## If History could set me Free

## by

## Miskaki Anastasia

I stumbled upon some glorious pages that read *la facultad* the other afternoon, some inbetweenness theory — just like a heart that if you cut in half remains the same on both its different sides —

They say they can see below the surface.

Can I see below the surface too?

I'm an amalgamation of some people from some places,

I'm the ecotone were roots meet.

My children might kill me softly in different languages:

Σ'αγαπώ μαμά, I love you, mommy.

But what would my γιαγιά say?

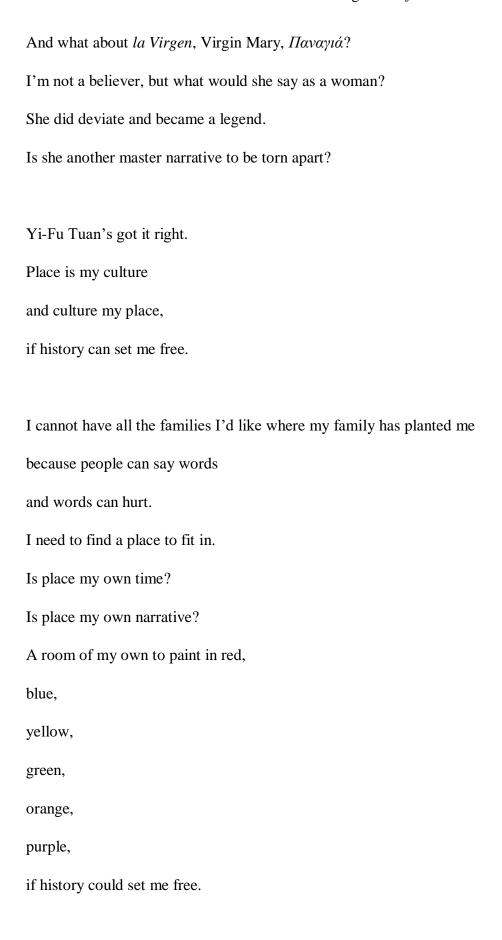
Γιαγιά should know better,

she's lain in the same bed as pain,

her dialect silenced, she cannot interfere,

but she had found peace and love

in a 60's one-bedroom town shed she called her kingdom.



Like the Chicano people,

I will possess

the power to believe,

the power to change,

if only history can set me free.

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I have always been fascinated by the idea of liminality—of existing in a space that resembles a border between two different realities. Such physical or mental spaces have been proven rich and fertile ground multiple times. "If History could set me Free" is mostly inspired by my grandmother's personal experiences and how these relate to mine several years later. A woman who grew up in poverty and war, she escaped to the city to the dismay of her family, suppressing, but not forsaking her origins. She has been living in-between worlds ever since. As Gloria E. Anzaldúa writes, such people—"the females, the homosexuals of all races, the darkskinned, the outcast, the persecuted, the marginalized, the foreign"—possess "the capacity to see in surface phenomena the meaning of deeper realities" (38). Amidst all the pain, however, liminal spaces can also offer solace, as "[p]lace supports the human need to belong to a meaningful and reasonably stable world" (Tuan 44). Can place be our culture through the meaning we assign to it, the experiences we have in specific spaces, the memories we create? Does our own personal history, or even our family's history interfere in this process, and to what extent can it shape narratives of the present? Such are the questions the poem above poses, leaving the answers to the reader, probably as a poem should.

## **Works Cited**

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