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Ni Una Más

Montserrat Caro

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Ni Una Más

Montserrat Caro

Jiovana Luz Fernanda Perla Eva Kenya Lolita Edith Esveidy

Aleja Veronica Keyram Johana Michelle

Amada Olimpia Merly Jasmin Celina Vera Madejesus Azul

Claudia Erika Deyanira Agustina Luly Maria

Elizabeth A. Laura P. Yuritzi E. Jaqueline E.

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Sarahi G. Malena Francisca Gabriela Catalina Josephina

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Daisy Denisse Liliana Raymunda A.

Esmeralda P. Araceli R. Martha M. Obdulia Blanca

Guadalupe V. Aurora Julia Sylvia Yuli Elva

Claudia Juana Lizbeth Thalia Maria de Jesus Vanessa

Norma Fernanda Elena Ilse Rosalia Blanca G.

Brenda C. Argelia Ivett Gina Guadalupe Isabel Dalila

Esbeydi Carolina D. Mayra

NI UNA MÁS

NI UNA MENOS

March 9th

The women of México
Disappeared
Went dead silent

No one ever listens anyways

They've tried talking

"All the women in the office have experienced sexual assault, you need to help us"

"I think you should apologize and let it go"

"WHERE IS MY DAUGHTER"

"There's nothing we can do"

"We are in danger when we are out alone"

"Well what are you wearing?"

"WE HAVE HAD ENOUGH, WE WANT CHANGE"

"These feminists are too rowdy"

Always unheard

Why not disappear?

"Can you get me my coffee?"

" "

"Mom, take me to school"

" "

"Good morning, teacher"

" "

"Morning meeting in the break room"

" "

I wonder if anyone noticed
If anyone missed their voice
Missed their presence

I hope everyone felt their silence as much as they did
So, they never have to disappear
Again

March 8th

International Day of Women

All around México
They were loud,
Chanting “Ni una más”
Not one more
“Ni una menos”
Not one less

All around México
They united,
Roamed the streets that mirror as crime scenes
Together

All around México
They marched,
For those who can no longer do so
For those who feel they can't
For each other

The names of recent victims painted on the floor
Present

All around México
Hope was high,

That someone was listening
That they were safe
That they were respected

March 8th

Nadia Verónica,

Age 23

Was shot to death

On her way home from a party

W O K E

The US is the country of being “woke”

“Stay woke”

Is imprinted on countless Instagram bios, T-shirts, murals, and minds

Everyone wants to be “woke”

But, only at their own convenience

The “woke” will push you to care about indigenous communities
While wearing an embroidered shirt bought from Forever 21

They will advertise trendy and new coffee shops in hidden parts of the city

After displacing the family and community that had lived there their entire life

They will belittle you for not buying organic produce

The kind that comes from out of the country. Picked by men, women, and children who don’t even get paid enough to put gas in their car – if they even own one

They talk about how the media misinforms you and invite you to travel to México with them

Staying at a 5-star resort, run by white people, where only light skin locals work

They love the new Mexican restaurant with an indigenous name
And a chef named Kelly

They will find their new go-to bar, filled with diverse people
And clutch their belongings when a “diverse” person walks by

They buy their clothes from brands that are “designed and produced here in LA”

And by an older woman who had to choose between peeing in the corner or waiting another two hours for her break

The “woke” will school you on everything they possibly can
But who the fuck schools them?

You want to be woke?

Then wake the fuck up

Open your eyes

And keep them open

When shit gets real

In 2014, 43 college students from Guerrero México disappeared while on a field trip
Some were shot. Others, well who knows.

In 2018, 760 women were killed in México

In October of last year, the city of Culiacán experienced a deadly, chaotic shoot-out between the police and very powerful narcos.
School and work were suspended that day.

I watched a cooking show on Netflix last week. A light skin Mexican American woman wanted to get in touch with her culture. Wanted to learn about the “true” cuisine of México before opening up her own restaurant. She traveled to the depths of México with a camera crew and a white guy. They watched as

indigenous people hunted, gathered, and prepared their food. They ate and closed their eyes as they moaned with every bite. They thanked the people for their hospitality and shared laughs. And at the end of the day the Americans returned home and the indigenous stayed exactly where they found them. At the end of the episode, the Americans made a profit and the indigenous were never mentioned again.

In 2017, gas both raised its prices and experienced a shortage in México. Protests were so bad that planes filled with policemen from México City were flown into small towns like Rosarito. I stayed home that day, only went out to the corner store once, where I had to put out a fire with my cousin after the cashier told us she was busy. I drafted up an email that day in case I had to let my teachers know that I would not be making it to class on Monday because I missed my flight due to the fact that I couldn't cross back to San Diego.

When my best friend turned 21, she had a party in a hotel room. I couldn't make it because I was in Portland. It was the middle of the semester. My other friend couldn't make it either. She couldn't risk getting in trouble for any reason. She was processing her green card.

My boyfriend loves his art. We watched a documentary on the creator of OBEY. That dude tagged up everything he could. Got arrested a billion times. My boyfriend wants to live for his art like that. He wants to tag every open space he can. He wants to share his fucking brilliance. But he also doesn't want to get deported.

You closed your eyes yet?