Her Story

Her Flesh is the color of almonds, her eyes are pure like coffee beans, her hair is dark like a summer night. Her roots planted in the soil where avocados are her neighbor, her heart beats the cry of Sahuayo Michoacán where she was born. Her very being is a reason to be oppressed and less. All that she is, and all that she does is affected by being her, being her immigrant brown self.

She can reach into her memory vault, and pull from it all the stories of pain and grief that come with being her, being the daughter of her immigrant father and immigrant mother. Being the child of the courageous parents that sought for a better future for her.

She can recall the moments in which her father was taken from her, for the mere reason of not being from here. She can recall the fear of growing up not knowing when it would happen again, and it did... many times again.

She can vividly feel the goosebumps of fear and anger, that would arise at the thought of what would happen to her siblings if her and her parents disappeared.

She can confirm that getting in a car and driving cross country is as scary and dangerous as getting in a car and driving to the grocery store.

Her story is not just hers, but the varied story of them, all the brown fleshed who's skin and roots have become dehumanized by the simple fact of being them.

Her story is not one to pity or cry over, her story, their story, our story is impact change in rewriting the story.

The story of children being taken from their parents, the story of parents being taken from their children, the story of crossing death deserts that at times don't let us go. The

story of being penalized for seeking a better life, the story of being criminalized for not providing a green card.

Her story is not just hers, her story is a story to be told. Over and over again, until her humanity becomes your humanity, until our humanity becomes human again.

Valeria Bejar Ambriz