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Love Me

Love me,
like the days when I spoke broken Spanish
and I looked like a foreigner.

Love me,
like the times when my skin was dark brown
and my accent carried six generations of regret.

Love me,
like you loved my mother and her mothers,
even when they birthed mixed children of brown skin and shame.

Love me unconditionally,
like you loved the ones that crossed oceans
to cultivate your soul and bones.

Love me,
because they have taken everything from us
and we only have each other.

Love me,
even when we learn a third language
our tongues look for clarity in the darkness of colonialism.

Love me,
because the clearer my skin gets,
the deeper our souls sink to the hole they dug for “animals” like us.

Love me,
because you are my mother
and I am your son and we are the product of rape.

Love me,
when you start to forget that there was a time
when all we had was naked bodies printed with memories of our ancestors.

Love me,
like you know how to love,
love me because you are my mother and you rule it all.