

The Many Faces of La Llorona

The pregnant drowned woman became a Chihuahuateo,
a heavenly Aztec butterfly warrior.
Her weeping voice lingers on earth,
mourning her infant.

At the sea side border town of Tijuana, where kids are
found lifeless at the barbed wire barrier,
one can see a ghostly Mexican woman
dredging the sea shore for the lost innocents.

The Los Angeles Times reported a screaming woman
leaping into the LA river,
flailing for her slain son whose face was a mass
of river debris, a lone bullet and gelatinous blood clots.

Near the crossroads of Valley and Main Streets,
in Northeast L.A., at the Lincoln Park Dance Pavilion,
where teenagers gather on Friday nights,
La Llorona appears as the clock strikes midnight.

La Llorona also frequents the ravine
at La Chihuahuita barrio in East Pasadena.
Her wind voice cries for her sons, slain in
The World Wars, The Gulf Wars and Vietnam.

One can sometimes hear her
along the San Gabriel River tempranito in la manana,
Her spirit haunts the place where
aborted fetuses and umbilical cords are abandoned.

La Llorona eternally wanders.
For her children,
her mournful voice is heard weeping.
Aaay Aaay. Mis Hijos. Mis Hijos.

Auntie's Son

The pregnant
Woman,
whose name is
Auntie,
Had a wronged
Niece
And a good
Son,
who was gunned
down
on Vermont and Gage Streets in
South Central L.A.
on the very day
that a brown chested white dove
sat on the tree
outside of her kitchen window
gave mournful
cries.
And her small dog lay
quiet
all day.

Vibiana Aparicio-Chamberlin, of Pasadena performed her poetry at Vona, Voices of Our nation, San Francisco, The Armory Center for the Arts, The Writers Institute of Idyllwild and was awarded for her poetry in The Inscape Literary Journal, Pasadena City College, and The Los Angeles County Latino Arts Calendar.