I Carry a People in my Voice

Ivania Erazo

at the sound of Sumpul flowing
I am on the deserted path
I keep stretching through the highest of trees
needing the Sunlight
from the loneliness of the forgotten echoes
my heart beats,
joy unravels the veins, and particles of what I’m holding so close
I have been summoned to give in, to disarm
my Creator, whispers more Wind then roots into me, swaying from the east to the west
the sunset kisses me as we embrace
the sun drenched land, crackling through my feet
searching for anything that looks familiar, a pot, a spoon, a necklace, a vase
all I see are broken pieces
where have my people gone?

silence
silence

I keep stepping over my words, I don’t remember what they sound like
na hu a? Nahuat? Nahuatl?
Tkakxoukayotl- ‘no se dice así, me dicen’! se dice libertad, freedom
fuego, fire, tletl- ‘ese idioma no!’
a language that we gave the land of the Savior
El Salvador do you remember?

silence
silence

the essence of peace has left my land
as the birds no longer sing, and the waters are stilled
Creator, I hold my arms outstretched, will you tell me where to fly next?
Ivania Erazo

I carry a people in my Voice
I hold a memory that was stolen
I carry a people in my Voice
I see those that were born from my people, suffer
the land is infertile,
Mother groans for there is no fruit,
the people are unable to cultivate, the tyrant has stolen from them.
the children are bare, the grandmothers are left behind
and the fathers and sons have been disappeared and killed

I carry a people in my Voice
a language that we gave the land of the Savior
El Salvador do you remember?

The Wind whispers the Creators desire to me

I have given you the ocean, swoon it with your sharp gaze
I have given you the Harvest, it is sprouting out of your hands
I have given you the Land- let it reform itself under the heat of your heart
You are my beautiful, perfect creation, I will continue to liberate you from under the possession.
I remember your language, I see your people

Walking down the streets of San Salvador, I see the echo of my people in the gaze of the campesino
I see the destiny of my people in the children, that sing freely
The strength and kindness of the Creator in the hands of mothers
tired but valiant, the mother continues to rise every morning.
May the suns' fire never turn away from us, may it remind us of los que lucharon
the water that breathes,
the wheat that has risen- it continues to sway through the earth rebuilding, replanting.
this land is mine, it is yours

it is mine,

a people I carry.

I carry a people in my voice
I carry Efrain's dream
and Milagro's passion

Milagro's voice is broken
Efrain, where are you?- hijo, dónde estás?
Milagro’s memory holds *la matanza, el cerro*
Guazapa mutilada
But Milagro’s vision holds the saviour resurrected, the land erupting with paz
Choosing life.

Me
I am in this foreign land, looking for answers
*I carry a people in my voice*
We are the generation ripped from the struggle, belonging more there, than here.

My heart ripping at the seams, faced with generations of pain
a peace maker- my grandmother
a guerrillero- my uncle
a liberator- *our people*
the people I carry in my voice

Libertad.
*Tlakaxoukayotl*

**I carry a people in my voice**
a language that we gave the land of the Savior
El Salvador do you remember?

*El idioma se llama liberación.*
*liberación del corazón*

not liberation of peace documents signed,
but a liberation from sorrow,
a liberation that brought the sons and daughters back to their mothers,
a liberation that brought back the disappeared,
a liberation that honored those who fought for truth.

*for freedom,*
*for dignity,*

be liberated,
be liberated for the walls that surround you will be left in history- even in hours of uncertainty,
of shadows, of darkness

*with the signs of liberation: shaking off oppressive yokes,*
*bringing joy to hearts,*
*sowing hope*
Sowing hope, sowing truth, sowing back the fibres of a country that was dismantled because of the fear of truth.

_Tlakaxoukayotl_

_Libertad_
Liberación del corazón

_Bajo el cielo azul, the people of El Salvador rise, knowing who they are._
Guerrero
campesino
profesor
persona

_Tlakaxoukayotl_
_libertad_

Liberación del corazón
unraveling walls in my heart, as I rise with my people

In a land where only the invisible threads of my heart remind me of what I have not seen, but of who I am.

I hear my people wailing in my heart, weakened, but not broken.

A land of liberated people, is not oppressed, is not tortured, is not assassinated, is not disappeared.

Deprived of hope no longer, in perfect union with Redemption

A El Salvador, no se le olvida.